Collier's

SEPTEMBER 14, 1946 TEN CENTS

STRANGER THAN TRUTH

— a mystery novel

by VERA CASPARY

FLOHERTY JR

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Sept 14-1946

Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 2-door Sedan

A postwar thrill in style and handling ease... the daringly different 1947 Studebaker

America's finest automotive craftsmen—many of them father-and-son teams—protect your new car investment by building long-lasting high quality into the amazing new 1947 Studebaker Champions and Commanders. Joseph, Frank and Steven Molnar, pictured, comprise a typical family group—with a total of 65 Studebaker years to their credit.

PEOPLE everywhere talk glowingly about the beautiful styling of the new 1947 Studebaker.

But if you've merely looked at this amazing new postwar automobile, you haven't begun to get a real picture of its all-around distinction. It's when you drive it that you experience and appreciate its full measure of thrills.

You never handled a car that responds the way this postwar Studebaker does. Its exclusive self-adjusting brakes, variable ratio steering and numerous self-acting controls leave you little to do but watch where you're going.

To your further astonishment, Studebaker engineers have come up with a postwar miracle of stability and riding comfort in the new low-swung design they've given the chassis and the body of every new 1947 Champion and Commander.

A new standard of balance prevents wander or side-slip when you're rounding turns. Passengers ride serenely relaxed even when you're clicking off the miles.

Nobody will be happier than your nearby Studebaker dealer when he is in position to deliver your own distinctive 1947 Champion or Commander. And you will certainly be well rewarded for your patience when that time comes.

STUDEBAKER

First by far with a postwar car

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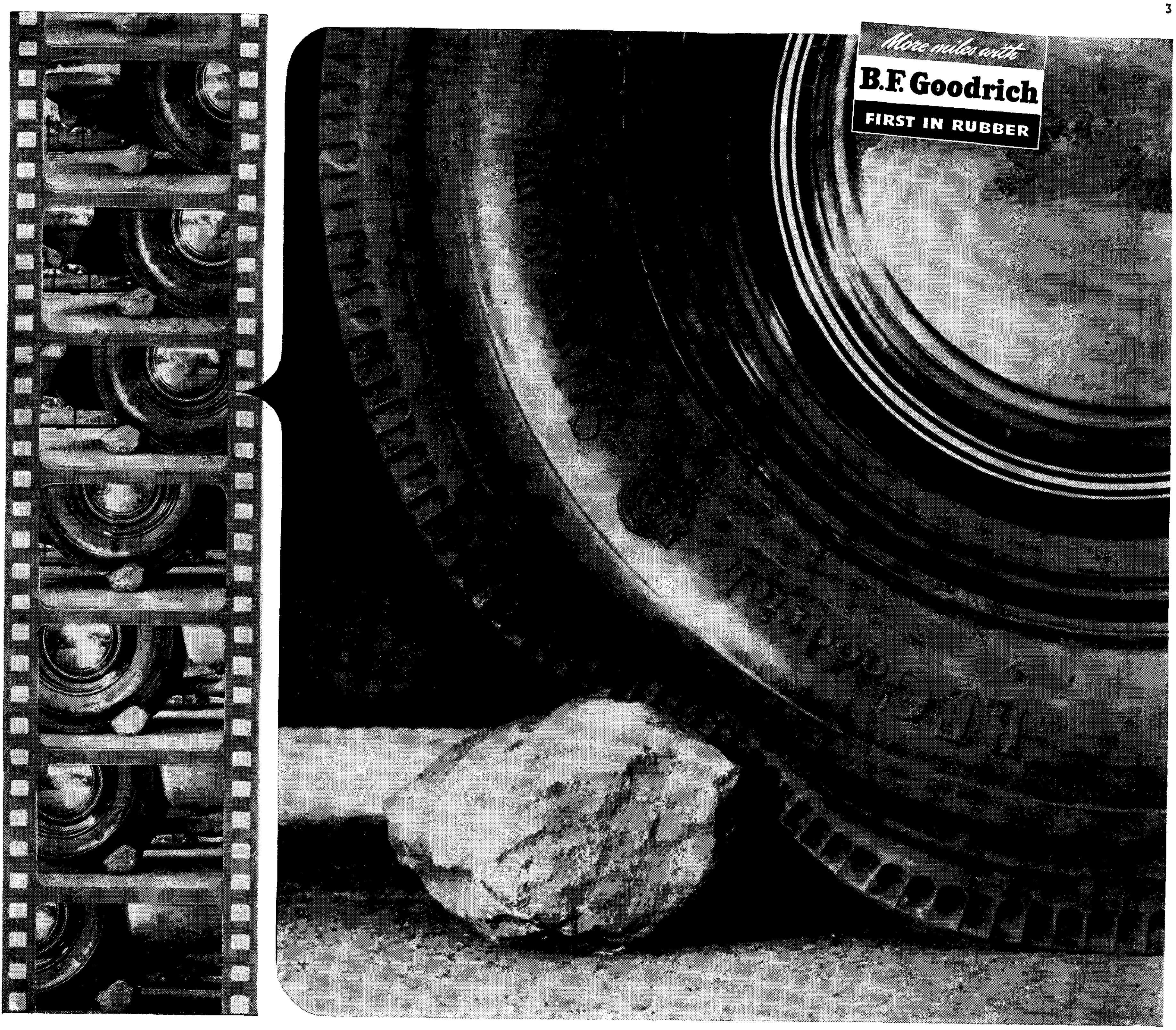

STRONGER BODY HELPS THIS NEW TIRE OUTWEAR PREWAR TIRES

You can order these better tires for your car now

NO SENSIBLE DRIVER would deliberately run his tires over a rock like the one in the picture. But sometimes it can't be helped . . . and that's when you will be glad if you have the new B. F. Goodrich tires.

The tire body is 35% stronger than in wartime tires. It is built with more cords and stronger cords and better engineered. It was developed primarily to enable it to carry a wider, flatter tread. Although such a tread gives longer wear, it is not practical on an ordinary tire because of the strains that it would set up *in the tire body*. Thus, in developing a stronger tire body to carry a more durable tread, B. F. Goodrich engineers at the same time built into it greater resistance to "road shock."

How does the B. F. Goodrich *combination* of longer-wearing tread and stronger body stand up on the road? In comparative tests, the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns have again and again outworn prewar tires. And in millions of miles of test driving on taxi fleets, police cars, and special test cars they have proved their extra toughness and durability. Now, on the cars of thousands of American motorists, they are giving extra mileage, extra safety, extra trouble-free service.

You can order these better tires for your car now. There's extra demand for B. F. Goodrich, but if you need tires, see your B. F. Goodrich dealer today. He may have your size in stock, but if he doesn't, he'll keep you rolling somehow until they come in. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Bing Is At His All-Time Best Singing Irving Berlin's Famous Songs...
BING CROSBY

Fred Dances As He's Never Danced In His Lifetime...
FRED ASTAIRE

And Joan is the Loveliest Girl in the World...
JOAN CAULFIELD

In Paramount's Biggest Musical Romance!
IRVING BERLIN'S
"BLUE SKIES"
In Technicolor
with Billy De Wolfe Olga San Juan
PRODUCED BY SOL C. SIEGEL
DIRECTED BY STUART HEISLER
MUSIC AND LYRICS BY IRVING BERLIN
32 Irving Berlin Song Hits!

Collier's
FOR SEPTEMBER 14, 1946

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JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*					MACLENNAN FARRELL	*Fiction*

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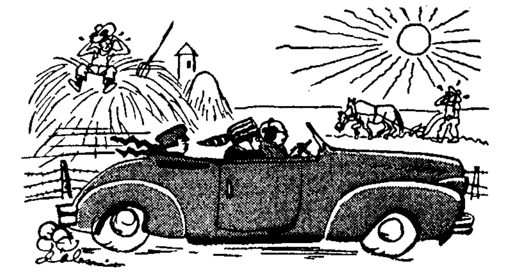
any week

WE HAD just about convinced ourself that no further discussion of the housing shortage would appear in this column when we received a card from "Rev. Cadmus (Fiery Furnace) Broderbek" of Fort Smith, Arkansas. The card informs us that "Gabriel's trump shall sound on November 22d putting a definite and final end to the housing shortage." Mr. Broderbek advises us, too, that for one dollar we can have his book telling us what to do in the meantime. We thought you might like to know.

JUST returned from a vacation is Mr. Gurney Williams of this staff. All went well until he and Mrs. Williams reached Bracebridge, Ontario. There they read a sign: "You are now halfway to the North Pole." Almost immediately Mrs. Williams had a chill and Mr. Williams began to cough. They turned around and drove home where they are recovering.



NOW here's a letter from Tarpon Springs, Florida. It is signed by twelve members of four families insisting that we permit them to tell you in the pages of this magazine just what Justice For Greece consists of. They're members of the Pharegosis, the Sravolepoulisos, the Malekekonomisos and the Papalousomiticitos families and we've seldom received a letter from four families who were madder. In fact, the Malekekonomisos family is so angry that it threatens to stop sending this magazine to its relatives in Greece if space is not allotted to them. We have written to them, expressing our regrets and accepting the penalty. Actually we are not so fearful of what they might say as we are of the by-line over the article because they insist that it be signed by all of them.

WE WOULD be a bit suspicious of the piece anyway. One of our current jobs is to view every story and article appearing in this magazine (before it appears, of course) with stern suspicion. We've dedicated that part of our time to propaganda scotching. Even if we're not wholly successful we shall not be discouraged. Propaganda, as such, or torch carrying for any political mob or special interest crowd will not appear in Collier's if we see it first. And, of course, we aren't going to be wholly successful. In fact, we dread the day (which we don't expect to see) when nobody writes to us accusing us of being a flag-bearer for some peculiarly evil-smelling menace to the peace and prosperity of the people at large. And we shall think that we're slipping badly when that day comes

(Continued on page 54)

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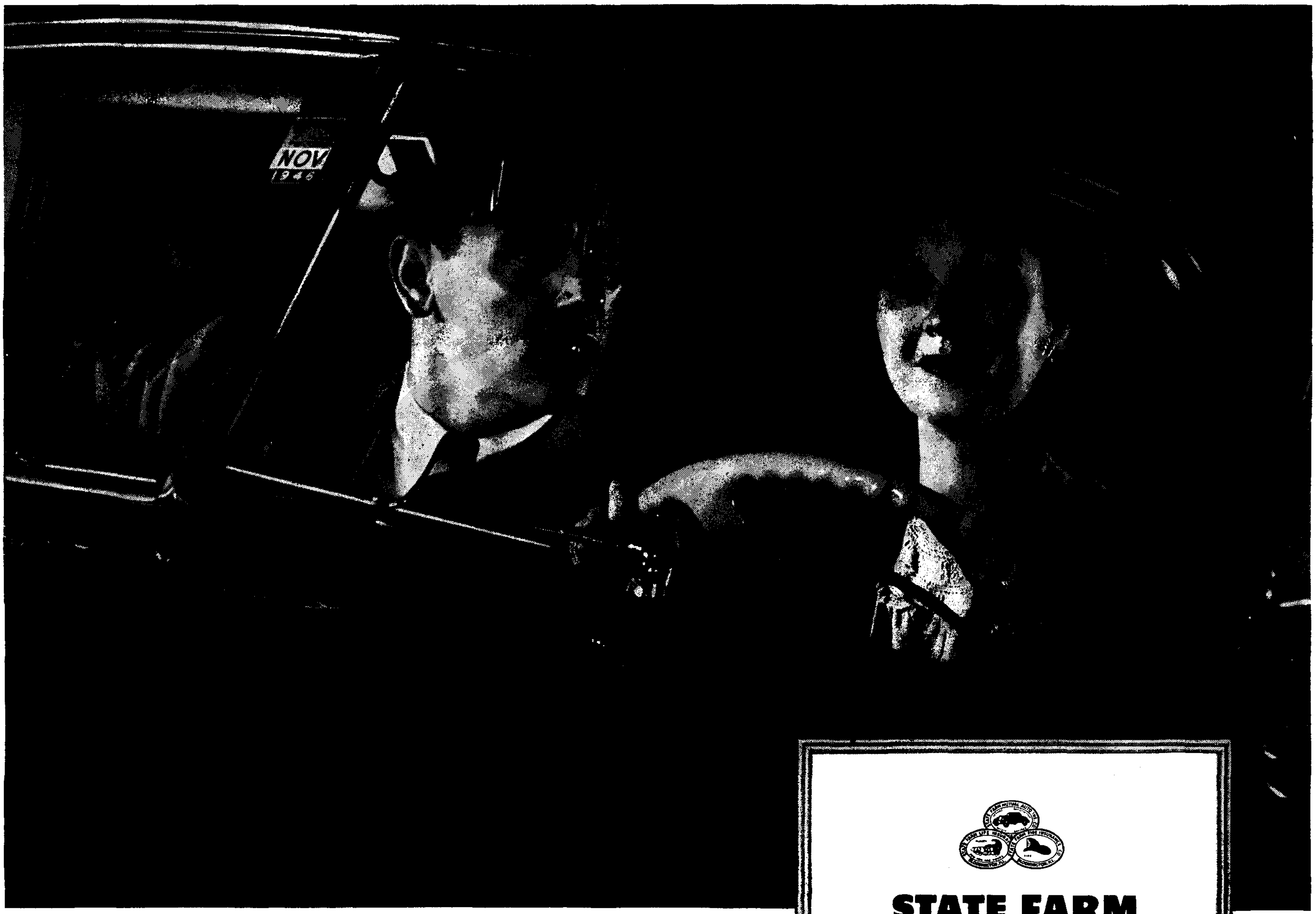
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

"I'm driving you to the poorhouse, dear!"

Ted Campbell couldn't believe his ears. "Yes, darling," his wife said, "I deliberately drove out here to the poorhouse . . . to remind you of the terrible risks we're taking by driving without automobile insurance. You know, as well as I, that a single accident could take our whole life's savings."

Most men don't have to be so forcibly reminded of how important it is to have auto insurance. They know that auto insurance is the sensible way to protect their families against the financial ruin that could result from an accident. And in getting insurance, it's equally important that you get the *right kind*—the kind that really protects the security of your home, your savings, your precious possessions.

Under State Farm Mutual's thrift-famous, more-for-your-money insurance plan, you can get this adequate protection—together with *all* the advantages of being insured with the World's Largest Automobile Insurance Company. State Farm is the company that pioneered such features as: Double-the-usual public liability and property damage insurance . . . liberal medical pay . . . 80% collision coverage . . . automatic renewal privileges when you buy a new car. These, and many other advantages, are now being enjoyed by State Farm's policyholders. Find out today, from the friendly State Farm Agent near you, how an economical, broad-coverage State Farm Mutual policy can give your family the complete, worry-free protection they need.



AUTO ACCIDENT COST CLIMBING!

The sharp increase in the number and cost of automobile accidents affects you and every driver. Under such conditions, your automobile insurance is more important today than ever before. Don't let an accident happen to you. Don't take even a little chance with injury or death. Remember—auto drivers set auto insurance rates. Drive with extra care—and you'll help keep auto insurance rates at their lowest possible level.

See your State Farm Agent Before you finance your next car!
He can help you save money

STATE FARM
INSURANCE
COMPANIES
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Ontario

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

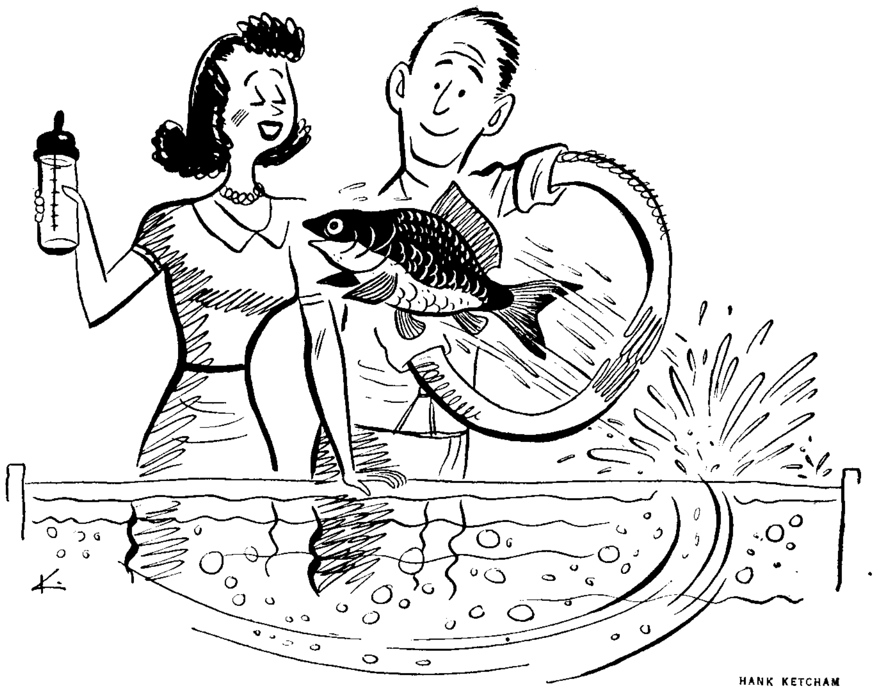
"... IT BEATS ME how a man can be so smart about music and so dumb about his hair! It looks impossible to comb, and it's simply lifeless! Full of loose dandruff, too. A bad case of Dry Scalp. Why hasn't somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic?"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

PERFECT GROOMING! ... You can check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, too. Just a few drops a day make your hair look better, your scalp feel better. Loose dandruff is checked, and your hair can be combed with ease. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Excellent also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Probably the smartest living fish is Rastus, a young eight-inch carp owned by a man in Gladesville, Australia. Rastus has been taught among other tricks to drink water out of a bottle through a nipple and leap through a ring formed by his master's hands held about an inch above the surface of the water in his aquarium.

Few asteroids have interested astronomers as much as Hermes, which was discovered in a photograph of the heavens made at the Königstuhl Observatory in Heidelberg on October 28, 1937, and later found on ten other plates made within four days of this date at three other observatories. Since then, numerous attempts have been made to rediscover this minor planet, because, while it has never been seen by the human eye, it came within 475,000 miles of the earth, or nearer than any other planetary body on record.

One of the world's most elaborate places of pilgrimage is a group of 45 chapels on the 2,000-foot summit of Sacro Monte near Varallo, Italy. Completed in 1486, each chapel contains a tableau in which life-sized painted statues, wearing real clothes and accessories, depict a Biblical episode. The most impressive is that of the Crucifixion, which has over 300 figures, including Roman soldiers on horseback.

The newest antibiotic, or germ-inhibiting drug, is bacitracin which although still undergoing experimentation promises to be even more useful than penicillin in certain types of infection. The strain of microorganism which formed its original culture was discovered in the leg wound of a seven-year-old girl, Margaret Tracy, who had been hit by a truck in New York City in June, 1943, and the drug was named in her honor.

By July 31, 1946, some 52,500 foreign war brides of American servicemen had entered the United States, 45,000 coming from Europe and North Africa and the other 7,500 from the Pacific areas. Accompanied by 17,500 children, these brides ranged in age from 16 to 50 and represented about 40 nationalities.—*By Dan Lewis, Forest Hills, N. Y.*

Among the some 600 cameras used at Bikini was the world's largest aerial camera which weighs 200 pounds, is five feet in height and equipped with a 48-inch telephoto lens so powerful that it can produce a distinct photograph of the face of an 8-inch clock from a distance of 1,300 feet.

On January 1, 1946, reports from 836 cities with over 10,000 population showed that 280, or 33 per cent of them, operate municipal off-street parking lots whose cost in land and improvements ranged from a few dollars to $450,000 for a 500-car lot in Quincy, Massachusetts. Car capacity per lot ranges from 5,045 in Chicago to 12 in Auburn, Maine; and only 15 cities have a parking charge.

Of the 12,000 species of living birds, no more than 25 are believed to have any sense of smell or taste. These physiological defects account, for instance, for the unique diet of the horned owl whose favorite food is the common skunk.

An odd business, now thriving in Malaya, is engaged in tracing the thousands of private automobiles that were commandeered by the invading Japanese who later abandoned or sold them. Cost to the owner is $25 when the search is started and, when the car is found, an extra $50 which he is not required to pay if the vehicle is beyond repair.—*By K. Boon Ghee, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.*

The demand for American literature by the present generation of Russians has been so great that, since 1918, the Soviet Union has published in 28 of its languages the works of over 200 U.S. authors in 2,200 editions having a total of some 45,000,000 copies.

The box turtle of North America is one of the few animals in which the eyes of each sex are a different color, those of the male being red and those of the female yellow.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

[illegible] waves in to kiss a tranquil shore. Among its fellows, it alone shines [illegible] jeweled splendor—because it brings [illegible] message of her love. So some day will her diamond gleam unique [illegible] gems, aglow with her own love's significance. [illegible] the engagement ring-stone that's to mark her married lifetime [illegible] should be selected for its singular role. It need not be of many [illegible] color, clarity, and cutting are important also in determining [illegible] You will need the judgment of a trusted jeweler.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies

[illegible] were averaged from [illegible] April, 1946.

N. W. AYER & SON

Stop trouble BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

Trouble just doesn't have a chance with this young fellow on the job. He stops it *before* it happens. That's a good way to take care of your *car* troubles, too, and here's how you can do it . . .

Put the United Motors Man on Guard

The United Motors man has the materials, methods and know-how to keep your car running smoothly, economically, dependably. With his thorough inspection and servicing procedures, he can stop trouble *before* it begins. With his *original-equipment* parts, he can restore new quality and dependability to old models. See him regularly for added pleasure, security and economy in driving. You'll find that orange and blue United Motors Service sign in nearly every neighborhood everywhere.

Look for this Sign UNITED SERVICE MOTORS It's right nearby

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

The Week's Mail

DEAR EDITOR: This country of ours owes its present greatness to stalwart individualists who, unimpeded by hampering idiotic legislation and troublemaking unions, enriched themselves and millions of others. Paste that in your fedora, Mr. Editor—and tell your readers about it.
SYLVESTER R. WEEMS
Omaha, Neb.

We have pasted it—firmly.

DEAR EDITOR: When will the people of this country learn that a political candidate's ability to play a musical instrument, sing popular songs, turn handsprings and shout abuse at his opponents does not mean he will make a good officeholder? When will we back a man because of his character, principles and ability?
A. M. STEERS
Atlanta, Ga.

DEAR EDITOR: In the August 3d issue of Collier's you will find, at the beginning of the fourth paragraph in the second column on page 60, the following: "Just to leeward of the Commodore was usually a tall *married spinster*." Is it that bad at Cape Cod? ERNEST METCALF
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Blushing staff members, vacationing on Cape Cod, are investigating the matter.

DEAR EDITOR: I disagree with Bernard Shaw on the sixth question asked him in the article, What Bernard Shaw Thinks at Ninety (issue of August 3d). As I see it, Ireland *has* earned its place among the nations. The way Mr. Shaw belittles that country is disgusting. He had better stay in England the rest of his life.
DORIS MCCORMICK
Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a graphologist and Mr. Shaw's handwriting clearly shows that he is now at the stage where even mild emotional disturbance could prove fatal. So he should certainly *not* return to Ireland. F. A. GRIFFITH
Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: Are Virgil Partch's cartoons supposed to be funny? The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, Mister! ENID R. BLAIR
New Orleans, La.

Virgil Partch's cartoons draw more controversial mail than those of any other Collier's cartoonist. Below is one of his new offerings. What do you think?

DEAR EDITOR: Please keep on publishing Virgil Partch's cartoons. I think they are the funniest cartoons ever.
JERRY YOUNG
St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR: After reading Herbert Asbury's article, Who Is a Negro?, I believe he is either of Negro descent or is a much misinformed white man.
R. E. FLEMING
San Diego, Cal.

Mr. Asbury is white and a collateral descendant of Bishop Francis Asbury, famed Methodist pioneer in the Revolutionary period.

DEAR EDITOR: May I commend you highly upon your article, Who Is a Negro? It was the type of intelligent, objective, scientific writing which commands respect and admiration. Any reputable anthropologist will agree with the author, and most intelligent persons will mentally agree with the facts whether or not they are willing openly to admit it.
GIRARD T. BRYANT
Vice-Principal, Lincoln High School
and Junior College
Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR: I quote from Herbert Asbury's Who Is a Negro?, August 3d issue: ". . . much *heart-rendering* fiction has been written. . . ."

A razzberry sherbet
For Asbury, Herbert.
Frankie, the Soxer sender,
A song'll *render*,
But, when he's sending,
Her heart he's *rending*.
Hearts easily sent
Are easily rent.

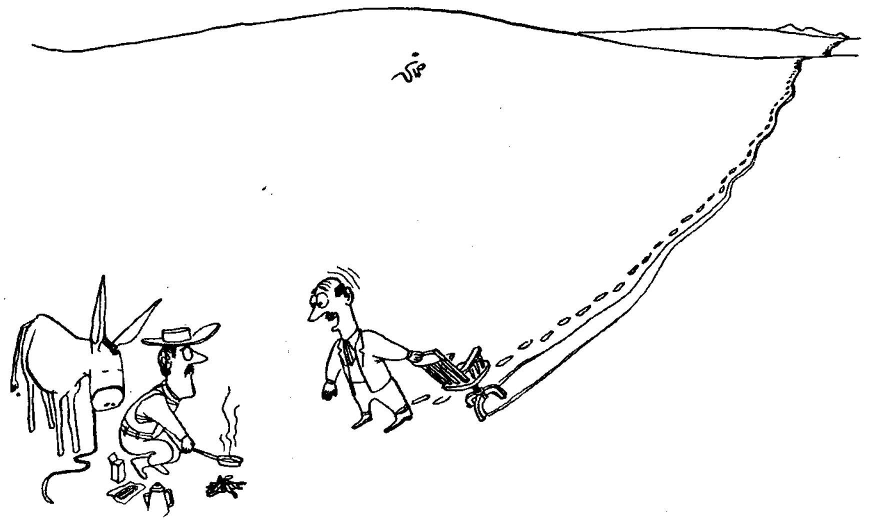
SCOTT L. MILLER
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Miller, we are heart-rendered.

DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations to you for your boldness and integrity in printing that article, Who Is a Negro? . . . In three years of service in the Navy I picked my friends for mutual interest and intelligence, and those in the "minority groups" were among the best I made. I like Collier's attitude—it's splendid!
NEAL S. DORAN
Independence, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR: Three cheers and a double somersault for Artist Sam Berman! In this new series of articles, United Neighbors, he is even more delightful than in The Guilty, which in itself was

(Continued on page 56)



"Mind if I pull up a chair?"

Picture Yourself Here —

How would you like to be in this picture —as the owner of this new Nash "600"?

He drives a modern car—a *big* car that goes 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline at moderate highway speeds. He saves plenty on tires and oil. He doesn't worry about spring lubrication or squeaks and rattles.

Then too, he enjoys something you won't now believe—

He doesn't have to wear an overcoat in winter or worry about car ventilation in summer. His Nash can have a complete Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System.

He never has to fight for lodging accommodations when he travels. The big back seat of his Nash can be equipped with a swell double bed at night. (Great for fishing trips, too.)

And performance? A car that sprints away from the traffic light because the drag of hundreds of pounds of useless weight has been engineered out. A car that steers light as a feather and holds the road like a streamline train. A car that *g-l-i-d-e-s* over the bumps, because of full coil springing on all four wheels.

It's new — this Nash "600" — so new that it sets the pattern for cars to come.

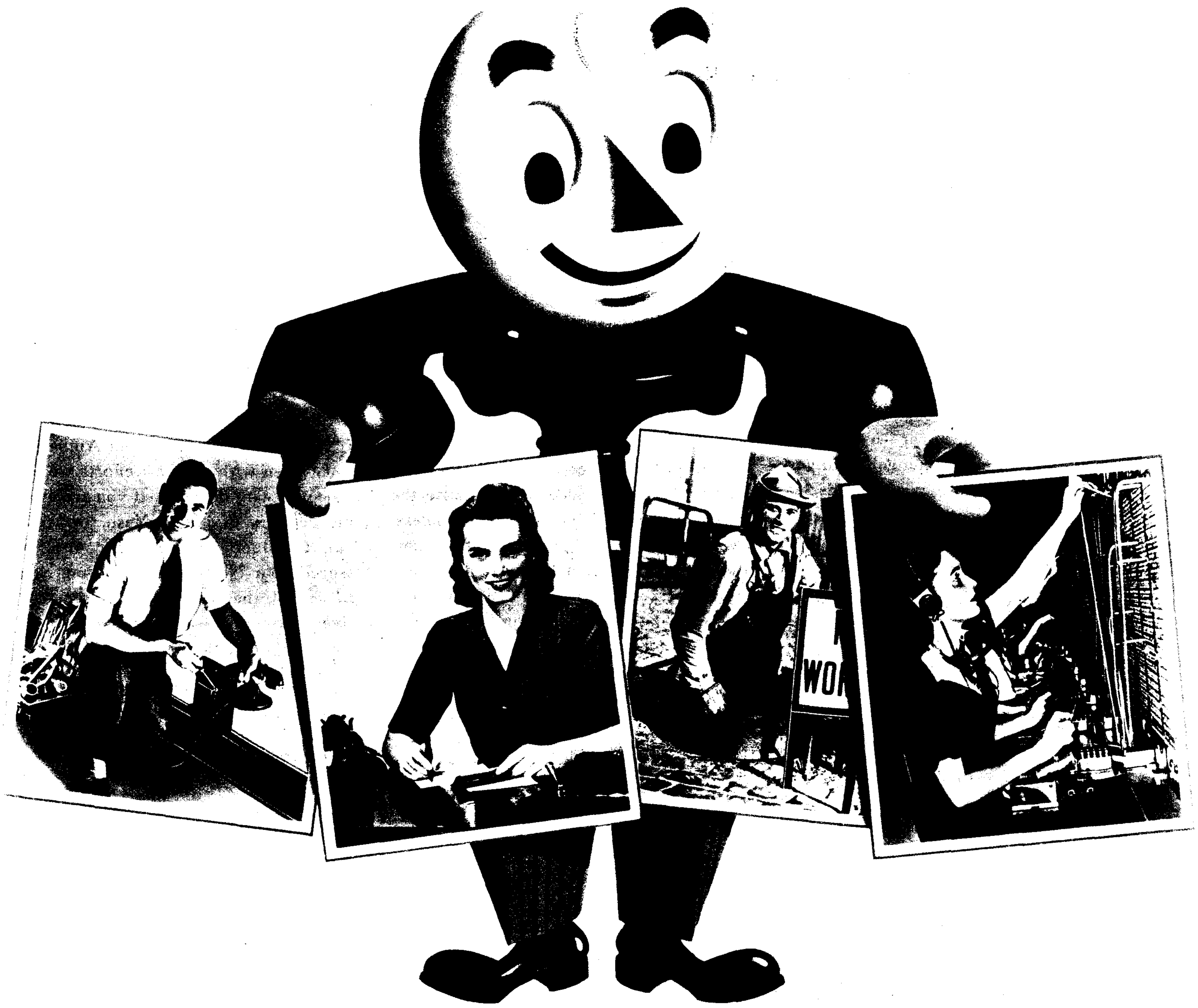
Built as a one-piece welded steel unit—stronger, quieter, *safer*. A new *value*, too!

So many people want the new Nash "600" and the new Nash Ambassador that even with our best efforts we can't keep up with demand. If you are awaiting delivery of a new Nash, or would like to place an order for one, be assured your Nash dealer is doing, and *will do*, all that can be done to make delivery to you as soon as possible.

Tune in the Nash-Kelvinator Musical Hit —David Rose and his Orchestra with Curt Massey, Kitty Kallen. Wednesdays 10:30 p. m., Eastern Daylight Time. Columbia Broadcasting System.

NASH MOTORS • Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash



Want to Meet a Nice Big Family?

Telephone workers make up a big family—over 575,000 in the Bell System.

They are your friends and neighbors and they aim to be nice people to meet and know and do business with.

You'll find them everywhere. For the Telephone Company is mainly a local business, multiplied by the many localities it serves, and operated by home-town people.

We're proud of our telephone family. You can be too.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

STRANGER *than* TRUTH

BY VERA CASPARY

A story of murder and treachery—and of the terrifying dilemma in which a magazine editor's discoveries placed the girl he loved. Beginning a strikingly unusual serial by one of America's foremost mystery writers

> **"Buried truth is ever in conflict with its dark surroundings. In its restless movement toward the light, it causes neuroticism and disease."**
>
> MY LIFE IS TRUTH
> Noble Barclay

CAPTAIN RIORDAN told me the Wilson story in September. We were sitting behind a bottle of Canadian rye in a Third Avenue bar. He drank and I paid. I considered this a good investment because Riordan's stories were always better when he was mellow.

I had recently become editor of Truth and Crime Magazine and was still new enough to believe I could improve the book. Truth and Crime was another of the fact detective magazines, filled with old and new police-blotter cases, served up with sensational titles and crime-does-not-pay endings. The Wilson story had no ending so I decided to use it as an Unsolved Mystery of the Month.

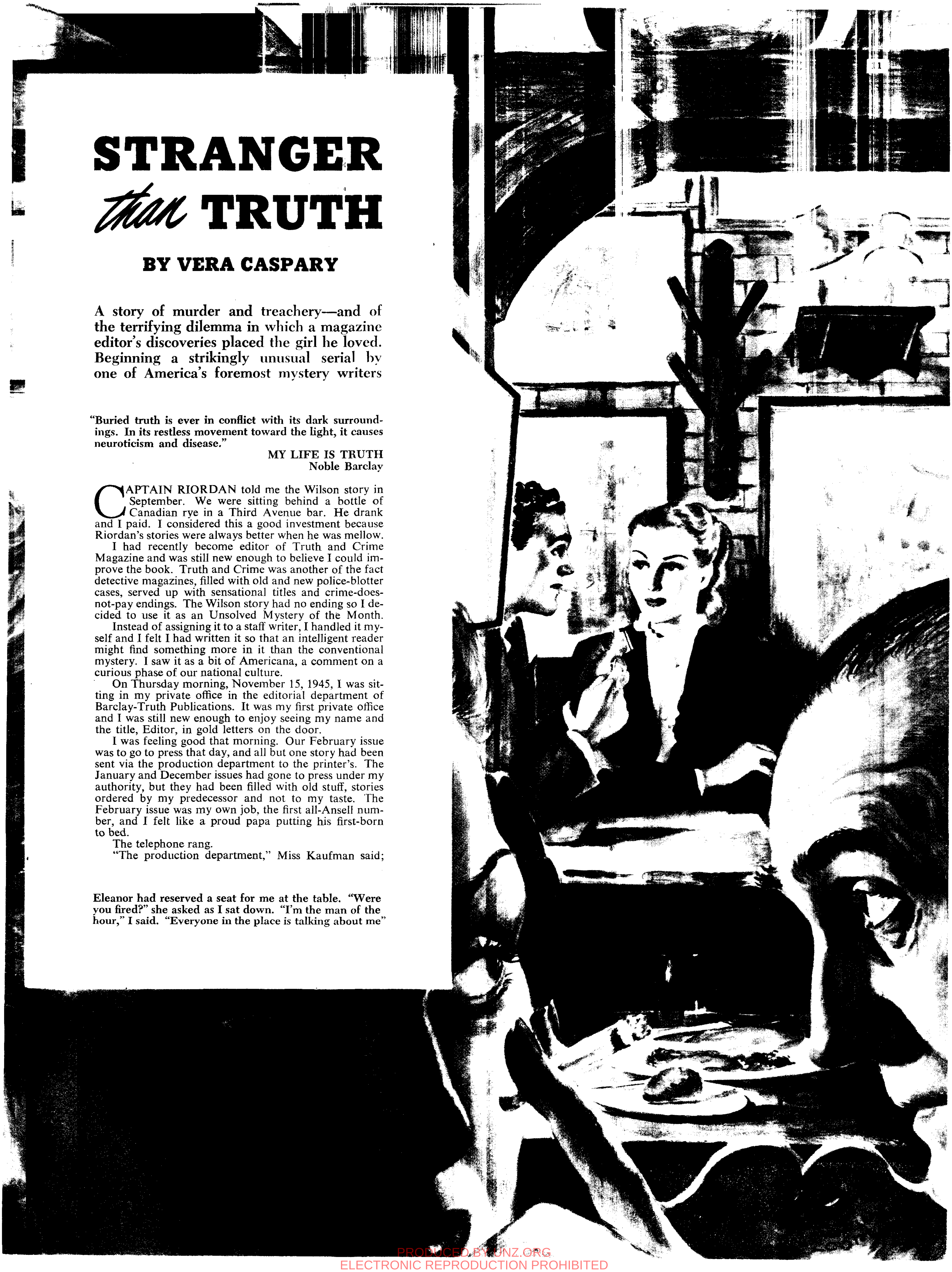
Instead of assigning it to a staff writer, I handled it myself and I felt I had written it so that an intelligent reader might find something more in it than the conventional mystery. I saw it as a bit of Americana, a comment on a curious phase of our national culture.

On Thursday morning, November 15, 1945, I was sitting in my private office in the editorial department of Barclay-Truth Publications. It was my first private office and I was still new enough to enjoy seeing my name and the title, Editor, in gold letters on the door.

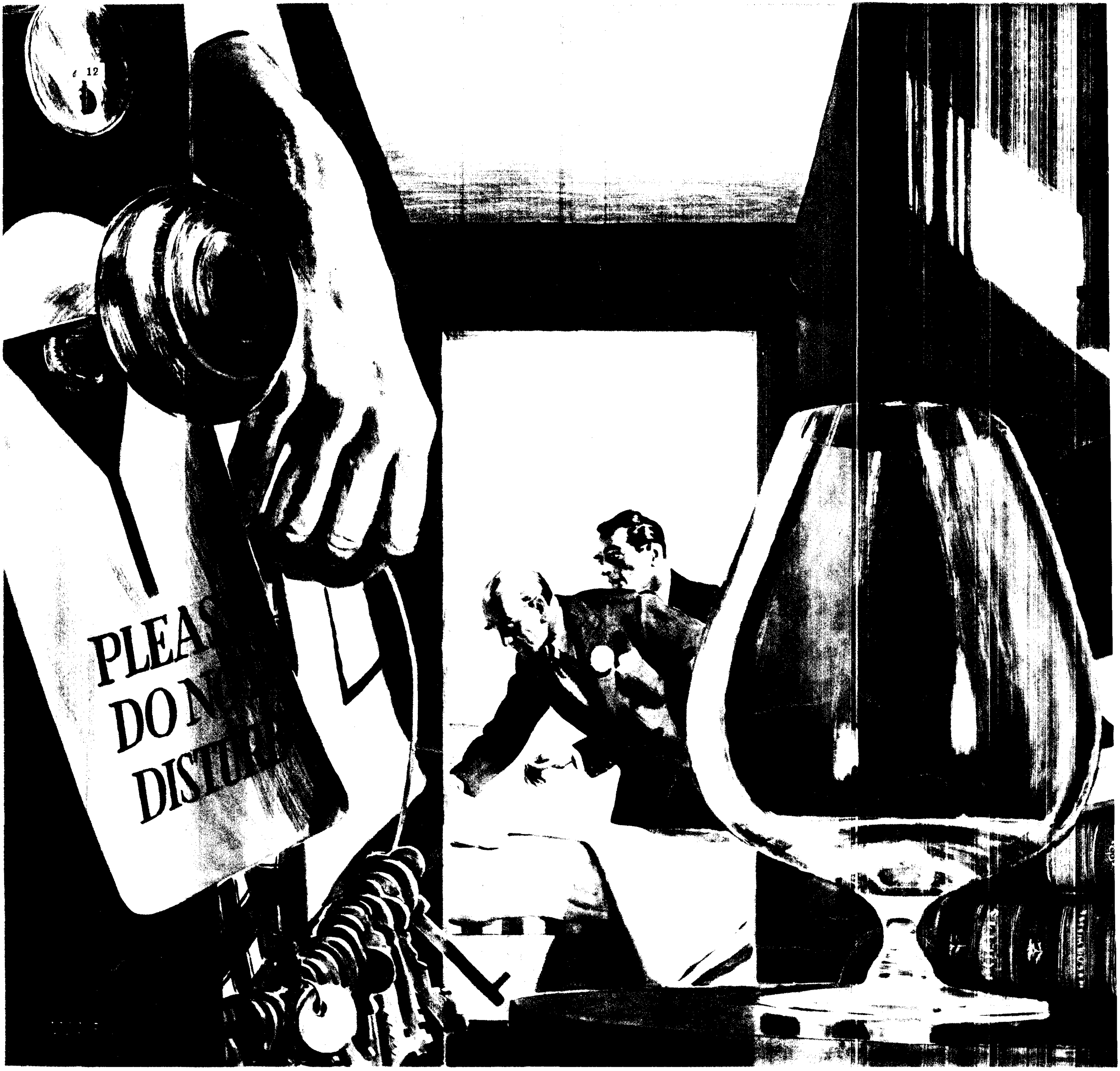
I was feeling good that morning. Our February issue was to go to press that day, and all but one story had been sent via the production department to the printer's. The January and December issues had gone to press under my authority, but they had been filled with old stuff, stories ordered by my predecessor and not to my taste. The February issue was my own job, the first all-Ansell number, and I felt like a proud papa putting his first-born to bed.

The telephone rang.

"The production department," Miss Kaufman said;



Eleanor had reserved a seat for me at the table. "Were you fired?" she asked as I sat down. "I'm the man of the hour," I said. "Everyone in the place is talking about me"



They did not immediately see the body. It lay face downward between the wall and the bed. The man had apparently fallen while reaching for the telephone

"they want to know why your Unsolved Mystery hasn't come through."

I took the phone. "Look!" I shouted. "What are you worrying about? You've got everything except the Unsolved Mystery and I'm expecting to get the okay on it any minute now."

There was a rumble at the other end of the wire.

"Don't blame me," I said. "I sent that script through three weeks ago. It's in Barclay's office now."

The rumble at the other end of the wire grew ominous.

"Look," I demanded, "can I help it if Mr. B. holds up the works? He's boss here, he made the rules, he knows when we go to press. Look," I continued as the rumbles grew louder, "here's my secretary, she's just come back from Barclay's office. What did they tell you about the Unsolved Mystery, Miss Kaufman?"

Miss Kaufman, who had not been near Mr. Barclay's office, merely raised her eyebrows.

"Good news!" I shouted into the phone. "Mr. Barclay's secretary told her he hadn't had time to get to the script until this morning, but he's just finished reading it and he's crazy about it. I'll have his okay any minute now, and I'll get it to you pronto. How's that?"

Just then an office boy came in and dropped into my "In" basket an envelope decorated with red stickers, which meant *Rush* and yellow stickers, which meant *Scheduled for Current.*

"Just keep your pants on," I said into the phone. "The script's here now. We'll send it right over."

Miss Kaufman had opened the envelope. She grabbed the telephone. "Mr. Ansell will call back in a few minutes," she told the production department.

Then she handed me the manuscript. Attached to its upper right-hand corner was a green sticker. Green stickers meant *Rejected.*

"What the hell!" I said. "They can't turn down this story."

"But they did," said Miss Kaufman and handed me a memorandum typed on blue paper. It read:

Memorandum
From the office of: Edward Everett Munn
To: John Miles Ansell
Date: 11/15/45

In accordance with our editorial policy, cannot allow publication of the Ansell ms. Have read myself and called attention of Mr. Barclay to such objections as would offend readers. Would suggest you substitute material discussed in conferences, Dot King or Elwell cases, more nationally known and of wider interest. Hope this does not seriously interfere with your schedule.

E. E. Munn

Enclosure: Memo to N. B.

"Hope it doesn't seriously interfere with our schedule. That lousy stinker," I said. "He's been holding it in his office until the last minute so he can put me on the spot."

"What are you going to do about an Unsolved Mystery?" asked Miss Kaufman.

"The Elwell case! Dot King! As if every true-crime magazine in the country hadn't reprinted them a dozen times. I'm going to tell Edward Everett Munn . . ."

"Don't shout so, Mr. Ansell," Miss Kaufman begged. "They can hear you all over the office."

"What do I care? Let's give the stooges and spies something to report. I know when I've got a good story and I don't intend to have it sabotaged by a dope who ought to be collecting garbage . . ."

"Please, Mr. Ansell."

"Yes, yes, I know they're listening. I hope there are no garbage collectors around because I don't want to insult their trade. They'd never let E. E. Munn into their union. Do you know the real Unsolved Mystery, Miss Kaufman? How E. E. Munn ever got the job of supervising editor and how he manages to hang on to it."

Our private offices were private in name alone. They were divided from one another and from the general office by frosted-glass partitions that stopped three feet short of the ceiling. Loyal employees said that this was a health measure, allowing free circulation of air, but cynics hinted of espionage. The older Barclay editorial workers were a discontented lot.

"Before you shoot off your mouth about what's wrong with other people," Miss Kaufman remarked, "maybe you'd better find out why they've turned your precious story down."

She handed me a carbon copy of the memo that Edward Everett Munn had sent the publisher. "Read it," she commanded.

Memorandum
From the office of: Edward Everett Munn
To: Noble Barclay
Date: 11/15/45

In order that we have on record our objections to the Ansell ms.—Unsolved Mystery, Feb. '46—I herewith submit the following reasons why said ms. is unfit for publication:

1. The crime is unknown. Has it not been definitely decided *in conference* that the chief sales feature of the Unsolved Mystery is popular knowledge of the featured crime?
2. Satirical tone of article. It is not the object of Barclay-Truth Publications to point out the ironies of life, nor to assume a derogatory tone toward matters which our readers do not see in the same light as so-called sophisticates. Our readers are serious-minded thinking men and women.
3. Frivolous attitude toward alcoholic beverages. Editors should be conversant with our policy in this matter.
4. Facetious remarks about correspondence schools. The writer evidently forgets that many of our best friends and oldest advertisers are reputable institutions of this nature.

Inasmuch as the above embodies several angles of destructive criticism, we have offered constructive advice in the attached memo to the editor.

E. E. Munn

Enclosure: Memo to John Miles Ansell

I crushed the memo into a ball and aimed it at the wastebasket.

Miss Kaufman fished it out. "For our files," she said.

"You don't think I'm going to take that hogwash seriously?"

"What can you do?"

"For once in the history of Truth Publications, Miss Kaufman, an editor is going to fight for his magazine."

"But your job, Mr. Ansell," she reminded me.

"Think I'm afraid?"

"What about the forty a week you send your mother?" asked Miss Kaufman. Then she smiled and added, "You'd better comb your hair, Mr. Ansell. And straighten your tie."

I whirled around and embraced her, even though she was on the wrong side of forty. "Kaufman, old girl, you're tops." I kissed her full on the mouth.

"None of that. I'm a respectable married woman."

I combed my hair, straightened my tie and took off my glasses. "Good or bad, that story's going into the February issue. I'm fighting to the finish."

She handed me the crumpled memo. "Take this along. Don't ever try to rely on your memory, not around here. Well, good luck, little David."

"Don't you worry, I've got my slingshot with me."

Typewriters stopped as I crossed the general office. Everyone who had listened while I shouted my opinions of Munn watched as I opened his door. I stood straight so I'd seem taller. This time, I told myself, Ansell triumphs. Come back with your shield or on it. People have always liked you, John Miles Ansell; you've never had to speak French nor play the piano, and everyone hates Edward Everett Munn, that is, everyone who is young and healthy and intelligent and right.

"Good morning, Mr. Ansell. Would you like to see Mr. Munn?" his secretary asked.

"No, dear, I've come to ask your hand in marriage. Will you make me the happiest man on earth?"

Pale lips tightened. Munn's secretary never laughed at my jokes. She was anemic and not very bright. People said she was Barclay's third cousin. That was typical of the editorial department. Poor relations blossomed all over the place.

"Mr. Munn is tied up now. He'll be free in a little while. Won't you sit down?"

I did not like being confined in a small space with that case of pernicious anemia, so I asked her to send for me when Mr. Munn was ready. I strolled out, trying to look debonair, for the eyes of the general office were still upon me.

Instead of returning to my own office I sauntered along the linoleum, past the offices of Truth and Health and Truth and Beauty. Before the door lettered Truth and Love, I paused. The door was open.

"Hey, Ansell," boomed a rugged female voice.

I straightened my tie once more, smoothed my hair and entered jauntily. The effect was wasted. The smaller desk stood empty and Lola Manfred was alone with the manuscripts.

She noticed my wandering gaze. "Eleanor's downstairs in the studio," Lola said. "I always relegate to her the duty of posing models in those amorous photographs which prove so conclusively that our love tales are life experiences. What's this I hear about your challenging the doughty Munn?"

"News travels fast around here."

"You said it." Lola ran her hands through hair dyed the color of a Christmas tangerine. "What's the matter anyway? Can't you take a rejection?"

"When I was a free-lance writer, I used to eat rejection slips for breakfast."

"Then what's the shooting for?"

"It's not the rejection," I said. "It's the principle."

"What principle?"

"I'm supposed to be an editor," I said. "At least that's what I was told when they hired me. And then, just when I've started getting my monthly routine working, they hold up a manuscript for three weeks and don't let me know it's rejected until the day we go to press. How do you like that?"

"It wouldn't be the first time in the history of this dump," Lola said wearily. She swung around in the swivel chair, bent over and opened the lower drawer of her desk. Her voice, which ordinarily boomed over the frosted-glass partitions, softened. "Close the door."

"Why?"

LOLA had dainty hands and the movement of her thumb was incongruous as she jerked it toward the door. I closed it. As I returned to the desk, I saw with a start that Lola had pulled a milk bottle out of the lower drawer. I was more shocked than if I had seen her take a whisky bottle out of a desk owned by Noble Barclay. Lola's reputation was not precisely milky.

She pulled off the paper cap, tilted the bottle against her mouth. She grimaced as if the milk were so distasteful that she drank it only on doctor's orders. When she handed me the bottle I noticed that her long drink had not drained out any of the cream. I smelled it.

Lola laughed. "Isn't it clever? One of the boys in the art department painted it for me."

I gave her back the bottle. "Not in the office," I said.

She shrugged, put the bottle away, and leaned far back in her swivel chair. "Now that I've got my strength back," she said, "I'd like to know just what principles you're prepared to defend so vigorously."

"I was hired to do a job. When I first came to talk to Barclay about it, he said he wanted me because my stuff was different. He said I had a touch you don't often find among detective-story writers. He wanted me to lift the magazine out of its present rut and make it an outstanding monthly."

"You're not by any chance alluding to Truth and Crime," Lola sneered.

"Look," I pleaded, "there are hundreds of ways of handling a crime story. After all, crime is as much an indication of the state of our civilization as our laws or our codes of conduct. After all, a murder story has social significance . . ."

Lola groaned.

"I don't mean to be pompous," I protested.

"How old are you?"

"I'll be twenty-six in March."

"Poor lamb."

I DID not like being patronized. "I have no illusions," I said. "I'm not naïve. I know the limitations of our magazines. But I was hired to put some pep into an ailing circulation and, damn it, I'm going to try."

"Has your rejected manuscript social significance?"

"Not in the conventional way. There's a bit of comment at the end that Munn thinks is satirical, but if he and Mr. Barclay insist, I'll take it out. What they don't seem to understand is that I'm trying to give our readers something new and fresh . . ."

"What's so new and fresh about it?" Lola asked.

"It hasn't been in any other detective magazine or Sunday supplement or murder anthology. That's the trouble with most of our stuff, it's hashed-over and dull to our readers. They're detective-story fans, they probably know all the good murders."

"Is this such a good murder?"

"Nothing extraordinary, except for one angle. The victim. He was . . ."

Lola yawned. My arguments had bored her. "Is the story good enough to lose your job over?"

"Why don't you read it? Then you'd see my point."

"Good God!" she cried. "It's bad enough to read what I'm paid for. Why did you take this job in the first place, Ansell? Was it to put social significance into Truth and Crime or to make a hundred dollars a week?"

"A hundred and twenty-five," I boasted.

"Most of the hacks around here would consider that principle enough for anything."

"I'm not so cynical that I can't believe you can't make a decent living and be true to your principles, too."

"If it's principle you want, the place for you is a garret where you can starve comfortably. But before you give up that hundred and twenty-five berries and a job where you can get out a magazine with one hand and hoist drinks with the other, you'd better learn the difference between a principle and the desire to get your own way."

Lola's drinking, I decided, was directly related to the cynicism with which she approached her job. Not that I blamed her for finding Truth and Love boring. Lola Manfred had once written some good poetry.

She laid her hand gently upon my coat sleeve. "Are you sure you know what you're fighting for?"

"I refuse to be pushed around."

"I hope, when you're shivering in your

(Continued on page 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

ROUNDUP AT SEA

BY JOHN MALONEY

This giant manta, or devilfish, was trapped in a shark net and towed to shore. Twelve feet across, it weighed about 1,500 pounds, all muscle

Collectors for Marine Studios go out after sharks, porpoises and giant mantas—and they bring them back alive by using lassos and hypodermics

I HAVE just witnessed a roundup at sea ten miles off St. Augustine, Florida. Lassos were thrown not over the heads of sea horses, but the tails of spotted porpoises.

In those same blue-green waters I watched 12-foot tiger and hammerhead sharks harpooned with shafts carrying hypodermic needles, and saw a pygmy sperm whale driven into shallow water and captured.

These sharks and porpoises and the whale, along with hundreds of other saltwater fish and reptiles, were being captured alive to restock the huge oceanside tanks at Marine Studios. Those tanks were emptied in June, 1942, when scientists and employees went to war and gasoline rationing stopped visitors. At that time the incorporated Town of Marineland had 26 voting citizens and 50,000 fish. Now the voters are back, but the scaly population has not yet reached its prewar peak. Ever since the tanks were reopened last spring, collectors, including professional fishermen, divers, scientists and at least one writer with a fishpole have been working the coast of Florida from Jacksonville down to the Tortugas and around Caribbean reefs and inlets.

The lasso is the most practical method of capturing spotted porpoises without injuring them. The device, invented by Ilia A. Tolstoy, grandson of the novelist and a director of Marine Studios, is a noose of rope ingeniously fitted on the end of a harpoon.

The first porpoise I saw lassoed was frolicking alongside the 28-foot sea skiff we were using. When the loop was snapped over his tail he turned to see what had grabbed him, shook his tail violently in useless efforts to free himself, dived sharply enough to almost swamp the skiff bow first, then took off on a run that had me thinking we'd round Cape Hatteras before he tired. We let him run until he appeared to be slowing down, then reversed the skiff's engine to put extra drag on him. Ten minutes later, when he was brought alongside so that a sling hammock could be worked under him for hoisting aboard, he had lost most of his fight.

But one week later, so readily do these comical creatures take to captivity, this big 350-pound buck was leaping completely out of water to take mullet from an attendant's hand and running a previously captured male a close race for the affections of a captive female.

Near Matanzas Inlet we stretched nets across a tidal river up which we had seen a family of another species—gray, shore-frequenting porpoises—chasing a school of menhaden. When the tide went out and they started back to sea, a second net was dropped behind them. Both nets were then gradually worked shoreward. In great beautiful leaps two of the porpoises cleared the nets and escaped, but three others, adult male and female and a suckling "pup," were captured and transported back to the tanks.

That pup, quickly named "Pudgy" because of his build and greedy habits, took to captivity instantly. His greatest delight was to have his stomach and chin rubbed. When an attendant slapped his hand on the water Pudgy would shoot to him like a projectile, turn on his back with his belly above water and whistle with contentment while the attendant scratched. Divers carrying out the three-times-a-day feeding of specimens by hand did not appreciate one of Pudgy's tricks, however. Much to the delight of the public, he would deliberately entwine himself in the divers' air hose, sometimes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT J. EASTMAN AND ROBERT E. McGUIRE

making kinks that stopped their air supply.

Until the opening of Marine Studios, life histories of porpoises, along with those of many other denizens of the sea, were based mainly on supposition. These are the first and only porpoises to be kept in captivity. The capture of an obviously pregnant female was hailed with interest by scientists and museums throughout the country. When her time for "confinement"—a ridiculous term to use for a lady living in the world's largest fish bowl—arrived, she unsuspectedly had a large gallery of ichthyologists and other scientists, as well as newsreel cameramen, as witnesses.

The youngster was born tail first. Immediately after birth the mother snapped the umbilical cord with her teeth, then began nosing the baby to the top of the water so that it could breathe. She continued her efforts to keep it at the surface for several hours, but unfortunately the youngster was stillborn or had died at birth, and it was removed by divers for autopsy.

Based on observations made at this time, coupled with subsequent research, scientists now assume that porpoises go into shallow estuaries or near shallow beaches to give birth to young, where they can be taught to rise to the surface and breathe air at intervals of thirty seconds or so. The pups are nursed by their mothers for about six months but soon after birth seem able to keep up the fast pace their elders set in cruising endlessly through the seas.

The Ways of the Porpoise

•

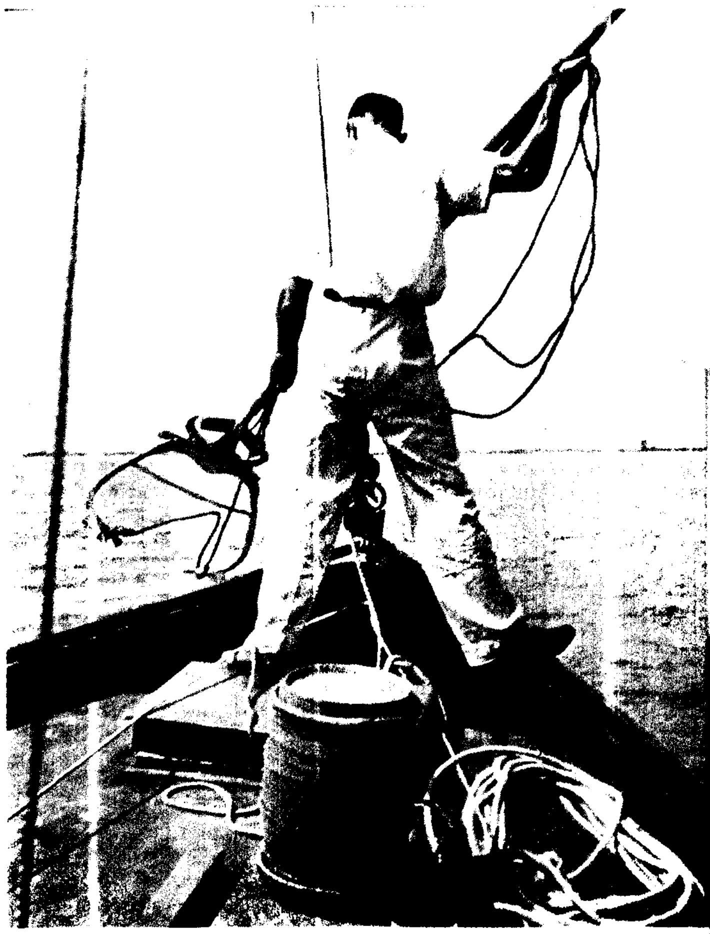
Unlike land mammals, porpoises are never actually still, even when sleeping, for they slumber just below the surface of the water, rising with a rocking movement to breathe at minute intervals. They have an insatiable appetite, those at Marine Studios devouring more than 20 pounds of fish daily, and making life hazardous for colored reef fish and other small fry the studios try to keep in the tank to amuse the visiting public.

The smaller sharks exhibited at Marine Studios are usually captured in 18-inch mesh nets spread across inlets or around natural feeding grounds near reefs. When they entangle themselves, they are hauled into boats by means of windlasses. Frequently, however, larger sharks harm themselves so badly in efforts to escape that they soon die. To overcome this difficulty Douglas Burden, a director of the American Museum of Natural History and president of Marine Studios, Tolstoy and others devised the hypodermic harpoon.

This instrument, with a needle as large as most ex-G.I.s imagine an Army medic's was, is fitted onto the end of a conventional-looking harpoon. The drug used is so powerful it will knock the largest and toughest shark belly-up in sixty seconds. The trick is to get close enough to one to drive the point into his leathery hide and hang on until he becomes groggy. Sharks breathe by extracting oxygen from the water which passes through their gills while they are under way. Thus, when one is brought back to the tank anesthetized, he must be "walked" continuously by an attendant wearing a diving suit, until the hypodermic wears off.

Other sharks up to 10 and 12 feet are caught on steel hooks a quarter-inch thick and ten inches long and baited with large fish or horse meat. Long lines of hooks—sometimes as many as 40 strung on a chain—are put out by studio collectors who secure them with large anchors and mark their location offshore with buoys. In one morning I saw 18 of these brutes hooked, although only three of them were of species or sizes desired. The unwanted ones were made into "good" sharks instantly with a

(Continued on page 36)



All set to lasso a porpoise (above). The metal jaws of the harpoon close around the big fish's tail, then fall away, leaving him caught in a rope noose

Sharks have to be treated with care—for their own good. The one below is being gently lowered into a canvas bag for the trip back to the oceanarium

Long, fanglike teeth, several rows deep, line the mouth of the captive sand tiger shark shown above. Men handle him upside down to avoid hurting him

Harpooned with a hypodermic needle, a shark must be kept moving to breathe. Below, a diver "walks" a doped shark

The catch at the left, though not dangerous, is important to the studios. It includes several starfish, a good-sized conch and a bucket of sea anemones

GET A HOUSE, *get a gal*

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Milo's problem was simple, until it was complicated by a ghost named George and a jeep named Louise—to say nothing of a lovely blonde

MILO MURDOCH brought his battered jeep to a halt at the crest of the hill, rested his chin on the wheel, and gazed unhappily at the scenery.

It was all as advertised. Falling away sharply at his feet, the land swept in a graceful carpeted curve to the base of the mountain opposite. There it rose in massive green, shaded imperceptibly to a delicate blue peak that was repeated in deepening tones as far as eye could see. It made a breath-taking panorama.

To me, mused Milo, it is as wormwood.

Here and there in the broad expanse of the valley he could see tiny white farmhouses dotting the course of a shining brook, and on the opposing slope a red roof seemed to perch dangerously on the trees. It was all quite lovely.

To me, Milo thought, it is as gall.

His face, normally that of a large and pleasant collie, was set in mournful lines, topped lugubriously by a hang-over G.I. haircut. He slapped the jeep into gear and it skittered down the mountainside, bouncing stiffly on the corrugations of the road. On the hood a scarred painting of an unbelievably voluptuous woman jiggled in its obviously new brassière and panties of black paint. LOUISE was lettered in fading paint alongside the figure. Milo had found the jeep by the baldest stroke of luck at a surplus property sale. It was his own jeep, the same one he had driven through the mud of France and Germany. Louise had been his lieutenant's girl but the whole squad had adopted her with understandable enthusiasm.

In the village at the foot of the hill, he parked the jeep in front of a small white house featuring the sign, J. Weston, Real Estate. A smaller sign on the door read Walk In.

The office was a made-over front parlor which retained a strong colonial flavor, but the blonde sitting by the window was modern. Her hair fell in soft waves to her shoulders and she was just fine the rest of the way to the floor. She had a pert little nose and full red lips. Milo knew at once that she had been put together from blueprints he'd dreamed up overseas.

A drop of water trembled at the tip of the pert little nose. The girl was crying.

"This is only right," Milo said bitterly. "This completes the picture."

For two weeks he had pushed his jeep over hundreds of miles of roads somewhat less than good, looking for his home in Vermont. At the outset he had felt that his requirements were modest. A simple place but livable. Secluded yet accessible. A little land and perhaps a hand-hewn timber or two. Just a quiet place in which to live and work on his detective stories. A view of the Vermont mountains and a modest purchase price.

"In a word," Milo had told a procession of real-estate men, "a roof over my roofless head."

FOR two weeks he had gloried in the beauties of the countryside, and had remained well behind the housing market. One real-estate agent after another nodded sagely, stroked his chin thoughtfully and said, "Know just the kind of place you mean. Sold one like it just last week to a gentleman from New York."

Milo felt that he had been one week behind a gentleman from New York and one from New Jersey and another from Massachusetts throughout his trip. They had scoured the countryside before him, madly buying up all the little houses that were secluded yet accessible, simple but livable. The countryside remained beautiful but no part of it was for him.

"It is fitting," Milo said, "that I should now find the girl of my dreams in tears. Beauty and frustration. You are undoubtedly married."

The blonde raised damp eyes, screwed up her face and wailed softly. "No," she said, "not a bit."

She looked wonderful when she cried. Her pert little nose was not red, her blue eyes were dewy and clear. Looking down at her, Milo felt a sudden surge of joy and knew that all was not lost. Perhaps this was why he had traveled for fourteen days and fourteen nights.

The blonde dabbed at her eyes. Milo sat down beside her and took her hand.

"We mustn't let this get us down," he said fondly. "We will find a place somehow and live happily ever after."

The blonde said, "I am not looking for a place. I am in the real-estate business." She removed her hand from Milo's and took up a stronger position behind the desk. Milo hitched his chair in pursuit.

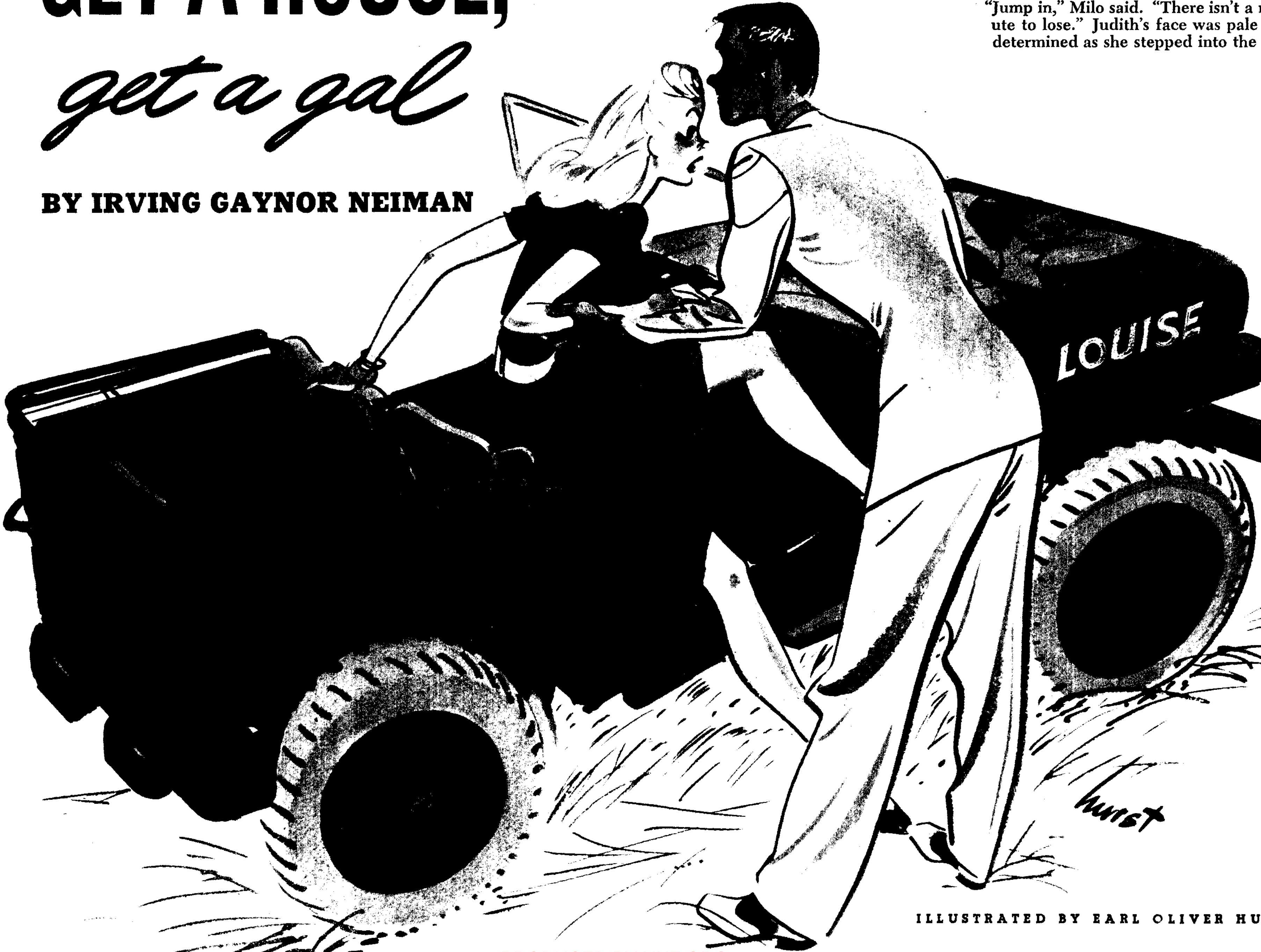
"You can't be," Milo said. "Real-estate agents don't cry. They are all happy as larks, without a care in the world or a property for sale."

"I am Judith Weston," she said, "and I am sorry that you were misled by my tears." She sighed. "What can I do for you?"

"Your question challenges the imagination," he said warmly. "Offhand, I would suggest that you could find me a home, marry me, and present me with a child or two in your image."

The blonde gave him a wry oh-you-mad-soldier-boy glance, and said, "I'll be

(Continued on page 88)



"Jump in," Milo said. "There isn't a minute to lose." Judith's face was pale and determined as she stepped into the jeep

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

AFRAID OF LOVE

BY RUTH CARSON

Fears and inhibitions have wrecked many a marriage, say the scientists. To help young couples find happiness, a unique experiment is being tried

GROUP of young married women gathered recently in New York to take part in an experiment. They were going to try to save their marriages. With the divorce rate in this nation racing along at one in four, and still gaining, it was a worthy effort.

They sat informally about a small room on West Sixteenth Street, talking quite frankly and freely with a dark-haired, pleasant woman named Dr. Lena Levine. All of them had the same problem. They were physically normal and in love with their husbands, but they were unable to respond to the physical side of marriage. Both they and their husbands were unhappy as a result. Divorce threatened in some cases.

One of the ways in which Dr. Levine was trying to help them was by group therapy.

"I got the idea from sessions with veterans who had neuropsychiatric problems," she says. "I saw how discussion in a group helped them. So I suggested trying the same thing with the women who come to us. Remember, this is all experimental. We have worked with only three groups of women so far. But I am pleased with their reactions."

As one of the doctors of the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau in New York, Dr. Levine saw that many young women had emotional problems. When she proposed the idea of group therapy, Margaret Sanger, founder of the Bureau, and Dr. Abraham Stone, medical director, were enthusiastic. They agreed with Dr Levine that it might be possible to discuss even such an intimate problem in a group, if the discussions were handled the right way.

The frankness and the lack of tension in these sessions is due to Dr. Levine's own friendly, matter-of-fact attitude. "I let them know," she says, "that theirs is no special, insurmountable problem It is a pretty common one that can generally be helped. Just the realization that they are not alone and different is a great relief to their minds.

"It is general medical opinion that more than one woman in four is frigid to some degree. Until fairly recent years, no one bothered about it. But with the fast-changing role of woman, we have come to agree that women are people, entitled to consideration of their problems. Particularly in marriage relations, which are a mutual undertaking of two people, and in the foundation of the family is this important. We can see how important when we look at the facts. Sixty to seventy per cent of marital breakups, the records show, are indirectly due to sexual maladjustment. Rightly or wrongly, much of this is blamed on frigidity in women."

There are deep-seated reasons why some women do not respond to the physical aspects of marriage, and these reasons Dr. Levine does not attempt to treat in group meetings. But there are plenty of obvious difficulties, like ignorance, wrong information and attitudes, that she can try to correct. She has found that the exchange of group discussion brings them out and helps correct them better than the doctor alone can.

Dr. Levine brings together women of similar economic, educational and social backgrounds. Each has already had a physical examination and been found physically normal. Each has had a preliminary talk with her.

She starts the first of their three discussions with an explanation of what constitutes satisfactory marital relations. She knows from medical experience that both men and women need to be told. There are enough sensitively written books on the subject of marital relations that no one needs to be uninformed. But ignorance or embarrassment have kept too many people from reading them.

Marriage Not a Cure-All for Inhibitions

The problems she deals with next are not ones of information, but of attitudes. These women are typical of countless women who come to marriage after years of repression; who come full of distorted ideas and of inhibitions that have been taught for centuries. They have discovered it isn't true that falling in love does away with all of these; that all they need do is marry, and they will automatically live happily ever after

Helen, one of the women who has attended Dr. Levine's group discussions, is an extreme example. Helen had been brought up believing that anything to do with sex was sinful. She was completely ignorant of the human body and of human psychology. Emotionally she was immature. She had never been taught that the relationship between a man and his wife can be the most meaningful and beautiful of all human experiences.

Yet Helen moved in a cloud of love before her marriage. "I crossed streets in a dream. I didn't even hear the taxis tooting at me," she says. "I was just wacky about him."

After two years of marriage, her husband had taken to drink and was ready to walk out on Helen because in their marriage relations she was completely unresponsive.

The actualities of marriage had brought Helen out of her cloud. She was terrified and shocked from the first, and had mentally rejected the whole idea ever since. Dr. Levine's group gave her another viewpoint.

"The attitude of the other girls, that she was wrong, helped Helen a lot," says the doctor. "If I had told her that, she would have shrugged it off and said that was just the doctor talking. But when other girls with marital difficulties said it, she listened "

Helen listened so well, in fact, that she approached the matter of marital relations with a new attitude. "You know," she reported in amazement, "my husband and I didn't quarrel so much after that."

Helen's husband now pays her small attentions, like bringing her gifts and helping to dry the dishes Most of the women complain that they are not so lucky. They are taken aback, instead, at the difference between marriage and courtship. "I was his dream girl," wails one. "Now he doesn't look at me that way."

"Sure he does," says the practical doctor, "but he can't keep telling you so. Marriage is a changing thing. You have to expect the initial excitement to die down. But there are rich companionship and mutual experiences to take its place."

Dr. Abraham Stone, medical director of the Margaret Sanger Bureau, holds a session with the husbands of these troubled women. First, however, he drops in at one of Dr Levine's meetings to take part in the discussions, and to find out what the women would like him to tell their husbands. "Tell them," the women say, "to be more imaginative, more affectionate, more patient."

"Do I have to court her every time?" say some of the men in dismay, when Dr. Stone passes on the message. He explains to them why they do. He tells them about the structure and functions of the body, about the physical and psychological differences between men and women, about the anatomical and the emotional reasons why some women have difficulty in responding. "Courtship," he says, "should not cease with marriage Continue to show your wife the affection, the consideration, the gentleness she needs."

Dr. Levine, trying to meet male attitudes another way, urges the women not to expect so much courting. When a girl complains that her husband doesn't know how to court her, Dr. Levine says, "Why not explain to him? How is he to know, if you don't tell him?"

One common cause of sexual coldness in women is fear of pregnancy. It is merely mentioned in these meetings, since it presumably does not concern women who have come to a planned parenthood center and received the necessary *(Continued on page 95)*

THIS America of ours, broad and wide and handsome, is a land with a topsoil capable of bumper crops and a subsoil stuffed with most of the raw materials of industry. It owns an industrial plant so vast as to dwarf the combined manufacturing facilities of Great Britain, Russia and any other half a dozen countries you can name.

America has all the prerequisites for achieving its goal of economic security—and all that this implies in more and better food, clothing, housing, education, medical care, amusement and all of those goods and services comprising the better life—for its growing population, which includes you.

Economists have argued for years as to just how big our economy must become in order to attain the above idealistic objective. But the war gave them an idea of the minimum financial requirements for running the gigantic corporation known as the U.S.A., in which you're an important voting stockholder.

One way to figure what is required to keep our economy running is as follows: In 1945, at the apex of our productive effort, what the professionals call the gross national product rose to a fabulous $197,300,000,000 as measured in prewar uninflated money. That was the value of (1) all weapons and munitions and (2) the food, clothing, housing, and multitudinous mechanical gadgets of our high standard of living. In comparison, the gross national product in the last peace year of 1941 was, in the same kind of dollars, only $120,200,000,000. In four years, therefore, our economy had grown by $77,100,000,000. The growth of more than 50 per cent was *stimulated* by the war but wasn't *entirely* attributable to it. You can't, economists agree, just write off the increase and go back to where we were.

The $197,300,000,000 worth of production represented more than just so many dollars. It represented, among other things, more jobs (some 50,500,000 in all) than American men and women had ever held. Some of those workers, the Riveting Rosies and others who obtained full or part-time employment during the war, fell out of the ranks of workers with V-J Day. But their places were immediately taken by returning soldiers and by new-grown breadwinners.

Now, with war work ended, economists point out that in order to keep the ever-growing labor force at work, an ever-growing economy is necessary.

For the time being the economists appear willing to settle for a $200,000,000,000 economy as sufficient to provide the jobs and national income needed for prosperity and the pursuit of happiness.

If you accept that standard, it is important to you as a stockholder in America to know whether the country is living up to expectations in this first year of peace. Are we as a nation a going concern? Or are we heading for trouble?

It's only a year since the end of the most exhausting war in history. The world's biggest and most complex productive machinery hasn't yet really had time to complete the switch back from wartime to peacetime output. Yet this nation already is achieving a new record by producing most of the edibles, wearables and usables of our kind of life at a pace unprecedented in peacetime history.

This seems both surprising and paradoxical. Veterans are unable to buy suits, farmers are short of shingles for their barn roofs, office workers are shy of white collars, and housewives are neighing for nylons. Yet the figures compiled by the government's bookkeepers prove it to be true on the basis of past standards that we are a more abundant land than ever.

The Department of Commerce informs us, for instance, that as of July 30th, the country was turning out food, clothing, houses, cars and mechanical gadgets at the rate of $158,960,000,000 worth a year measured in prewar, uninflated dollars. If so, we're having a boom of unprecedented proportions, at least in terms of the past.

At the apogee of the Coolidge Era back in 1929 the total value of the nation's production of the things we eat, wear, live in, use and export to other people was only $88,400,000,000. In 1941, when food and goods were more abundant than ever, the national civilian output of our farms, mines, forests, fisheries and factories totaled a mere $106,900,000,000 worth.

Dwarfing Previous Production Figures

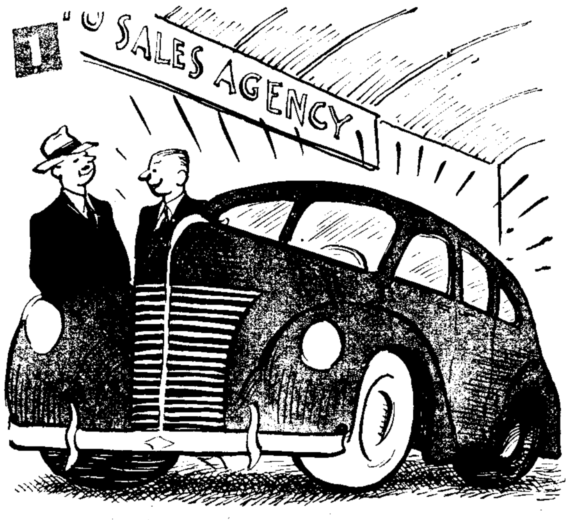
The arithmetics of our present production, therefore, make previous production figures look like the details of the proceedings in a bankruptcy court. Including an ever-dwindling amount of production for the armed forces, the midyear rate for 1946 hit about $180,000,000,000, a small drop from the 1945 peak and due largely to reconversion lags.

"Okay," we can hear querulous voices asking, "why the shortages, then? Why can't I buy a car, a refrigerator, a white shirt or a pair of nylons?"

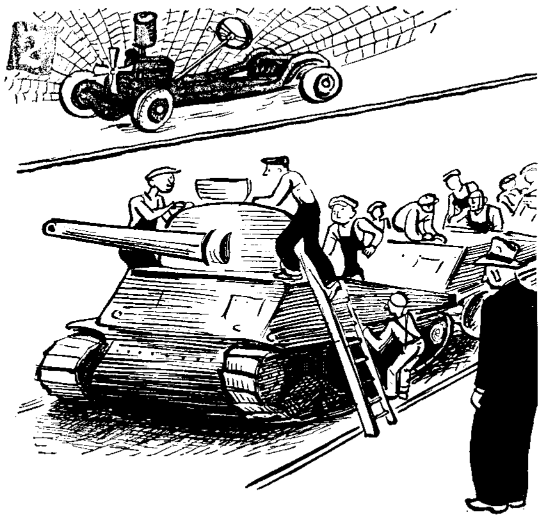
We put the question to bureaucrats most directly concerned with the mechanics of production and to big business representatives here in Washington. The government's planners of the better life and the more hardheaded apostles of a free-swinging economy seldom agree about anything, but they were in accord on one point: There isn't any one, all-inclusive and simple answer to why there are scarcities of the things you need or merely want. But they can point out various causes for delay in reaching full production and in eliminating shortages.

High up on the list of reasons for the deficits in certain categories of goods—automobiles and refrigerators, for in-

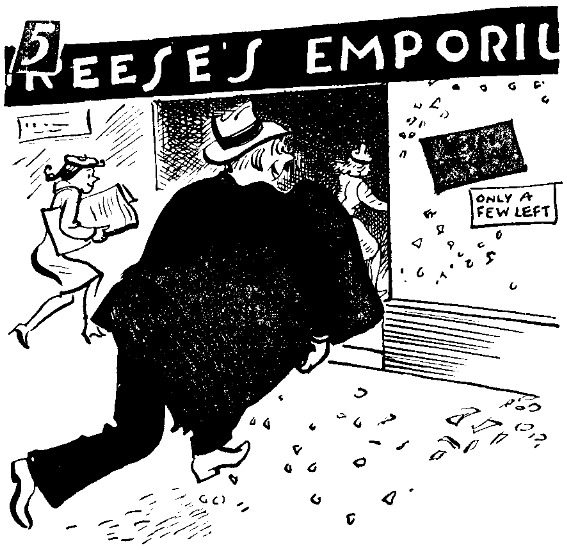
THIS IS YOUR BUSINES



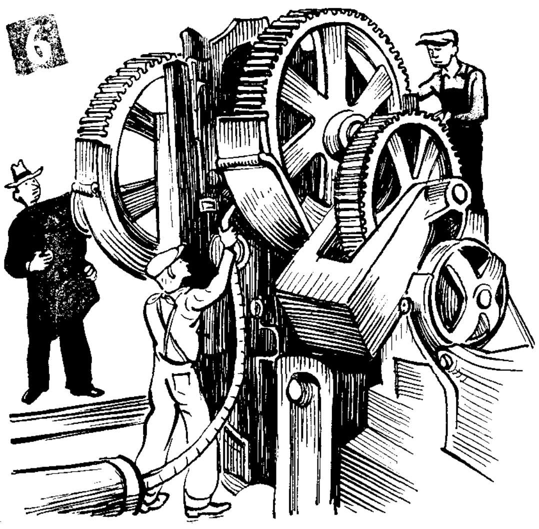
IN 1939, A RELATIVELY STABLE YEAR, YOUR CAR WAS DELIVERED A FEW DAYS AFTER THE DOWN PAYMENT.



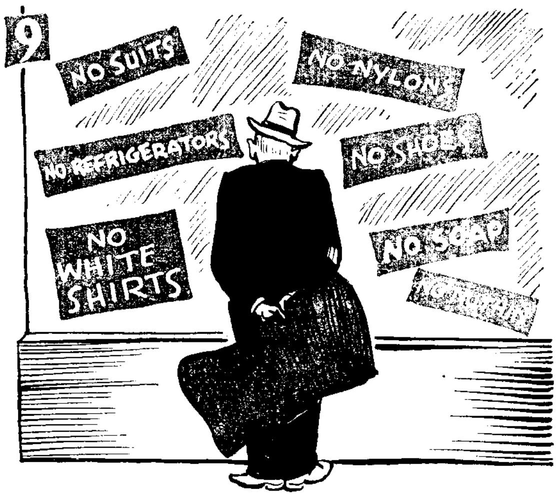
1941—**WAR!** THEY STOPPED MAKING YOUR CAR (AND YOUR WASHING MACHINE, YOUR REFRIGERATOR, YOUR RADIO, YOUR ....,
FILL IN YOUR OWN COMMODITY



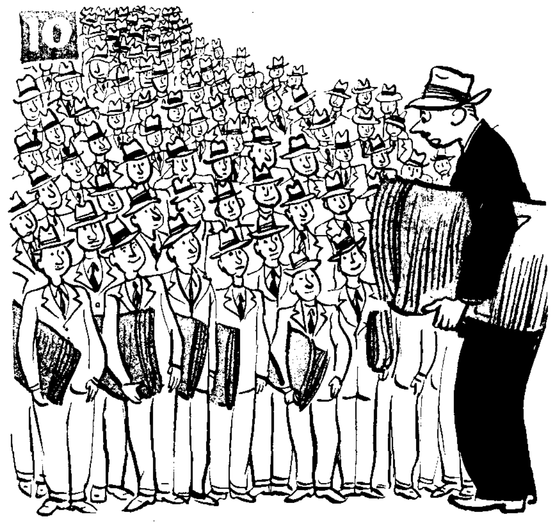
1945-**V-J** DAY! THERE YOU WERE WITH A BULGING BANK ROLL AND A YEN TO BUY! BUY! **BUY!**



HOWEVER, THEY COULDN'T RECONVERT OVERNIGHT. IT TOOK MEN AN TIME AND MATERIALS TO OIL UP TH OLD MACHINES AND DESIGN NEW ONE



AFTER FIVE YEARS OF PRACTICALLY NO REPLACEMENTS, YOU'VE BUILT UP A TREMENDOUSLY ABNORMAL DEMAND.

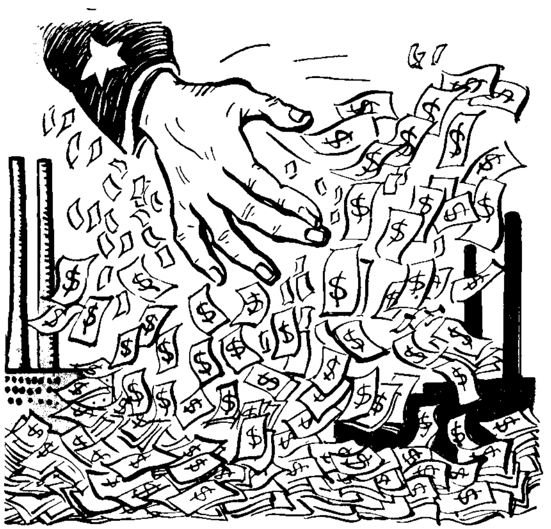


BESIDES, YOUR FAMILY HAS GROWN AND NEEDS MORE..... THERE ARE ALMOST NINE MILLION MORE OF YOU SINCE 194

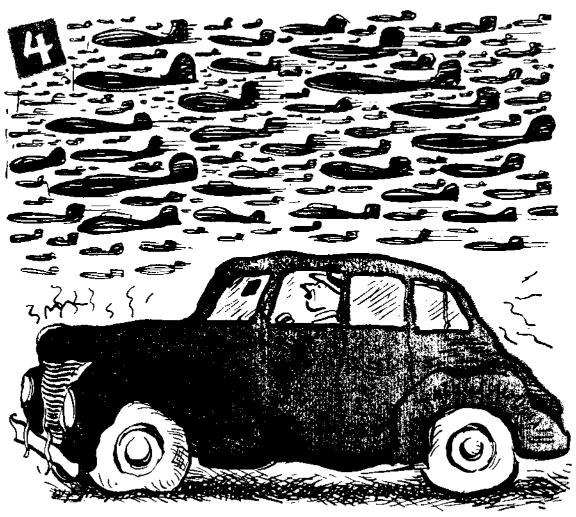
Y FRANK GERVASI

RAWINGS BY CARL ROSE

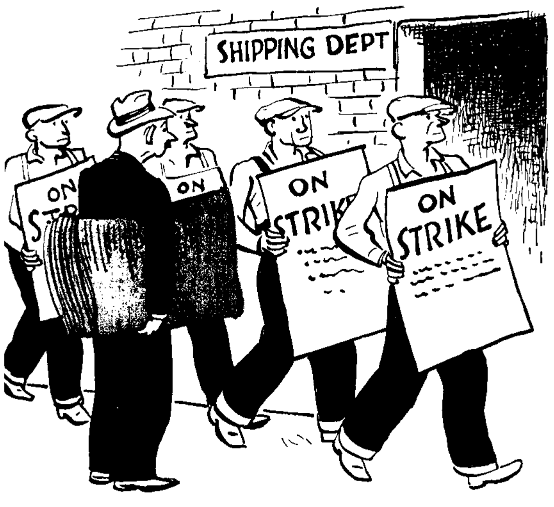
We've had a year to get America going as a peacetime business. Here's a report on what you can expect in dividends



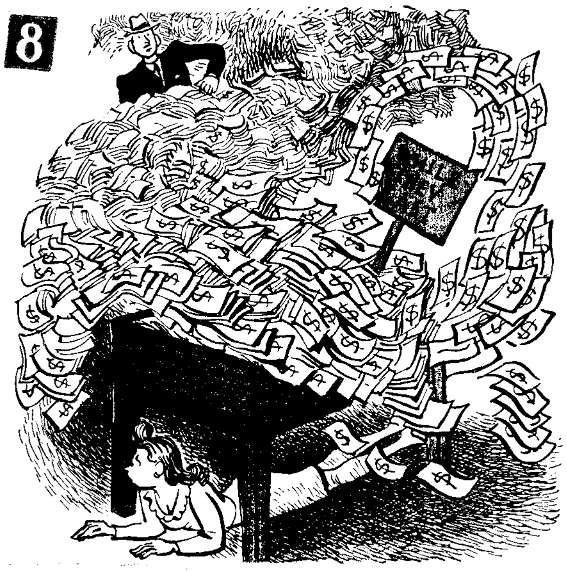
1942—YOUR GOVERNMENT BEGAN TO SPREAD AROUND THE COUNTRY ALMOST ¼ TRILLION DOLLARS IN WAR EXPENDITURES.



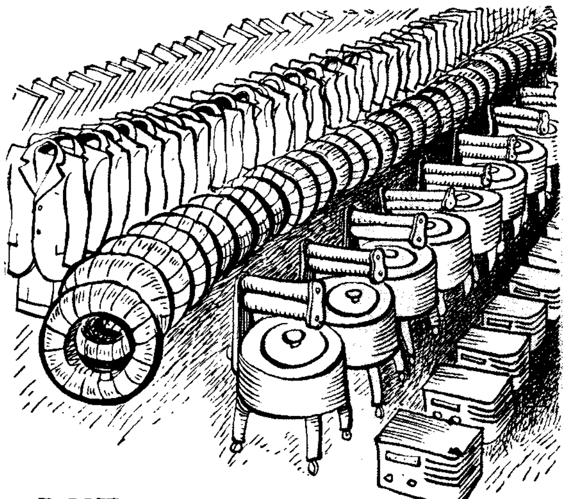
1943-1944—PEAK WAR PRODUCTION, BUT YOUR CAR WHEEZED AND RATTLED. YOU SWORE YOU'D TURN IT IN THE MINUTE YOU COULD GET A NEW ONE.



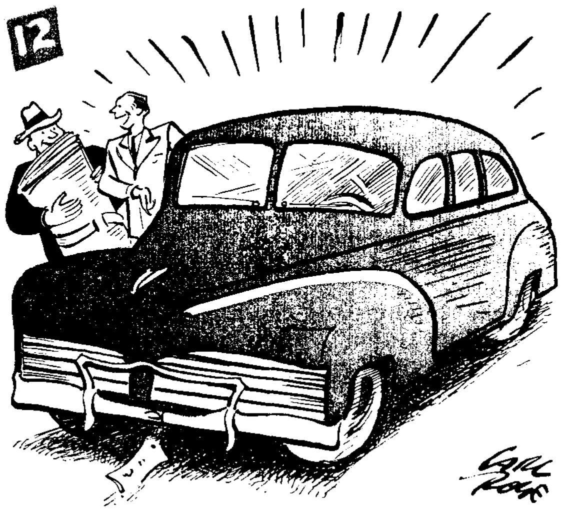
1946—STRIKES..... IN MINES, IN FACTORIES, IN TRANSPORTATION. YOU CAN'T SQUEEZE PRODUCTION THROUGH A PICKET LINE.



DURING THIS TIME, THOSE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS HAVE BEEN GOBBLING UP THE AVAILABLE CIVILIAN GOODS.



BUT IN MANY THINGS, WE ARE TOPPING EVEN 1941 PRODUCTION, DUE TO TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES AND HUGE PRODUCING CAPACITY. IT ISN'T ENOUGH YET.



SOMETIME NEXT YEAR, SUPPLY MAY CATCH UP WITH DEMAND, PROVIDED THE LABOR SUPPLY AND THE SUPPLY OF MATERIAL REMAIN STEADY.

stance—are the strikes. This one is soft-pedaled by the administration's slide-rule twiddlers and overstressed by Big Business. But these are the facts:

V-J Day was a sort of D-Day on the labor front. From that day to the end of the year 28,432,000 full working days were lost due to strikes in key industries. But the real trouble began with the turn of the year. From January to March, in 1946, 54,700,000 working days were lost and from April to June a total of 31,500,000 days. Altogether a grand total of 114,632,000 working days or nearly 6 per cent of the total available working time was frittered away.

Regardless of the merits or demerits of labor's case, the effect of the strikes on production was only slightly less than disastrous. The soft coal strike was the worst. The direct loss was 85,000,000 tons of coal, valued at $500,000,000 at wholesale prices. But the indirect loss, according to the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, was several times the value of the unmined coal. The soft coal strike cost at least 2,000,000 tons of steel due to the shortage of coke made from bituminous coal. Only some 400,000 of the nation's 600,000 soft coal miners walked out, but more than 1,000,000 other workers were obliged to cut down their working hours due to power shortages attributable to the lack of fuel.

The Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion estimates that the strikes cost 13,000,000 tons of steel, or the equivalent of eight weeks at top peacetime speed. There was an immediate letdown in the output of all so-called durable goods, particularly in automobiles and refrigerators.

It's difficult to assess just what those strikes did to the nation's production pace. But John Small, the Civilian Production Administrator, guessed that the strikes "set us back by four months. Deficits in the national output of lumber, copper and other basic raw materials have also delayed production.

One Basic Shortage Affects Many Industries

A shortage in one fundamental raw material has repercussions in the production of innumerable items. Lead is an example. It goes into the manufacture of storage batteries, cable coverings, roof sheet and plumbing, pipe, foil for wrapping, weights, castings, seals, nails, washers, oxides, paints, tetraethyl gasoline, solders, bearing metals, brasses and bronzes, type metals, collapsible tubes for toothpaste and shaving cream and other consumers' goods.

The demand for the first half of 1946 was for 570,000 tons of lead. The supply was only 403,000 tons. Without storage batteries you can't build automobiles. Without solder you can't assemble radios. Without paint you can't finish houses. And so it goes on down the line.

To the strikes and other ingredients of the complicated recipe of the current scarcities you may add liberal dashes of bureaucratic bungling and the greed of some businessmen. There might be more white shirts in shop windows if the administration's intellectual giants hadn't tossed away, on V-J Day, what powers the government had to oblige the textile industry to produce the required material. As soon as controls were lifted the mills shifted to the most profitable lines of production. Why should they make broadcloth for white shirts when it's far more profitable to weave a cheaper cloth, stamp it with various designs and tailor it into so-called sports shirts selling at a far higher price?

Some wholesalers and dealers increased scarcities by hoarding short materials for superprofits on the black market. Others withheld finished goods awaiting the eventual breakdown of price controls. But such practices haven't been widespread, according to government investigators and haven't materially contributed to the shortages.

But the scarcities in manufactured goods are compounded of many economic ingredients in addition to strikes and raw material shortages. Above all, bureaucrats and businessmen agree, they're attributable to the war itself. For four years the output of houses and the furniture, refrigerators, washing machines, alarm clocks, mechanical mixers and electric irons you put into them was reduced to zero. The materials went into weapons and ammunition.

The fact that those particular things weren't manufactured, however, didn't obviate the need for them nor dispel the natural human desire—called "demand" by the economists—to acquire them at the earliest possible moment. Demand, like production itself, is a complex of many conditions. First, there's the human yen—stimulated by necessity or merely the desire to keep up with the Joneses—to acquire a thing. The desire must be implemented, however, with the power to buy: money. This particular power increased, during the war, beyond the wildest calculations of professional slide-rule twiddlers.

In the first half of 1945, remember, 50,500,000 men and women were employed on our farms, in the mines and in commerce and industry. As of May 30, 1946, with veterans flowing back into overalls, the employed civilian labor force swelled to an unheard-of 57,600,000.

That mount of employment and the agricultural, commercial and industrial activity it represented produced a gross national income of $160,000,000,000. This was 60 per cent more, according to the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, than in booming 1941, and 75 per cent more than in prosperous 1929. In addition Americans held liquid assets, including cashable War Bonds, totaling $130,000,000,000.

V-J Day blew the lid. People *(Continued on page 35)*

ROUND AND ROUND

Experts in approximately three hundred and fifty carnivals are retailing fun to millions of Americans. It's a highly specialized brand of salesmanship that often pays big dividends

The motordrome has one great advantage for the spectators: They can get a wonderful free jag on just from dizziness

This is a gambling wheel but the operator is not a gambler. He's not taking any chances. But YOU are! Of course, if it's the only one in town . . .

LIGHTS flared with an insistently garish brightness and the night was filled with a special, particular hubbub. There was the loud chatter that seemed to ascend into an angry roar and the intermittent delighted shrieks of happy winners; the loud, raucous, insinuating voices of the barkers, the matter-of-fact, almost bored, seductive hum of the men about to flip the wheels; and above all and through all, the nonmusical, nondistinguishable tinkle of the eternal merry-go-round. It was a carnival on Saturday night.

From a look at the crowd, a sociologist could have determined the character of the community. Very plainly, it was a farming section surrounding a small town, perhaps a county seat. This latter surmise arose from the appearance of several dapper young men with a pool-room air, who passed the "Art" show, the hula show, the bingo game, the Ferris wheel, and finally planted themselves at a small booth where a wheel spun with a sharp click against a background of "flash"—electric alarm clocks, vases, Indian blankets, jewelry and silver shaving kits. The odds were just 100 to 1 that they would be on their way back to town long before the carnival closed, broke, bitter but still confident that if they could get up another stake they could break the dealer.

Nothing ever breaks the dealer of a carnival wheel; nothing can break a carnival but bad weather. The circus is a great American institution but it is large and does not get everywhere; the carnivals (hundreds in number) eventually reach every community in the country.

Carnival people, members of a separate race, are as clannish as Serbians. They live by their wits and persuasiveness and almost never desert the profession. They drift into it accidentally and never drift away. They marry in the profession and have children who invariably end up by buying a "ride" or a "game" and taking their place along the Midway. They are semigypsies who might equally well be members of the National Manufacturers Association. During the war years there have been men with a wheel and a supply of "flash" who have made hauls which would be the envy of metropolitan bankers.

Along about midnight the Flying Valentines were still in their trailer back of the Ferris wheel, waiting for their time to appear. They were the "Sensational, Spectacular, Death-Defying Free Act"—the number advertised widely to draw the crowds. They only went on when it was plain that the crowd was through spending and would soon fade into the night. They were four acrobats who worked on the high trapeze, a high-class act worth waiting for.

"It'll be one o'clock tonight," said Mrs. Valentine, "and it's getting cold out there. Sometimes we get it through by eleven."

Down on the Midway, Bert Gross is making his last pitch with the "jam auction." He is throwing styptic pencils and little souvenir elephants into the crowd. "Free," says Bert, "everything free!" After that he will begin giving dollar bills away and then watches and alarm clocks. His talk goes on in a steady stream, interspersed with gags that get the crowd laughing. It is sales psychology applied at high pressure. It will end with the crowd buying the clocks and the watches and other nationally advertised "articles." "I'm here," Bert says, "as an advertising man to get these products well known to you people." But just now they are not aware of it.

Across the way, Ben Hyman is starting another bingo game. The girls from the hula show are again on the platform while the barker goes through his spiel; they give a mild final wiggle and file back into the tent, while the ticket seller ladles them out as fast as she can gather in the quarters. From somewhere behind comes the tiny toot of the miniature railroad. The Ferris wheel squeaks its way around another arc. The frozen-custard wagon and the candy-floss booth are still doing big business.

Young fellows and their girls are standing patiently in front of the picture-taking tent. The man at the race-horse wheel is holding the wheel while he carries on an argument with a farmerish fellow in front of the booth; then he spins the wheel, watches it stop and pays out peevishly to the farmer; this prompts other people to slap their money down on the counter eagerly; the wheel spins again; they do not win.

The carnival on a Saturday night. Suddenly there is a shift in the crowd that indicates they have had enough. Even before it is noticeable, word has gone back to the Valentines to get ready. The carnival knows when the point has come. The Valentines come out, swing perilously in the air, jump from trapeze to trapeze, catch the girls when they fly free from one man to the other, and end with a spectacular interchange of trapezes in which all four seem to be daring the fates to kill them.

Even while the act was on, workmen were already tearing down the carnival. By the time it was over, the spectators had to pick their way among the debris of tent poles, platforms and counters. At the end of an hour all that could be heard was the shouts and curses of the workingmen loading the trucks. Back in the shadows of the trees, lights still blinked from the trailers and there were subdued voices of the carnival people doing their visiting before going to bed. The next jump was short and they were staying overnight and arranging to "set up" at their leisure next day.

Some "Inside" on Concession Profits

It was during this period that we got a bit of the lowdown on the carnival business.

"The miniature railroad?" replied the owner of that property. "Well, last year I took in eleven thousand dollars in twenty-two weeks. I paid three thousand for the thing. Of course, I had to pay my men, and the show got a third."

"Not bad, eh?" we remarked.

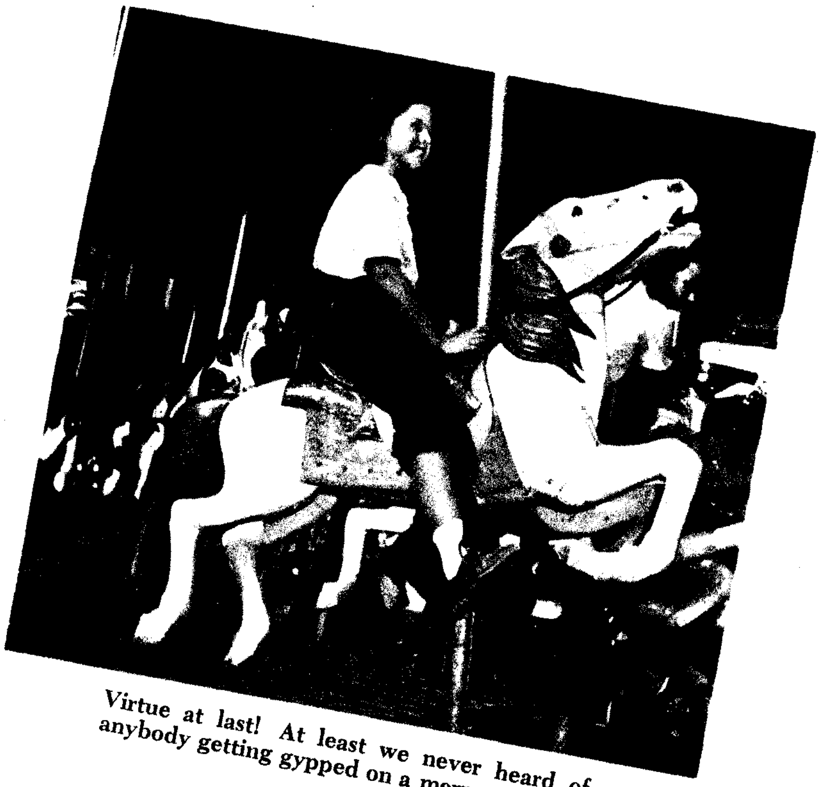
"The missus did even better with the picture gallery," said the railroad man proudly.

It turned out that the picture gallery could buy a roll of film for five dollars and thirty-five cents and from that, gross between a hundred and forty and a hundred and fifty dollars. The customers were charged a quarter for three pictures; thirty-five cents if there were two in the picture.

"Takes a lot of time arrangin' an artistic setup that way," said the railroad man, letting his eye droop in a significant manner that might have meant anything. "Used to give 'em four views for two bits but we found out they was just as happy with three."

We were being escorted by Steve Handing, better known as "Loose Change Whitey." He was a slim, dapper blond man with closely cut hair and an extremely facile and satisfactory way of explaining carnival life. Whitey had been born in Kerry Patch in St. Louis and was deporting himself in a normal and decorous manner until the depression arrived and disillusioned him about the fruits of hard labor. He had hooked on with a carnival in those days and while the pickings were undeniably lean, *(Continued on page 66)*

What these gals are doing we wouldn't know but it may have something to do with keeping cool. The lady on the right is posing as Sunrise over Lake Erie



Virtue at last! At least we never heard of anybody getting gypped on a merry-go-round

In the cool of the evening when you have only two bits left you sit down here at bingo and make believe you're gambling. The operators are happy to comfort you

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW – PART FOUR

FAMILY MAN

BY FRANCES PERKINS

Here one of the late President's closest friends tells of his reactions with his children and the problems their upbringing presented, of what inspired his great regard for his wife and her fears that in Washington she would have nothing to do

WHEREVER the Roosevelts lived, whether at Hyde Park, the executive mansion in Albany or the White House, there was always the sense of a big family. Besides their own children, there were others who seemed to be living like members of the family. Louis Howe was in and out almost as much as a member of the family. Margaret LeHand and Grace Tully, secretaries who came to work for Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt at Albany, were treated like young sisters. Nancy Cook and Marion Dickerman, living in a cottage at Hyde Park near the big house, were accepted the same way.

ACME

Roosevelt liked family reunions. This 1939 picture shows him with grandsons Franklin III, left, and John Boettiger, Jr.

The Roosevelt children were brought up in the glare of publicity almost continuously from 1919 when this picture was taken. Standing are Anna and James; seated, left to right, Franklin, Jr., John and Elliott

© BACHRACH

Visitors seemed to come and go almost at their own invitation and were always apparently expected. There were nieces, nephews, cousins and school friends of the Roosevelt boys, who all seemed to assume that they had a perfect right to arrive and stay a while.

It couldn't have been easy to bring up children as the Roosevelts had to—with so much publicity playing on them all the time. Moreover, there was Grandmother, a charming woman who doted on her grandchildren and was inclined to help them out of scrapes. I remember on one occasion, as Roosevelt drove me away from the house, he pointed to two horses in a field.

"I don't know what I am going to do," he exploded. "How can I ever discipline those boys? They did something terrible, absolutely against all the rules.

"Eleanor and I talked it over and we decided they had to be punished in a way that they would remember. So we told them that their pony, which they had always enjoyed very much, was going to be taken away from them and sent to two children on the other side of the town for the summer. They were very depressed about it and we thought we had made some impression. Well, what do you think? Last week my mother buys those two horses for them—two horses, not ponies. Now what am I going to do?"

Hyde Park, the family home, was within easy driving distance of Albany; the family were there a great deal when Roosevelt was governor.

Large companies would sit down to lunch. The windows would be open, often with a breeze blowing from the Hudson River. Roosevelt would be at the head of the table, talking to everybody, bantering with his children, teasing them and they him. The youngsters would tell preposterous stories to dignified visitors to see if they could get away with them and would burst into laughter regardless of whether the visitor fell for the story or saw through it. Roosevelt played with his children as though he were one of them; he relished their practical jokes as much as they did.

It never pained Roosevelt to stretch his family circle and include visitors, friends and cousins in family festivals. His Christmas habits were traditional and large. He horrified all the safety-first people by insisting on wax tapers on his Christmas tree—even in the sacred White House—and he really liked to read Dickens aloud to a large group of family and friends on Christmas Eve.

(Continued on page 96)

Stairs to a Sunny Room

BY SARAH LITSEY

The story of a woman whose only weakness lay in asking too much of her life and too much of love

AT ONE-THIRTY Mrs. Bleeker went to the door to call her grandchild for her nap but Boo was not in sight. No one was. Inside the remarkably ugly shingle houses, the Island was about the business of having its lunch. From the door Mrs. Bleeker saw only the great unbroken face of the sea, which at times of late seemed more familiar, dearer even than any well-known human face, Willard's or Caroline's or Boo's, the three she had loved most.

"Boo," she called. "Oh, Boo."

No one answered and her shortsighted eyes sought the ocean as if Boo might be there. It answered her, beating, breaking, voicing that vast, impersonal and never-fulfilled longing. Eternity. . . . Mrs. Bleeker felt the pressure of codfish cakes on her corset. Heaven knew what Boo's five-year-old stomach felt by now; she had swallowed her lunch whole and bolted, sensing the immediacy of bed.

"Come now, it's naptime," Mrs. Bleeker called. "Please don't worry Grandma." She felt certain the child was in earshot, and equally certain that she wouldn't come. Boo minded no living soul except her mother, and Caroline was off at a luncheon bridge at the Kearnys'.

Mrs. Bleeker stepped out on the high, uncovered porch and the stiff breeze streaming over her took her mind off Boo a minute. She liked these half-lit days. Of late, something in her answered them: the sea-glare dull like light thrown back from pewter, the sun an old dim coin pushed into a dent in the sky. Willard never had liked her thinking things like that, and once had said, "You pretty things up so, Helen. You never do face them as they are."

She went out and leaned on the porch rail looking down into the yard where the sand, very white, was shoved into various battlements of her energetic grandchild. Boo was not to be seen among the battlements. There were innumerable places she might have got to in five minutes. Mrs. Bleeker asked the ocean, "What will I do?"

The lameness of the question plunged her straight into panic. . . . How will I find her . . . catch her . . . get her back? Her heart began the unpleasant rumpus it made on such occasions and off went her mind like a pin wheel. . . . She's not mine . . . she's Caroline's, all poor Caroline saved from that dreadful marriage! I must find her . . . must . . . MUST. Her heart hammered each "must" and she began to go down the steps at a sort of bumpy run even though the doctor in town had warned her, had beetled his brows at mention of living on an island. . . .

"Mrs. Bleeker, in case of emergency —I don't like it."

In the bright, immaculate office she had said, "But you don't understand. I've gone there every summer for thirty years; I was a bride there." And meeting the shine of his spectacles, she did not say: *When love is gone, we must follow the pattern of love. It's all we have. You won't, you can't take that from me!*

The doctor rose, fitting the tips of his well-pared nails together. "You see, Mrs. Bleeker, at any time—I should say, unexpectedly . . ."

She, too, rose. He was a tall man. She tipped back her head to smile. "But, Doctor, I'd rather die there than anywhere."

"An island?" His tone was vague, his eyes cold. It always upset a doctor to mention death.

"It's always seemed just next door to eternity."

Plainly, he'd thought her mind as weak as her heart. . . .

She paused, now, at the foot of the porch steps to catch her breath, lifted her eyes a moment above the dunes to the far dim line of sea. Year after year she had come back to it, long after the fire went from her, and her flesh no longer tingled at the first whiff of ocean smell through the train window, or the touch of Willard's blunt, brown hand on her knee when he said, "Well, Helen, here we are!"

They came first on their honeymoon, Willard, like most men, wanting to share this childhood place with his bride, to fuse that earliest knowledge with one so new he was half afraid of it. Helen was an inland girl and had never seen the ocean. On the jumpy little ferry she had clung with one hand to her brisk straw sailor straining at its hatpins; with the other hand she had clung to her young husband.

"Oh, Willard, it's all so big!"

How he'd laughed at that, pulling her close to feel the roundness of her breast at his arm. "Why, honey-lamb, this is just the bay. You wait!"

"The bay?" she said, vague. At the pressure of his arm the Atlantic Ocean itself seemed unimportant. Her hand, finding his, let the sudden wild sweet joy flow into him, bind them together, lock them in with silence.

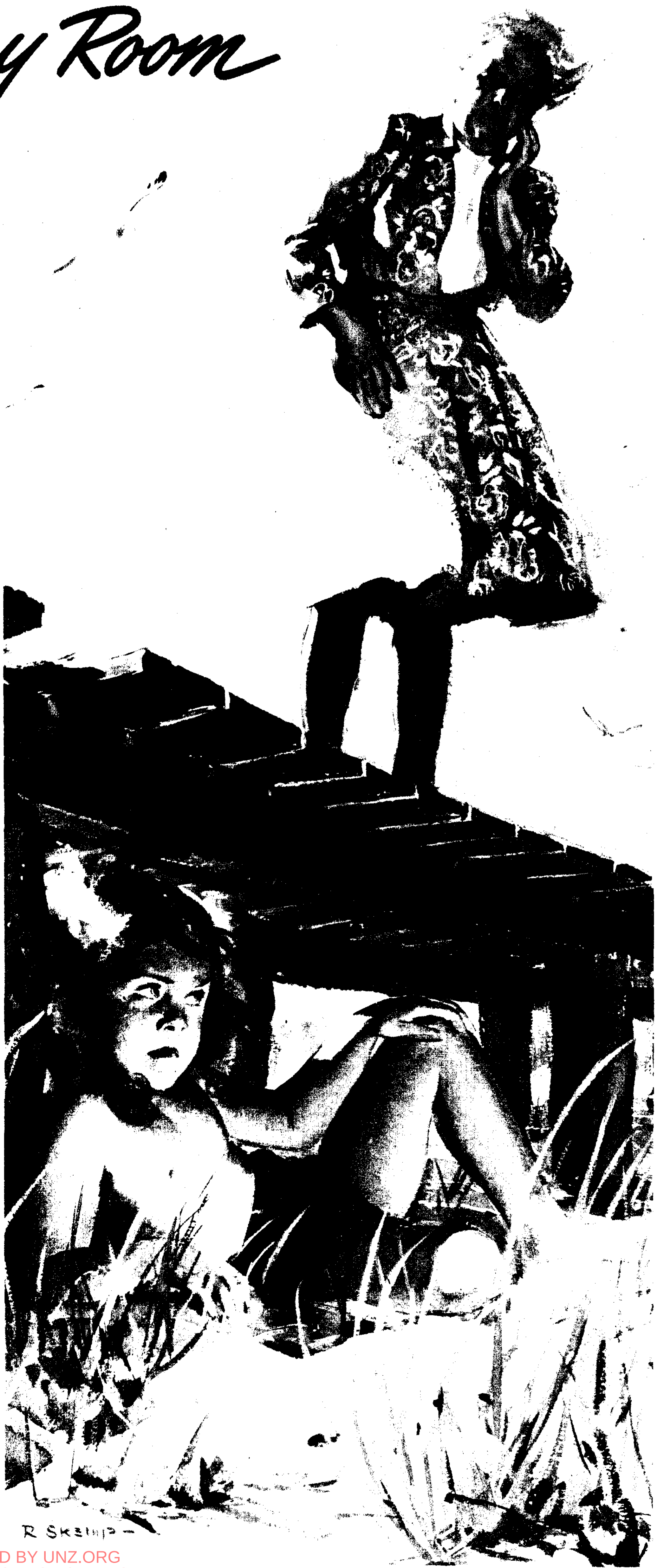
THEY had only a cottage then, three rooms, but enough and to spare for two who never could have enough of touch; swift, laughing, or slow and unbelieving, silent like figures in a dream. They could not see the ocean from that place but the smell and the sound of it were always there, and the moonlight streaming in across their bed had a wild, untempered clarity about it, coming straight off the sea as it had. The Island was small. You could walk across in ten minutes; and on the bay side with its quiet, shallow beach where the mothers bathed with their children, she was uneasy, always feeling the ocean there behind her. That summer she thought of the sea and the bay as a man and woman and she could not stay with the passive one for long. Standing between the sad, clutched roots of the shad-blows she would ask, "Can't we go now, over to the other side?"

"Why, sure," he would say, smiling down with his proud man's happiness. "I thought you'd like this better."

"No. Oh, no."

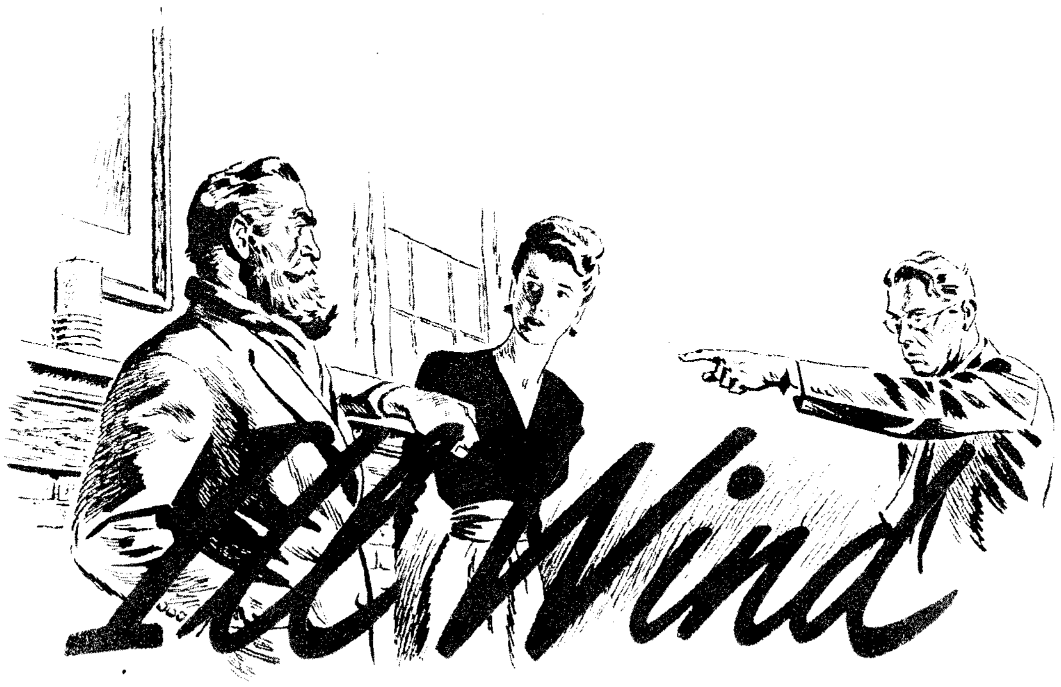
They went back by the boardwalk known as Lovers' Lane which ran straight across the Island. To either side cat

(Continued on page 28)



"Well, thank goodness, Boo!" Mrs. Bleeker cried. "Come now, like a good girl!" From under the boards came the answer, "No!"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SKEMP



Ill Wind

BY PAT FRANK

Two storms moved together. At any moment, the hurricane might strike, at any moment Dan's marriage might go to pieces on the rocks of infidelity

IT WAS born unseen. At first it was but an erratic puff ruffling the steaming Sargasso Sea—a sea warm as soup from the equatorial sun, thick as soup from the weed which fouled Columbus' keels. It was born in a region of the South Atlantic removed from the path of shipping, a flat wilderness of water ordinarily so metallic and lifeless that the smoke from a transient steamer hangs solid and black as an iron bar upon the horizon. Nobody saw it born, but later Senior Meteorologist Daniel Piper, in an official summary, gave its birthplace as twenty-five degrees north of the equator and forty-eight degrees west of Greenwich, which was probably close enough.

Even in birth it was a sport, a monster. It did not blow in the manner of good winds. It twisted in upon itself counterclockwise, creating a small and vicious corkscrew of turbulence. In infancy it fed ravenously upon the hot, moist air at the ocean's surface, and later it sucked in all types of weather and put them to its own destructive use. For a period which may have been hours, days, or even weeks the little monster gained in strength, troubling the lonely sea, and painting a dark bruise upon the nervous sky, while the earth's rotation spun it into madness.

Presently it began to travel, as a spinning top crawls across the floor. It moved toward the Lesser Antilles, the frail outposts of North America. The first patrol of man the hurricane encountered was a tramp steamer one hundred miles due east of Martinique.

Making her steady nine knots from Glasgow to Trinidad, the British tramp was unpleasantly surprised by the storm that fell upon her. She was deep with crated machinery, textiles and whisky, so her captain prudently put her stem into the gale, and for twenty-four hours she found herself following the wind counterclockwise around the compass. The young hurricane snatched a lifeboat from its davits and crushed it in the sea, but otherwise the tramp was undamaged. She reported simply, "Contrary winds, force eight, barometer 28.10," and then resumed her course for Port-of-Spain.

In San Juan the Navy picked up her report, and passed the word to the Weather Bureau in Miami. In Miami the meteorologists unrolled their maps of the Caribbean, and via teletype shuttled the information along to Washington. In Washington this was the first news Daniel Piper had that a hurricane was born, just as a commanding general receives his first hint of an enemy offensive when a battered patrol comes in after being ambushed.

An office boy laid the curling, yellow sheet of teletype paper upon Mr. Piper's desk, because Mr. Piper was the hurricane expert. Mr. Piper had never seen a hurricane, and indeed was a stranger to violence of any kind, but he knew more about hurricanes than any other man in the Weather Bureau, and possibly in the world. Hurricanes were his hobby, as well as his work. For twenty years he had collected hurricanes as other men collect stamps or butterflies. He knew of their private lives, their habits and idiosyncrasies, as the passionate fisherman knows the trout in his favorite stream.

He took the teletype message in his slender fingers and stared at it. He read the words, but they created no impact on his mind. This was the way it had been for days, with every paper that crossed his desk, because Daniel Piper had a storm in his own house. It was a storm uncharted, unpredictable, and wholly out of his experience, a storm tearing at the roots of his life. He was going to lose Helen. She was in love with another man. In their own home, while their children slept upstairs, she had made love to this man. She had made love to this man—a great bear of a man with a beard—with an abandon that was strange and unreal. He was going to lose Helen, and he could think of nothing else.

MR. DICKERSON, the Chief of Division, walked to his desk and put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Well, Dan, what do you think of it?"

"Oh?" Dan said. He tried to concentrate on the message, but his mind was not obedient, and insisted on slipping back into the black, blind alleys of fear and suspicion. But not suspicion any longer. Not after what he had seen last night. He had come home at ten, which was earlier than he had expected, and they had not heard him put the car into the garage. This was obvious from what he had seen through the curtains when he walked around to the front of the house.

"What's the matter, Dan? Heat got you down?" Mr. Dickerson asked. For nine or ten months of the year Dan Piper was inconspicuous as the water cooler in the corner, but during the hurricane season he ordinarily was alert as a bird dog unleashed in quail country. He haunted the teletype battery, and read every routine radio report from below the Tropic of Cancer, sniffing for news of meteorological monsters to track, hunt down and outwit.

"I'm all right," Dan said. He forced himself to digest the facts of the message, and he mentally plucked out the latitude and longitude, and pinned it on a map of the Atlantic. "Pretty hefty storm," he said, "to be so far down."

"Probably been building up," Dickerson suggested, "in an area from which we don't get reports."

"You're right," Dan Piper agreed. That was the way it was. Undoubtedly it had started weeks before, but he had been blind to it. They had met R. Pierrepont Cullen at a cocktail party after his lecture, and on that very first night he should have been suspicious from the amount of conversation Cullen invested in Helen. And why should a man like Cullen, the famous author, explorer, world traveler and adventurer—wasn't that the way he always was described on the radio—come around to the Piper house in Alexandria three or four nights a week? Certainly not to hear him,

The accompanying painting, by Faith Vilas, is strictly an experiment—the first use of abstract, or nonobjective, art in story illustration. We feel pretty bold about the whole thing because there was considerable difference of opinion among Collier's Board of Strategy as to whether our readers would appreciate even a small dose of this type of art. Some said yes and some said no—so we thought we'd let you decide.

The material is called Tempera, or opaque water color. The tools are Mrs. Vilas' fingers. Your youngsters in school can tell you something of the technique of finger painting, although the term is self-explanatory. The Chinese worked that way almost three thousand years ago.

Abstract art is intended to create an impression or establish a mood—generally, although not always, without the use of recognizable forms. We selected this painting as expressing the idea of a hurricane, which you'll presently find out is the hero of Pat Frank's story. Mrs. Vilas, who lives in New Haven, has painted many abstractions—some of which are on display in New York's Ferargil Galleries.

THE EDITORS

Dan Piper, talk about the weather. "I'm stupid," Dan said aloud.

"What's that?" said Dickerson.

Dan found that the teletype sheet was crumpled and damp in his hands. "I said I was stupid. It was something I should have foreseen. Whenever you have two high-pressure areas like that"—he pointed to the huge overlay chart covering one wall—"and the area between the tropics has been undisturbed for such a long period, one is on the way."

"We've got plenty of time," Dickerson said. "It's got a long way to travel. Should we send out a special advisory?"

"I should think so," Dan said. This was a considerable decision, to take the word of one shipmaster and spread alarm over all the countries and islands of the Caribbean, and along the southeast coast. It was a decision that would alter the courses of a hundred ships, and lock smaller craft and fishermen in their harbors. It would change airline routes and schedules. The merchants of scores of coastal towns and cities would begin scouting for timber with which to board up their windows, when the hurricane turned for its attack upon the land. If the warning should be without foundation it would cause a great deal of trouble for no reason, and when the next warning came all those who could be harmed by the hurricane would be less wary.

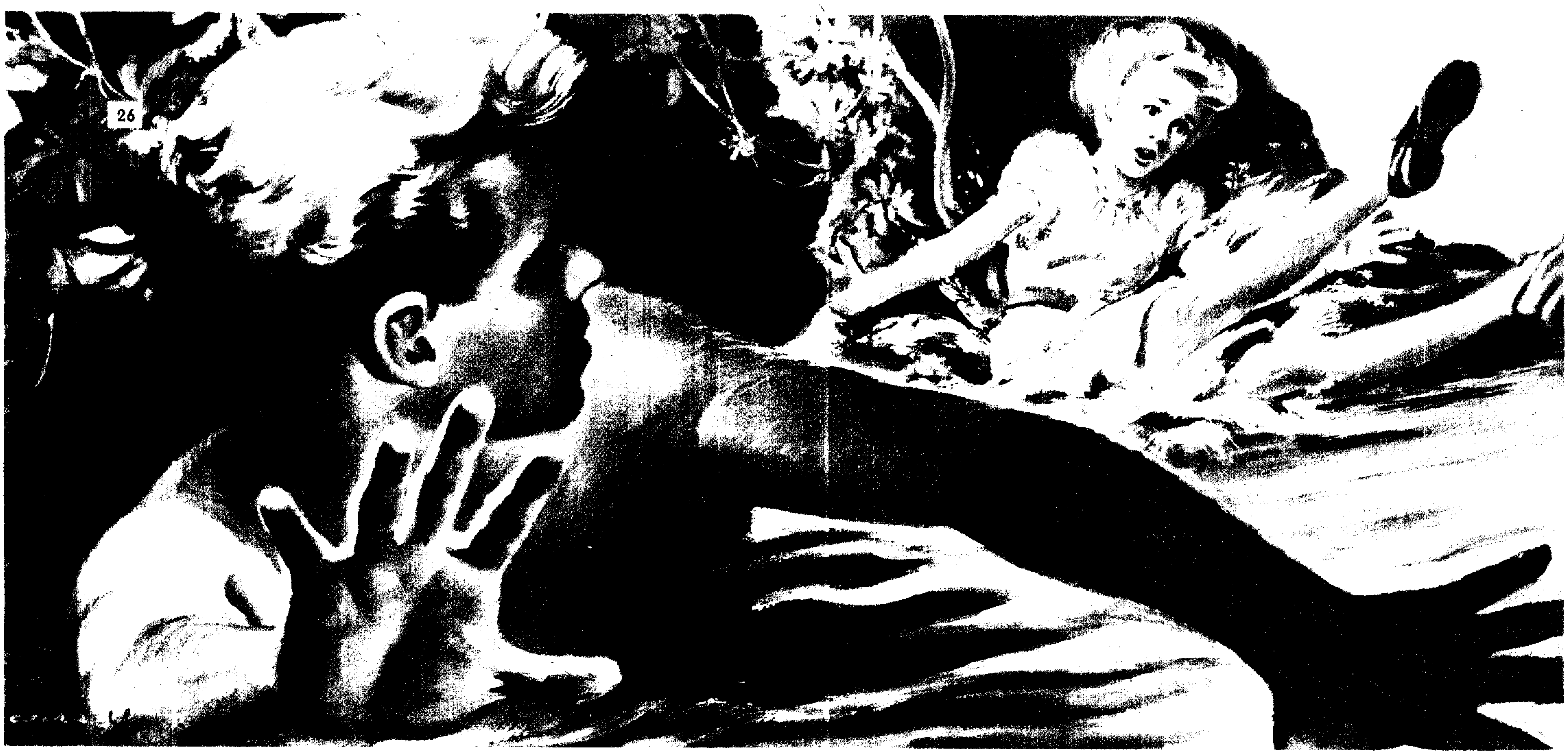
"YOU'RE quite certain?" Dickerson asked.

"Yes, I'm certain," Dan said. Even if the British tramp had not reported, still he would consider the time and circumstances ripe, and overripe for storm.

"All right," Dickerson said. "We'll broadcast a special advisory. You'd better write it, Dan."

Dan went to work on a message form in longhand, slowly and carefully, weighing each word, deducting what he knew must be true from the facts at his disposal, sifting the careful index of his mind for precedent. He called it a tropical disturbance "of moderate intensity, probably moving northwestward at between six and seven miles an hour." He advised all ships in its path to exercise the greatest caution, and warned that the pace of its advance would probably increase. As an afterthought he sent a message to Miami for relay to San Juan, requesting barometric pressures from all naval craft in the area. The storm might be tricky. It might cast itself upon Hispaniola, or veer across the islands and into the Gulf, and he needed every scrap of information he could get.

He didn't go home until *(Continued on page 58)*



Charlie was braced for the push-off when he heard the scream and the splash behind him. Ruth had fallen from the bank into the river

The Tribute

BY WALTER HAYDOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB CASSELL

BENEATH the leafy canopy of the park trees the crowd stood in the soothing warmth of the day listening to the words of Mayor Creager. It was the dedication of the monument to the dead of World War II, and the whole town had turned out. Except for an occasional flick of a program toward a fly and the slow movement of the branches in the soft breeze there was nothing more to break the respectful stillness.

Next to the mayor on the speaker's stand Captain Charles Deering, U.S.N., felt the mingled sweetness of honeysuckle and earth caress him like a strange narcotic. It had been long since he had sat idly in a green, flowered park. His ship had been one of the last to leave the occupational waters of the Pacific, and until a moment ago the crisp tang of the sea still seemed to linger in his nostrils. The hum of the Navy plane that had flown him here especially for the occasion suddenly faded from his ears and for the first time he heard the birds that seemed to be chanting a background for the mayor's words. He was home again.

THERE had been a day such as this once before, Captain Deering remembered—with the same soft sounds and the same sweet fragrance. It was the day when he had finished his boat. He had been fifteen, a lanky kid with sandy hair, and even then the call of the sea had echoed deep within him. It had not been an ordinary boat. At every available moment for four months he had worked on the model three-masted schooner, shaping ribs with razor blades, gluing them into place, and setting on the smooth deck the perfectly proportioned capstans and cleats. But on a day such as this, in the corner of his father's garage, he had cautiously touched the newly varnished hull to learn that the boat was finished.

He stood for a moment feasting on its exciting sleekness, its trim white sails, the web of taut lanyards, the long graceful sweep of the bow. His heart leaped and every nerve in his body seemed to ring. It was a glorious thing. It was worth every moment of the four months of labor. He turned suddenly, dashed from the garage, up the gravel path to the house. There was one person with whom he must share his joy. Snatching up the phone, he called Ruth and in a moment her soft voice floated over the wire: "Hello."

"It's finished! It's all finished!"

Her voice was cool, indifferent: "Oh, really. How nice, Charlie."

"Come on over," he said. "It's beautiful. I want you to see it."

She hesitated. "I've got a date with Sam. He'll come too."

Hanging up the phone, he stared at the wall, realizing for the first time what had happened. Four months ago Ruth had been his girl but since he had been working on the boat, Sam Turner had walked into the picture. In the past months Sam had taken her to the junior dances, the picnic, to the movies and for sodas in Farrel's drugstore. While Charlie had worked on the boat, she had drifted away.

Ruth and Sam drove up in Sam's jalopy. "It's really very lovely, Charlie," she said, as she saw the boat.

Then her full red lips seemed to tighten. She looked very beautiful, he thought. The sky-blue print of her dress matched her eyes exactly. Her soft gold hair was drawn back gracefully above her ears.

With his hands stuck in the pockets of his plaid sport coat Sam said, "Not a bad job, Charlie, but will she sail?"

He had a desire to reach over and muss up Sam's smooth, slicked hair, but he didn't. He was ready for that question. He had slipped on his bathing trunks and a sweat shirt while he was waiting for them to come. "Drive me down to the river and I'll show you if she sails or not."

Securely holding the boat, he climbed down the steep riverbank, and in a moment he sank waist-high in the cool water. Then he tenderly placed the boat in the river, watched her settle to her freeboard, and saw the breeze billow her bright white sails. She gracefully rested on her starboard beam and cut forward. She was majestic, beautiful. He turned to see Ruth sitting on the edge of the bank with Sam standing close behind her. There was a warm smile on her lips and even Sam was nodding in admiration.

THE boat had gone twenty feet and was nearing the fast current. It was time to swim out and get her. Caught in the current she would be swept down the river. He braced his feet on a rock for the push-off, when he heard the scream and the splash behind him. It was Ruth. She had fallen from the bank into the river.

Transfixed, he watched her flounder on the slippery rocks to regain her feet only to fall again. She wouldn't drown, he knew. It wasn't that. Her hair hung in dripping strands and her clinging dress revealed her slim body. She was ashamed, humiliated at her plight. He saw the look of frantic appeal in her eyes; then he glanced up to see Sam leaning over the bank shouting directions. Sam apparently could not forget that he had on his new sport jacket and taffy-colored slacks. The boat! He swung to see her dipping crazily in the eddies by the swift current. In a moment she would be caught, swept into oblivion. He knew that he must make a swift decision, and that it was to be the greatest decision of his life. . . .

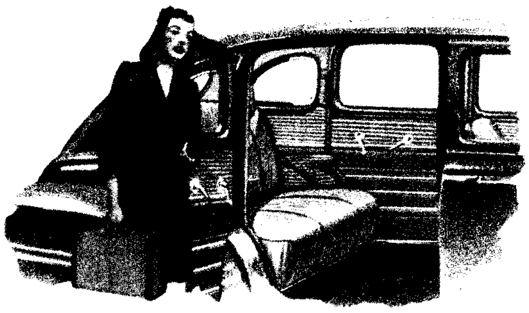
The words of Mayor Creager cut through his thoughts, and suddenly he was on the speaker's stand in the park once more. "This moment is dedicated to those who gave their lives in the service of their country but we must remember that there were other heroes whom God spared."

Captain Deering rocked uneasily in his chair. Mayor Creager was finishing his introduction and was about to present him. For the next few moments, he knew, he would like to hide. It was true that he had been through a number of actions, but the correspondents had built him up to momentous proportions.

"It is only proper and fitting then," the mayor continued, "that this beautiful memorial be dedicated by Charlie Deering, whose rainbow of ribbons only serves to remind us that above all other considerations he always brought back his ship."

He rose to the cheers and applause. The sun through the leaves sent a sweeping pattern across his lean suntanned face. He saw her, standing alone at the edge of the crowd, her soft blue eyes fixed intently upon him. Ruth was still as beautiful as that day down by the river. He saw her touch her finger tips to her lips and saw her lips part to blow him the kiss. Inside he felt a swelling pride. He knew he had just received another honor, not a decoration he would wear on his tunic, but something he would wear deep within him forever. It was a citation for his first command—a ship that he never brought back. And coming from his own wife it was especially important.

a short short story complete on this page



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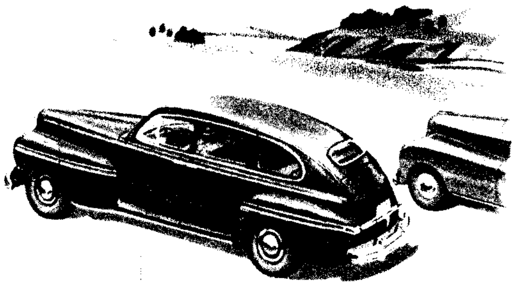

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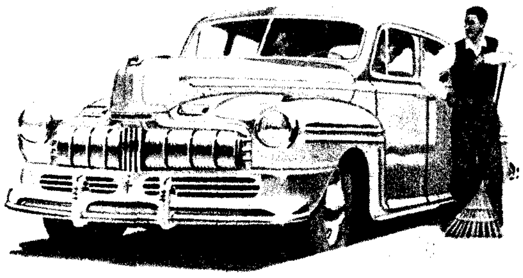
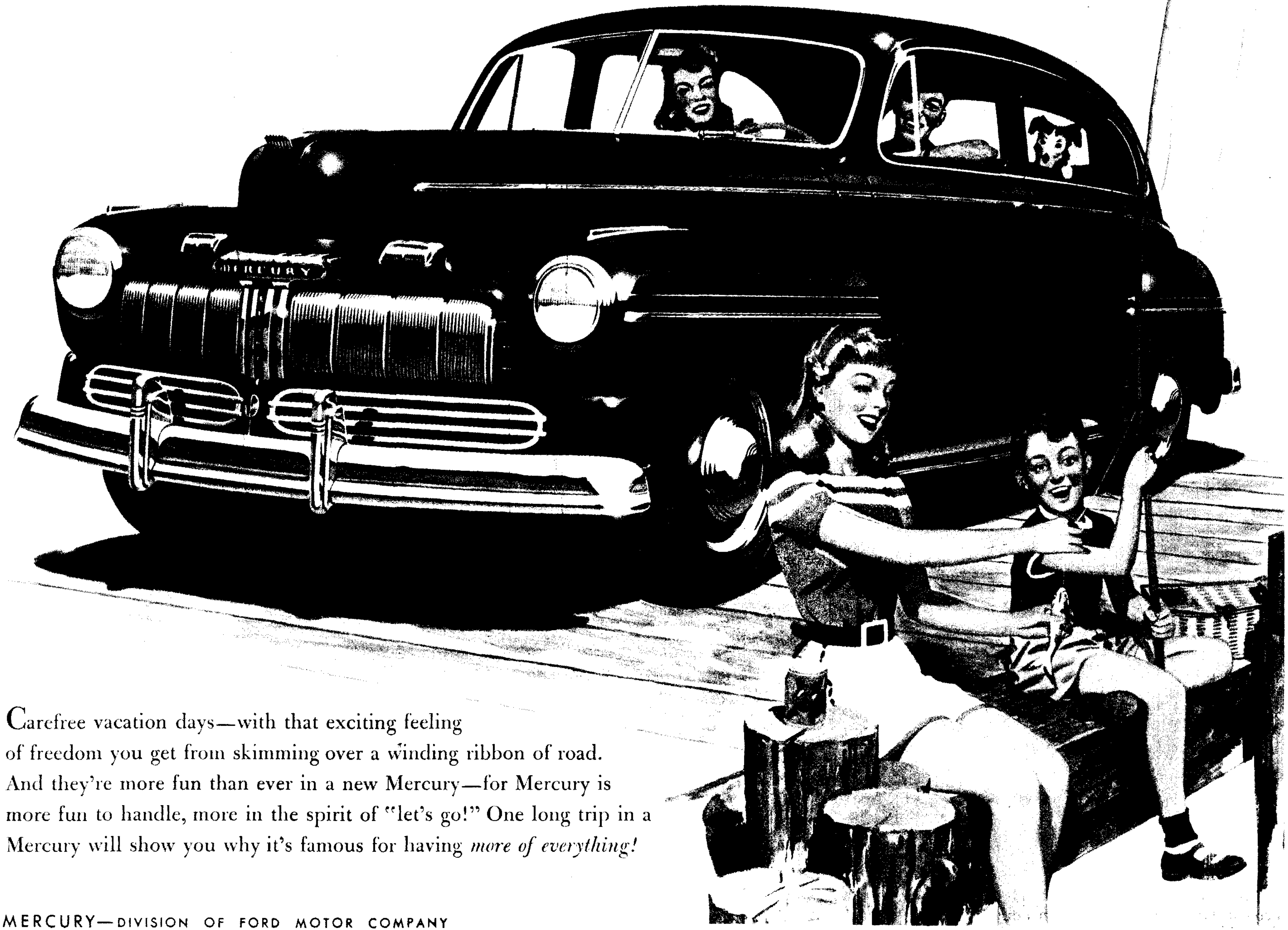


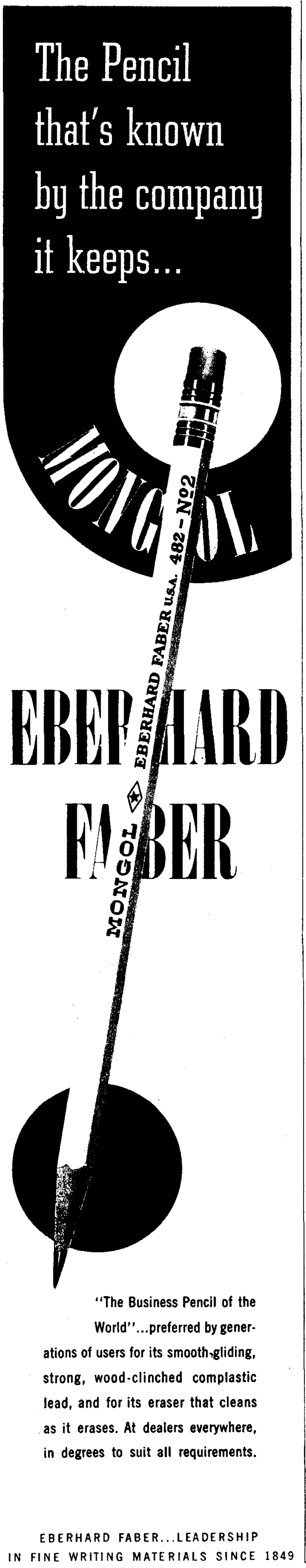
MORE MILEAGE Back home you'll tell all your friends about the distances you made—at such low cost. Mercury is *big,* but economical, too, typical of how it gives you *more of everything!*

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury



Carefree vacation days—with that exciting feeling of freedom you get from skimming over a winding ribbon of road. And they're more fun than ever in a new Mercury—for Mercury is more fun to handle, more in the spirit of "let's go!" One long trip in a Mercury will show you why it's famous for having *more of everything!*

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



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Stairs to a Sunny Room

Continued from page 23

brier and blueberry grew higher than their heads. It made them alone with that ultimate aloneness which is bred outside of houses. It was hot and still, and over the tangled, glossy growth the strong and hungering beat of the sea came to them. And suddenly she knew it could never reach the bay, that this little strip of land on which they stood must always lie between them. She stopped, and with desperate hands drew Willard around to her.

"Oh, I love you!" she cried.

"I know you do, my darling."

She had thrown herself in his arms then and sobbed and sobbed.

MRS. BLEEKER began to walk briskly toward the boardwalk, which ran the length of the village. Which way had Boo gone? Toward the Inn? Toward the Coast Guard station? She never committed the error of running off to the same place twice. Indecision made Mrs. Bleeker pause, go on in a choppy sort of way. Then directly from under the click of her sensible heels came the sound of mirth exploding.

"Boo! Well, thank goodness!" Mrs. Bleeker cried.

She stooped, trying to see between the boards, but bending and relief had made her dizzy. "Come, now, like a good girl. Grandma thought you were lost."

From under the boards where secrecy was sweet and striped with light Mrs. Bleeker got her answer, "No."

"There's candy . . . that nice candy Grandpa brought."

"No!"

Mrs. Bleeker looked at the two-foot drop from the walk to the sandy yard. It was nothing. Boo jumped it a hundred times a day; Caroline jumped it, her gay little dirndls flying out with rickrack around the hem. She bent rather stumpily and began to get down with such slow care that she failed to remember how she, too, once had sailed down in her pretty dresses, her waist between Willard's hands slimmer than Caroline's, her breasts as round if far less obvious. When at last she stood in the yard she put her hand to her heart—not that it hurt; it felt big, though, awfully big. Sand streamed in over the tops of her sensible shoes. She used to run barefoot in the silvery stuff. Used to . . . Well . . . Caroline would be awfully cross if Boo didn't get her nap.

"Boo, come, darling . . ." She stooped and peered under the walk; stood up, looked up. A dull, slow glaze of tears obscured her eyes.

For Boo stood on the big boardwalk halfway to the next-door Hancocks'. Squat, sturdy, brown, she burst in all directions from small red swim trunks, and her firm little chin stuck out from under her button nose.

Mrs. Bleeker said, "There's a good girl," and wiped her eyes.

Boo took no notice of the compliment, but watched with a squint blue gaze her grandmother's unnimble efforts to get back. On the walk again that gaze made the tide of Mrs. Bleeker's will turn and flow back on her. . . . I can't run. . . . I can't catch her! Foolish. Boo wasn't moving so much as a toe wiggle. Mrs. Bleeker hurried, her breath coming in hard, quick puffs. Boo was going to be an angel . . . she was. . . . From under Mrs. Bleeker's slightly shaking hand, ZING, Boo was gone like a fat brown bullet shot off down the boardwalk.

Mrs. Bleeker stood still. For a moment she saw nothing, not for tears, but for an odd haze of not-being which was suddenly ripped wide open by a scream.

"Naahhhhh!"

It was Boo. It was also the shrill, amazed and simply furious protest of a little trapped animal.

"Here she is," young Mrs. Hancock called. "I knew you couldn't catch her."

"Oh, thank you . . . thank you, Ann!" Mrs. Bleeker went in a hurry because Boo was red in the face and getting redder, addressing herself between screams to Mrs. Hancock.

"I'll kick you! I'll bite you dead!"

"Boo . . . It's past her naptime, that's why she's cross. Boo, here's Grandma."

"I'll scratch . . . !"

Mrs. Hancock was Caroline's age, a strong young woman. Without comment she brought Boo along at arm's length like a netful of struggling crabs.

"Grandma's poor baby!"

"Just let me, Mrs. Bleeker. I'll see she gets inside."

In the house again, Mrs. Bleeker happened to notice it was quarter to two as she went quickly about bolting, above Boo's reach, all avenues of escape. "There now, you can let her go." She hadn't meant to, her hand went to her heart.

"Mrs. Bleeker, why don't you go upstairs and lie down?"

Let free, Boo flung to the floor and bounced her little buttocks as she yelled.

"Oh, my, Ann . . . no, I couldn't," Mrs. Bleeker said, trying to get hold of the flying fists.

"But you shouldn't wear yourself out; it's bound to be awfully bad for you." Then the pleasant, matter-of-fact voice changed. "Where's Caroline?" she asked.

"She went to a luncheon bridge."

"She ought to come home."

"Oh, no . . ." Mrs. Bleeker felt afraid of those gray, discerning eyes. She could hide things from Caroline because Caroline never really looked at her. "Boo and I get along just fine. We always do. It's just this time . . . her nap." It slipped out so easily, just like the truth. But Ann Hancock was leaving.

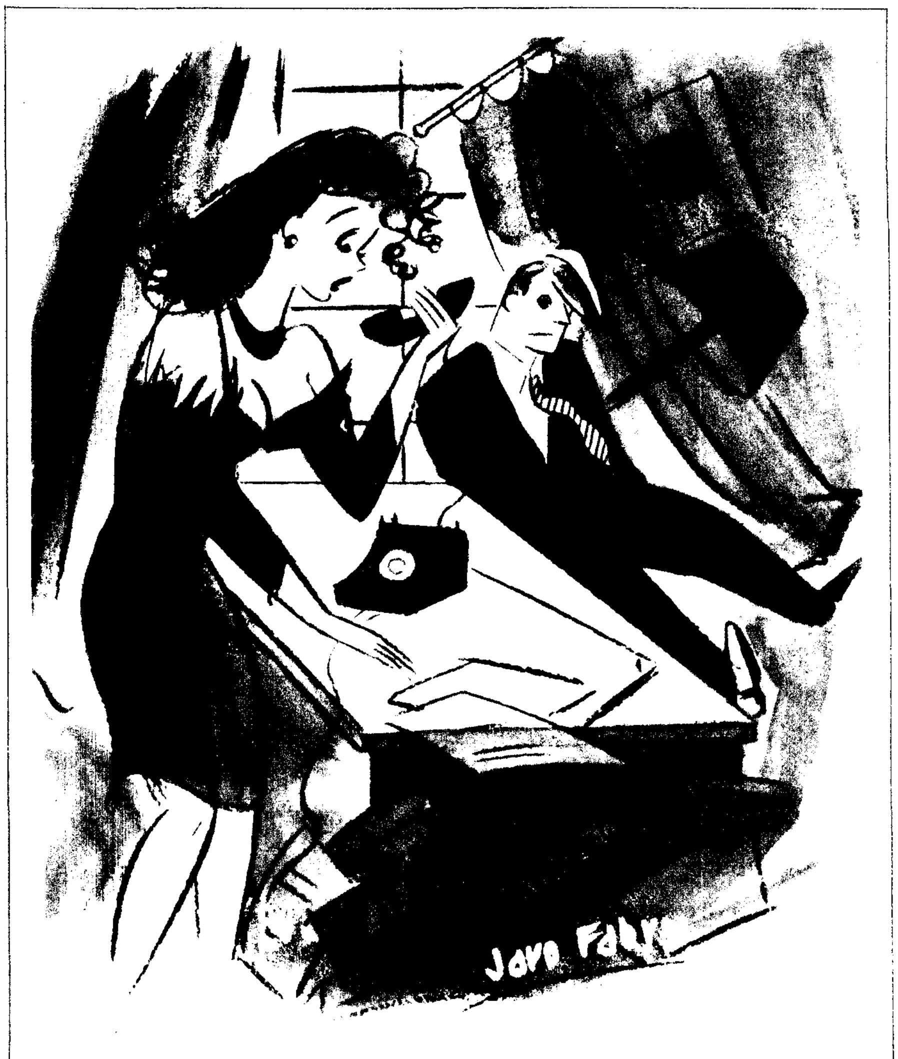
Mrs. Bleeker bolted the half door after her, then stood looking out at the sea, feeling herself borne on it, fragile and tippy like those little sailboats you saw, but more real; that part of her was more real than the tired, too-solid woman in this room, depending on a heart for her existence. What, after all, was a heart that she should make herself a slave to it? Not to run, to get upset, to take care of her only grandchild! Absurd! All that for a thing no bigger than your fist.

But the heart had loved, there was the thing. If it were not for this tyrannous organ there would be no Caroline, no Boo, no return to the Island year after year. In hope? In search? Neither. When the blood has cooled, one follows the pattern. passion has made because there is no other.

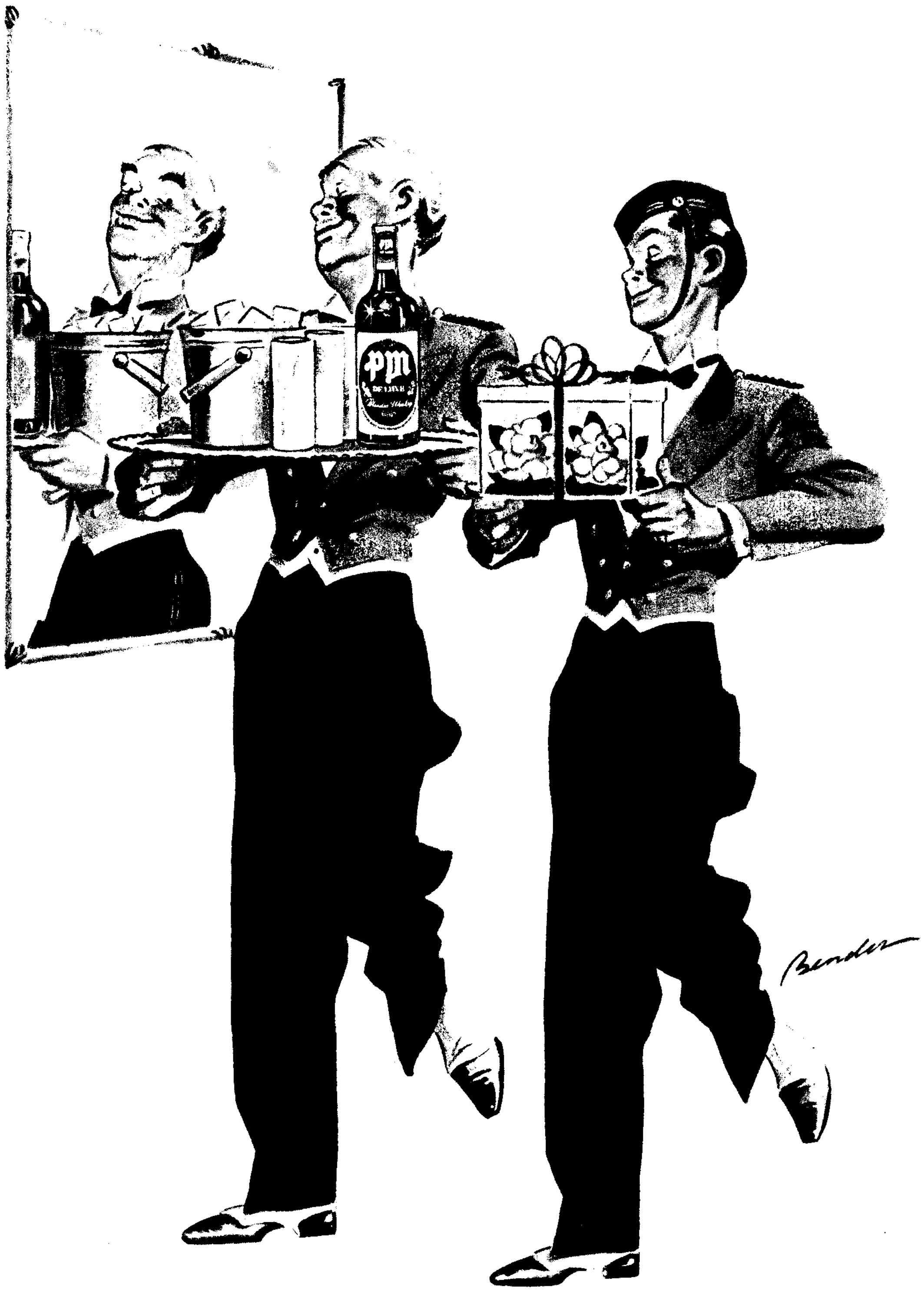
WITH dry, shortsighted eyes Mrs. Bleeker watched the sea. As a girl she used to think all life was like running upstairs toward some sunny, breeze-filled room that was up there, waiting, always the little breathless stir in your heart, the thing that was almost pain, yet sweet and new, drawing the world so sharply, in such bright colors. Who or what was there in the room you did not know? Willard had been there. . . .

Whatever tithe she paid to the heart now, those years were worth it. Then there had come the summer when Caroline was eight. In a city there are ways to hide the truth so that she had not known until they reached the Island. The truth could not be hidden from the sea. . . .

They had come down without Willard who all that winter had been deep in business. After lunch she left things half unpacked, left Caroline digging up friends and went alone to the beach. It was an off hour and the place was empty



COLLIER'S "Hello, Ma—the job got me!" JARO FABRY


PM
DE LUXE
Bender

"FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS"—Every glass becomes
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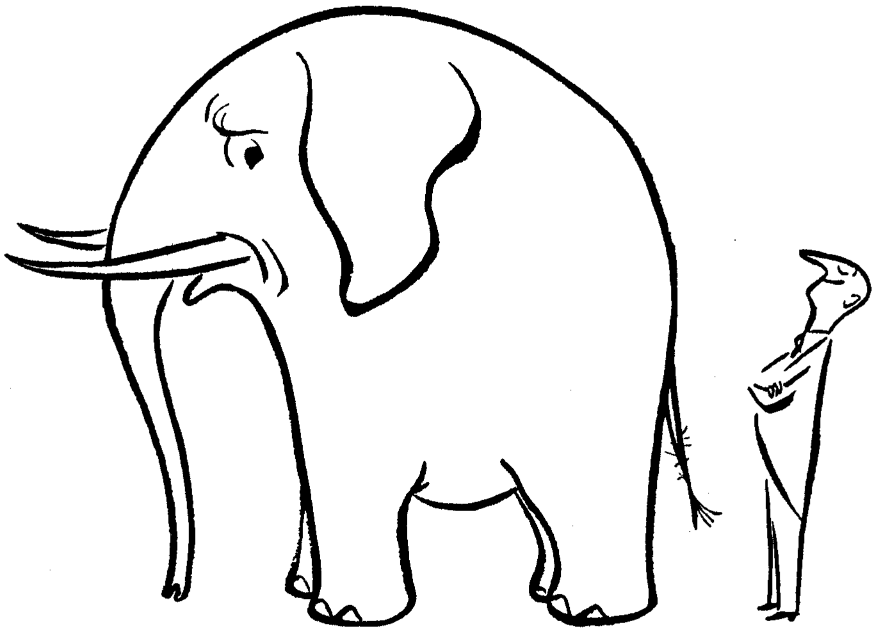

What's so hot about elephants?

We've been reading about a gent who remembers more things than the well-known elephant ever tucked up his trunk!

Our man can skim over the Sunday papers and recite item for item what was on each page. And he never—*never*—has to look up a phone number more than once. He's read hundreds of books—and remembers them so vividly he can recount chapter after chapter on demand!

It seems he has a system, and you too (he says) can master it. Perhaps. An accomplishment like that might be a swell way to enliven a social evening.

But when it comes to business . . . to the all-important *facts* and *figures* of business . . . good judgment turns thumbs down on elephants and memory experts both. *Figures*, the foundation upon which sound decisions are built, must be accurate, objective, up-to-the-minute. To handle them with speed and economy, Management turns more and more to Comptometer adding-calculating machines and Comptometer applications.

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ADDING-CALCULATING MACHINES

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and for that she was glad. There was nothing all year that touched this first sweet moment of sea and wind and sky, this merging, this giving herself up to something so much greater; pulling off her shoes she could plunge her toes in sand and run to stand on the satiny part where the last wave had just washed. "Sandpiper," Willard used to say. "Your legs do twinkle just like theirs! I love your legs, I love . . ."

On that day of Caroline's eighth summer, she had walked through the break in the dunes where Willard first had led her, their fingers crushed together; saw as she had then, the immense, blue, shimmering ocean. In other years, those first few waves had seemed to break inside her, the spray fly out and set off every nerve, so that she would lift her face, her breast, lick her lips for the taste of salt flung on them. But this time she had stood quite still, walked a few steps on and stood, letting her glance crawl up the long strewn beach, crawl seaward searching over that waste of restless water. For nothing entered her nor stirred the leaden quiet of her heart, even the bitterness, even the terrible knowledge. . . . I'm not in love any more. It's over; it's gone. . . .

She had begun to walk up the beach then, with her shoes on and stooping slightly. She had always stooped after that. She remembered how people spoke of birth and death as the two great solitudes. Yet living, she thought, is the loneliest thing we do. Through the wriggles of foam, sandpipers ran like pencil marks and she watched them. Death is kinder, she thought; we die and don't know; but the giving up of love we know, and live on, while everything else dies.

BEHIND her, Boo was quiet now, and Mrs. Bleeker turned, feeling in her the little death of that long-past day. Her grandchild squatted on the straw rug, rested ready for battle. It took ten minutes to get her to the stairs. Mrs. Bleeker measured them to the upper floor where a swath of sun cut through the bedroom windows. Get Boo to bed and then lie down an hour. Rest . . . rest. Strange for the body to cry for no more than that; sweet, gentle God helping the old die slowly, letting them long for rest! She reached for Boo. Boo ducked, kicked out and missed. By this and that she was hoisted to the landing. The clock struck two and Mrs. Bleeker started guiltily as if it were the voice of someone watching. It was amazing how strong Boo was for five. Somewhere in the laboring effort of her heart, she felt a flutter of pride at the strength of her only grandchild; it was all she could do to hang on to those chubby, furious wrists. She let go, leaned on the stair rail, breathing hard. Caroline had been delicate as a child; Boo took after her father. . . .

Mrs. Bleeker had been so sure she'd know when Caroline fell in love. Ever since the child was eight they had been close: "Like sisters" she once had told herself; had whispered it aloud in the blank night hours when she lay awake by Willard, no longer able to remember how it had been when she would rouse on an elbow to watch the moonlight streaming on his face, his large man's features washed with such innocence stirring in her a tempest of desire. So instead she had thought of Caroline in her simple sleep, in her slim, pink-ruffled bed. Live again in your daughter's life, they said. Oh, she would know beyond doubt when Caroline fell in love.

Caroline had been eighteen when the Clints came to the Island. Mr. and Mrs. Clint were plain hard-working people, brought in that season to run the ice-cream parlor, and they stayed to themselves, which was expected of them. Their son, Scott Clint, had aims no higher than his parents', but he was nineteen—a bronze young giant behind the soda fountain. And the girls trooped in those summer afternoons, sat on the high stools placing their brown sweet little elbows around their sodas, pouting their mouths on the straws, looking at Scott Clint with all their young assurance. They undoubtedly never thought what Scott's world might be; they put him in their world, in their dreams. And Caroline trooped in with the rest of them. What parent would stop a daughter from drinking ice-cream sodas?

Who knows how they looked to Scott, straight out of Newark where he'd been all his life. What he had kissed before were the cute, pert faces of little shop-girls; for them, his blue eyes had probably been assertive. But for these girls his eyes were questioning, on guard.

ON THE Island, there lived only the residents and their servants; the Clints were in between. Scott must have been lonely that summer in a funny sort of way, the loneliness of class rather than of heart; he must have wanted Newark, the clang and stench of the streets, his own kind of people. But whatever he wanted he swam it off by himself far up the beach, well away from the houses.

Caroline was beautiful that summer, startlingly popular. There was something about her frailness men couldn't resist, something evasive in the green-blue eyes. Helen never had noticed that until the day she asked her about Scott Clint. At the Inn she had inadvertently heard gossip; Caroline's name and young Clint's put together; Mable Kearney's mother saying, "And certainly, if it were—*my* daughter . . ." And Helen had lived with the thing two days, two all but sleepless nights; then at the end of that time she knew it would be all right. If Caroline loved this boy she would understand. "Like sisters." Fortified with her little phrase, she went to Caroline.

Caroline sat by the window of her bedroom, painting red on her nails for a dance at the Inn that night. The sun streamed in. Just out of her bath, she had pulled a robe around her; green, light, carelessly folded, it made Helen think of the half-sloughed sheath of a bud. Her heart froze. She moistened her lips but could not bring the words out of her fear. Then it lurched out quite suddenly: "Caroline, are you . . . you aren't in love with Scott Clint?"

Released, her heart beat so that she felt it must smother her, but Caroline didn't look up. Her gold hair, free of the ribbon band, fell forward over her face and shut Helen out as did her voice, so cool and young, so terrible in its sufficiency, its unconfided knowledge. "I don't know what you're talking about, Mother."

Helen's eyes, without shifting, saw beyond her daughter's head to the sea. And she felt its lonely rhythm moving in her, felt how it reached, unanswered, up the beaches of the world. Nobody lived again in anyone's life, in anyone's love. "I'm sorry," she said and went with short, choked steps out of the room.

The next afternoon she sat down with some mending. Something led her to that same window where Caroline had sat, and suddenly looking up, she saw herself, the mother, standing so hungrily at her daughter's door, asking for the crumbs of love, for something. The room seemed filled with women like herself, lackluster eyes and unkissed mouths and automatic bodies, women in the half-death of no love. She rose, dumping the lapful of socks, and fairly fled the house.

She had walked fast up the beach away from the cottages that day. There was a dull pain all around her heart as if unused, it had grown swollen, tender, a hurting weight in her breast. For her there had been no man but Willard; she was motherly, bolstery, looking far too comfortable for intrigue. For ten years she had wrung her joy from Caroline, intensified it by sacrifice, by extravagant devotion. Sometimes it angered Caro-

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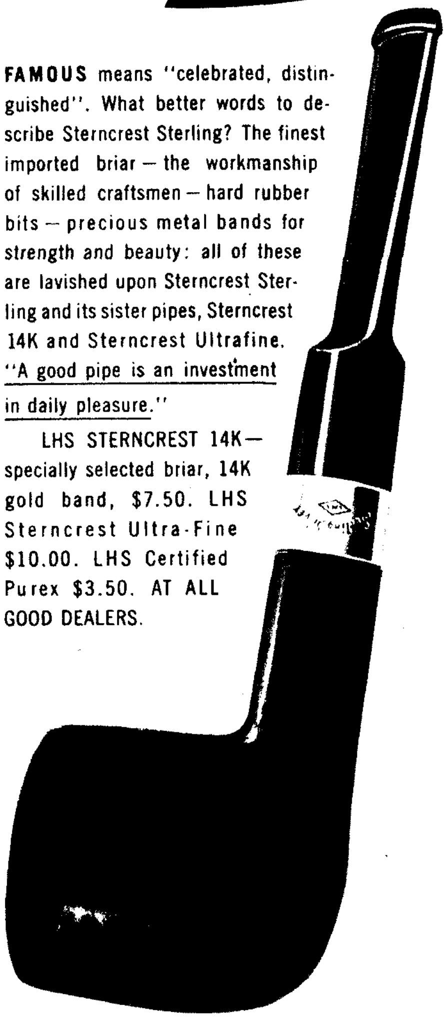

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line, but that had not robbed the lover. It was by wanting too much, by asking for the truth, that she had robbed herself. Why hadn't she learned by now that to lay hand on love of any kind is to threaten it with death?

The tide being in she walked close up by the dunes where the long grass bent and shimmered in the sun. She passed the bathers, noting their brief suits, their oiled, dark skins. In bathing suits people grew highly conscious of their bodies; here they were crowded together on a quarter mile of beach, flexing their brown, firm legs, flinging their arms about, flattening their stomachs. In her day she and Willard would go decorous in ample bathing things, and give themselves up shyly to the waves.

A shiver ran over her white flesh carefully covered by the blue print dress. Some ladies spoke to her. She did not see Caroline who had gone off after lunch in a rust-brown suit, a color warm and provocative with the gold hair, the delicate gold skin. She herself had never tanned. "You look so unhealthy, Mother!" Caroline had said with the edge of anger to her voice.

"Your father . . ." she had begun to answer, then couldn't say it. It was true, though, that Willard had thought her paleness beautiful.

She went along by the dunes without noise, her feet seeming to die in the little graves of sand. Surf broke with a drowning boom, withdrew, dragging the shells, the smaller stones down with it. She paused to watch the last wave draw under its little salvage, fold it neatly into eternity. Far out a new wave formed, and then she heard behind her the human cry, strange, distracting in this unpeopled place, a little groping cry of life and passion suddenly silenced, answered by deep silence. She turned toward it, stopped; one hand closing her mouth, her eyes wide open, a solitary figure seeming fixed forever against the moving sea.

They were there, in a scoop of hot white sand between two dunes. They had not seen her. From the top of one dune the grass blew out and over and she thought for a wild, mad moment how shiningly it would stripe the intense blue of the sky. But Caroline would not see it, would not know. Scott Clint's dark head would be her earth and sky. Years after, in the meager time, she might lie and see dune grass bending over her, and wonder at the pain. But not now . . . not now . . . Helen took three foolish, stumbling steps backward before she turned and began to go back, treading in the dents her own feet had made in the sand. . . .

There had been no time to stop it. Caroline and Scott that night took the last boat to the mainland. The marriage lasted two years. Then abroad with the Air Force in England, Scott found the girl he perhaps had always wanted for his wife, a tavernkeeper's daughter in some small town. He wrote simply, honestly: "She's not like you, Caroline. Nobody ever will be, but I guess you never seemed real. She's just pretty and plain and I feel at home with her. You keep Boo and I'll know she'll have all the nice things I couldn't give her."

MRS. BLEEKER looked down at her granddaughter, whose name they had changed to Bleeker. There was that of her father in her they could not change, the good firm fighting will of America's plain people. Stooping to take Boo's hands, it frightened Mrs. Bleeker. She herself had never dared. Caroline had dared once, but without conviction. Boo would get what she wanted.

"Please now, like a good girl. Grandma can't carry you."

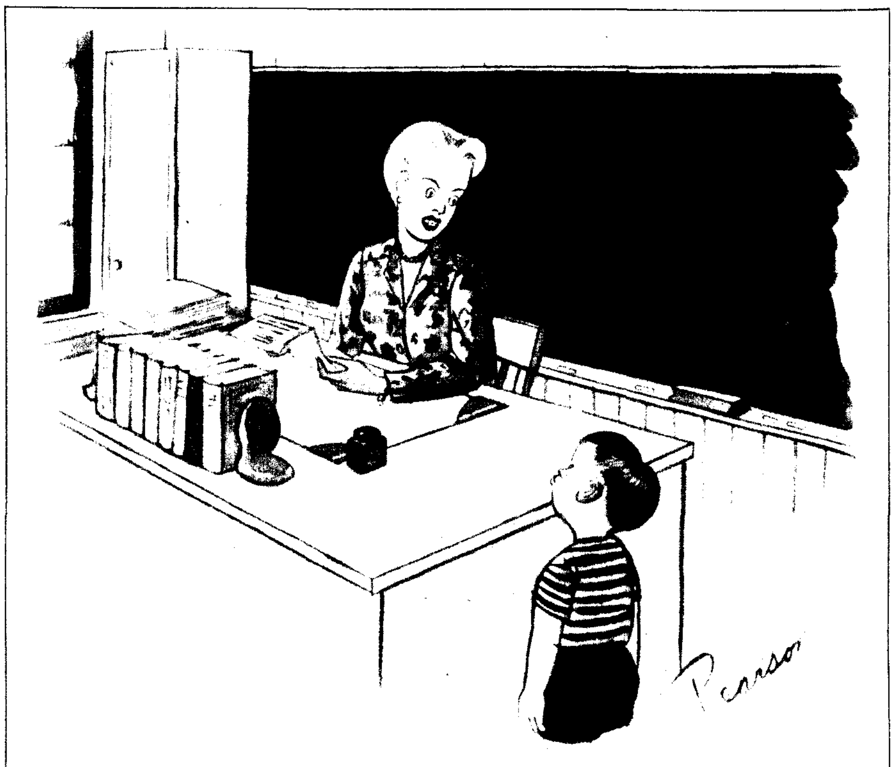
"Let me go! You can't make me. You're too old!"

Yes, how old! Mrs. Bleeker glanced over her shoulder, fearfully at the clock as if she were going to see her age marked on it. Eighteen minutes past two; nearly half an hour since Mrs. Hancock had left. If Caroline should come now and find them struggling, Boo screaming! For she always said, "Oh, Mother, you keep her; she'd a lot rather stay with you." It was the one superiority Caroline granted her. She mustn't lose it; mustn't . . . mustn't . . .! Her heart beat out the word in great thuds. Caroline might have reached the boardwalk, the steps, even the porch!

"Don't cry, don't cry! Here, Grandma'll carry you."

But she couldn't. She saw the clock face, round, flat and inimical. The passing of five minutes had taken long and she knew now what she had always suspected, that clocks had really nothing to do with time. Boo's furious, pommeling small hands, not the clock's, were the appointers of this hour. She stooped and those hands hammered her breast. From inside herself, her heart beat back at them. Grasping the chubby arms, she managed to thump Boo's bottom onto the next step up. There were nine more steps; quick before Caroline came!

Mrs. Bleeker stooped again, but this time she did not lift Boo. She herself did not rise. Boo had kicked out. Mrs. Bleeker bent over the blow on her chest, cuddling it to her as if it were alive. Those lusty screams issuing from her grandchild seemed now a long way off; the fiery little face floated out of her vision, drifted back, the small, blue streaming eyes on watch and canny.



COLLIER'S "Your homework is 100% right today. Are you sure your father did it all by himself?" CHARLES PEARSON

With effort she straightened, leaned on the banisters with her lips compressed against the warm, sweet taste of death in her mouth. She had hated so to grow old, but this was more than age . . . for an instant she saw herself as Boo saw her, as all her life Boo would know her to have been . . . old! The dowdy earmarks of age were all that showed; nothing of what she had dreamed or hoped or wanted. The heart in its losing struggle had left no faintest print of outward beauty. She swayed; but the banisters were there. She need not fall.

Boo was batting her head on the step now, but Mrs. Bleeker did not notice this, nor notice the footsteps on the porch, though she heard them. Caroline's footsteps, quick, peremptory. She *must* not fall . . . dreadful for Caroline!

The pain in her chest had grown like a big, bright-colored flower. Its petals rayed out until she was small at its center, almost nothing. Caroline and her fierce little Boo were the living, spreading petals. . . . That was Caroline there at the foot of the stairs now, saying, "Mother, Ann said . . . Heavens, you *do* look awful! I'd think you'd have more pride than to let the neighbors . . . Boo, darling; oh, *look* at you! Mother, look what you've done!"

Boo slid to her mother, sleek and docile and rubbery as a little suckling pig. "Poor baby; here, blow your nose. Mother, I'll never let you keep her again. And I must say I don't see anything to smile at."

THREE steps above them, Mrs. Bleeker stood smiling. Caroline must have left the front door open for she could hear the surf quite plainly, beating, receding. It would never reach the bay. It was everything in itself; eternity. And there was Caroline bent over Boo, tenderly; as she had bent over Caroline at that age; as Boo, some day . . . the tide of motherhood, like the sea, endless. The smile suffused her face and made it strangely young among the pouches and wrinkles, like spring sun on a wasteland. Again, she swayed. Her fingers crept along the banisters while Caroline, with a handkerchief, reconstructed Boo's face. "Poor lamb! Was Granny horrid?"

And then a queer thing happened. Caroline sat back on her heels and looked up, as if someone had snapped up a curtain and she saw. "Look here, she hasn't bothered you, has she, Mother? She hasn't been a brat?"

Mrs. Bleeker's eyes misted with gratefulness. Her hand fumbled behind her for support, for the pain in her chest could grow no larger now. It was like a fat red zinnia edged with fire. Small at its center, she heard her own voice, small, light as a bubble, go floating down to them: "She was Grandma's good girl. She's always good with Grandma."

"Okay, then." Caroline swung Boo up. "And now to bed with you or I'll spank your little britches."

They passed her, laughing, going up to the sunny breeze-filled room. She stood there, looking down. When the door shut on their voices, she heard the sea, a sound that was more familiar, dearer even. . . . She plucked at the staves of the banisters behind her; they were like the strings of a harp that gave no music . . . that gave nothing . . . that were not there.

THE END

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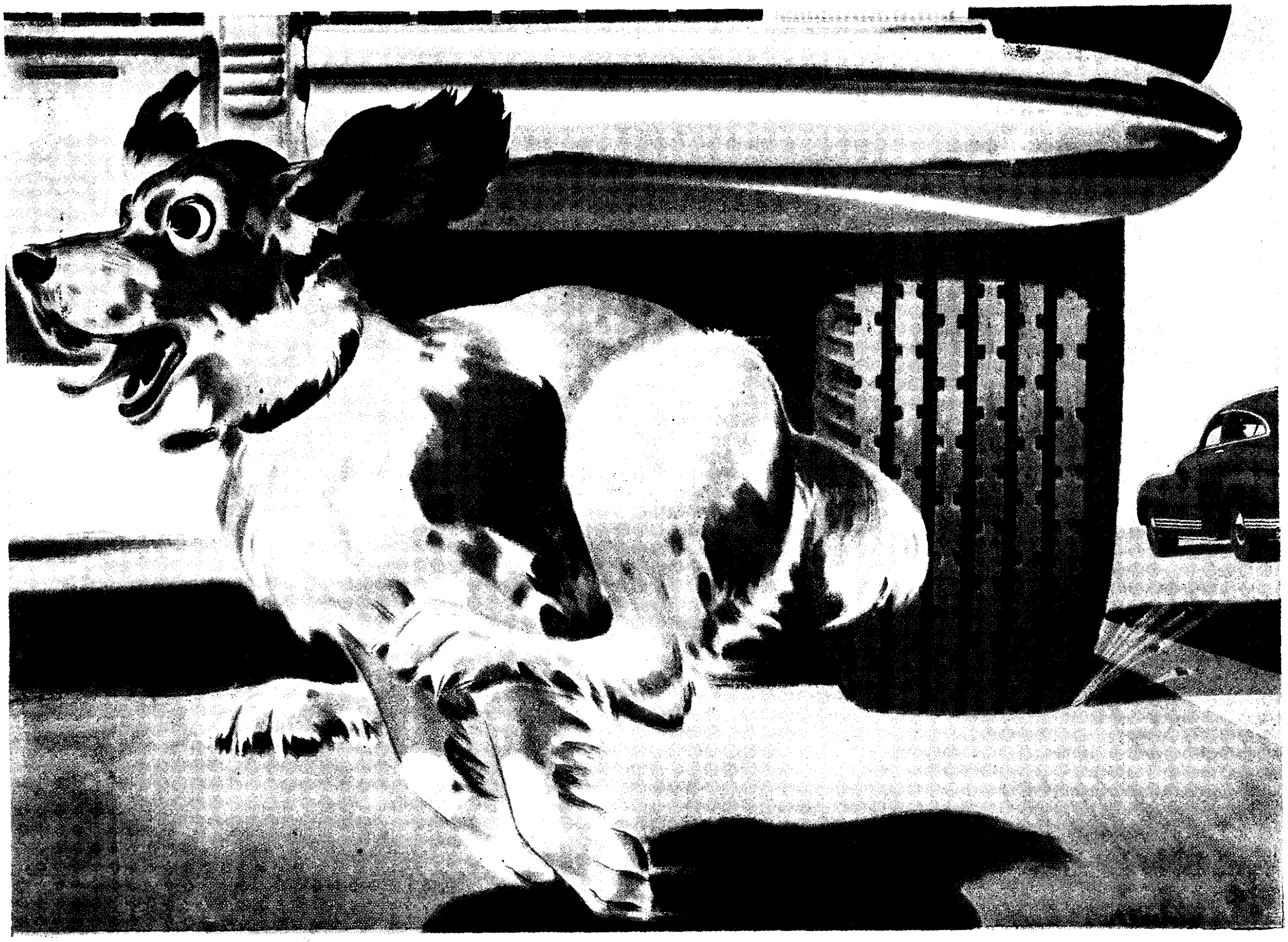

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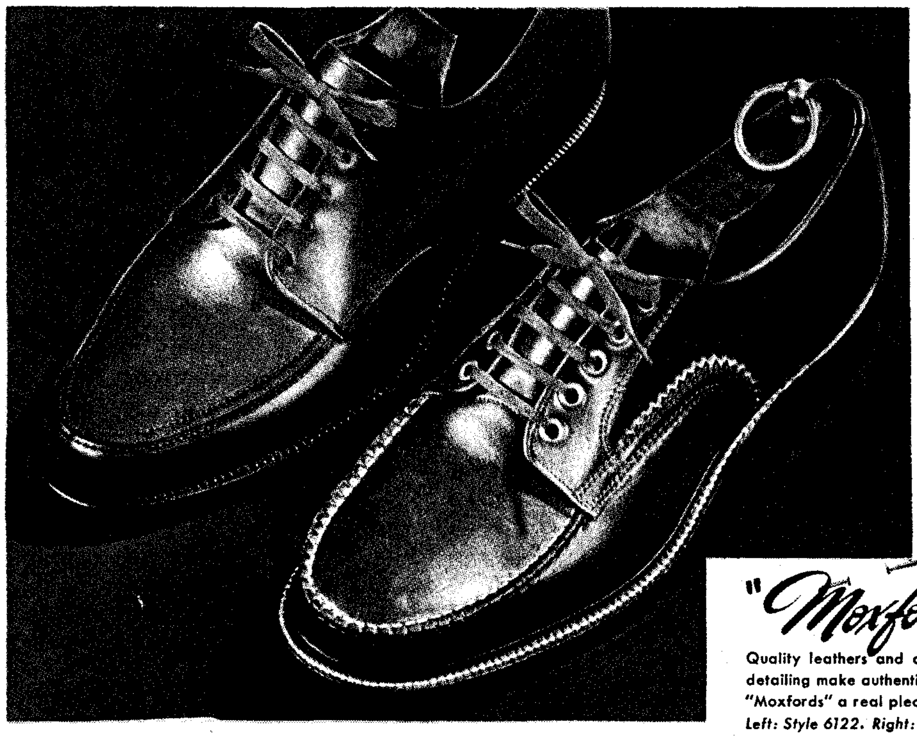

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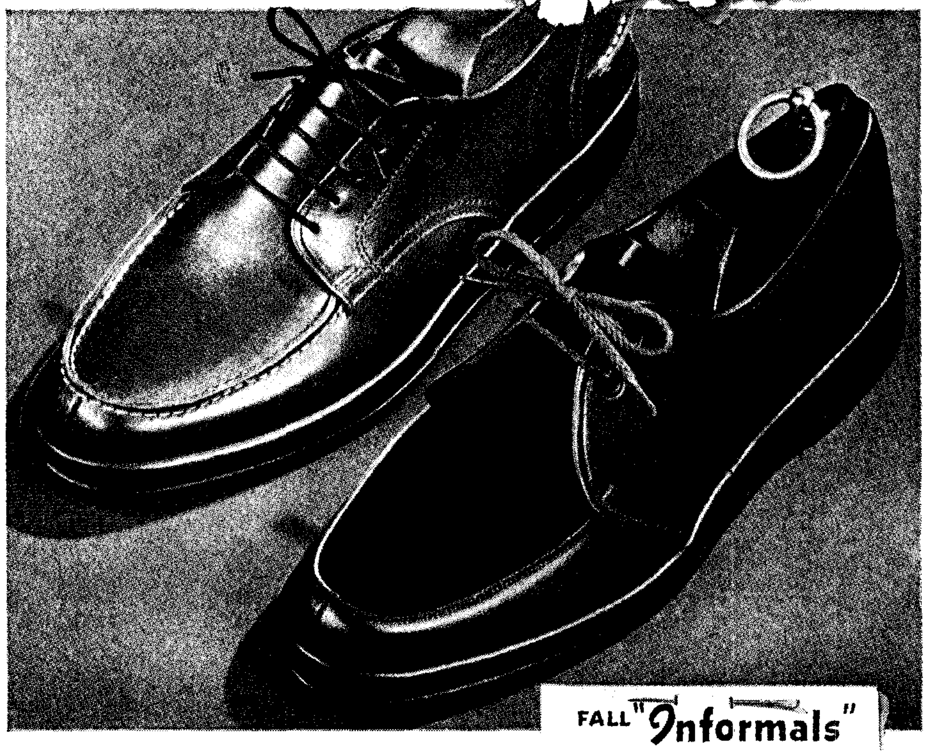

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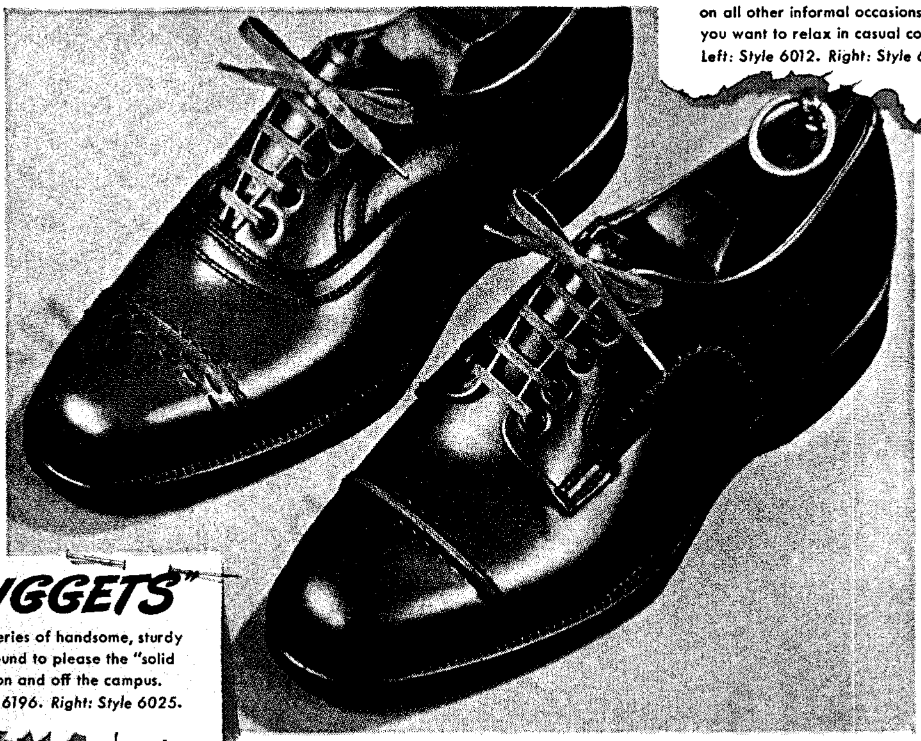

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A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

This Is Your Business

Continued from page 19

wanted the things they'd done without during the war and wanted them right away. One of the reasons for the shortages is the buying mania itself. What little goods trickle through the pipe lines to the stores from the factories are swept off the shelves as quickly as shopkeepers can take them out of crates and boxes.

Demand has grown not only with the increase in the public's purchasing power but with the natural growth of the country. America is five years older today than it was when it went to war.

The population, according to the Census Bureau, rose from 131,669,275 as of April 1, 1940, to a grand 140,386,509 on January 1, 1946. There are now some 8,700,000 more people to feed, clothe, house, educate, amuse and otherwise care for.

The volume of department store sales provides, according to computations made by the Federal Reserve Board, a clue to the gigantic proportions which demand assumes. Americans spent an average of $3,340,000,000 in the nation's department stores over the years between 1935 and 1939. In 1945 they spent $6,910,000,000. In the first quarter of 1946, they were buying department store goods at the rate of $8,300,000,000. The figures are on the basis of 1939 dollars and are weighted to allow for inflation.

Demand Exceeds Increased Supply

The statisticians' books show that the pace of production in practically every field is higher than it has ever been. But in each case demand is greater than the available or immediately foreseeable supply. The men's suit situation is a case in point. Before the war, the men's garment industry manufactured as many as 21,000,000 suits a year. This year they'll make about 28,000,000 suits. But the demand is for from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000.

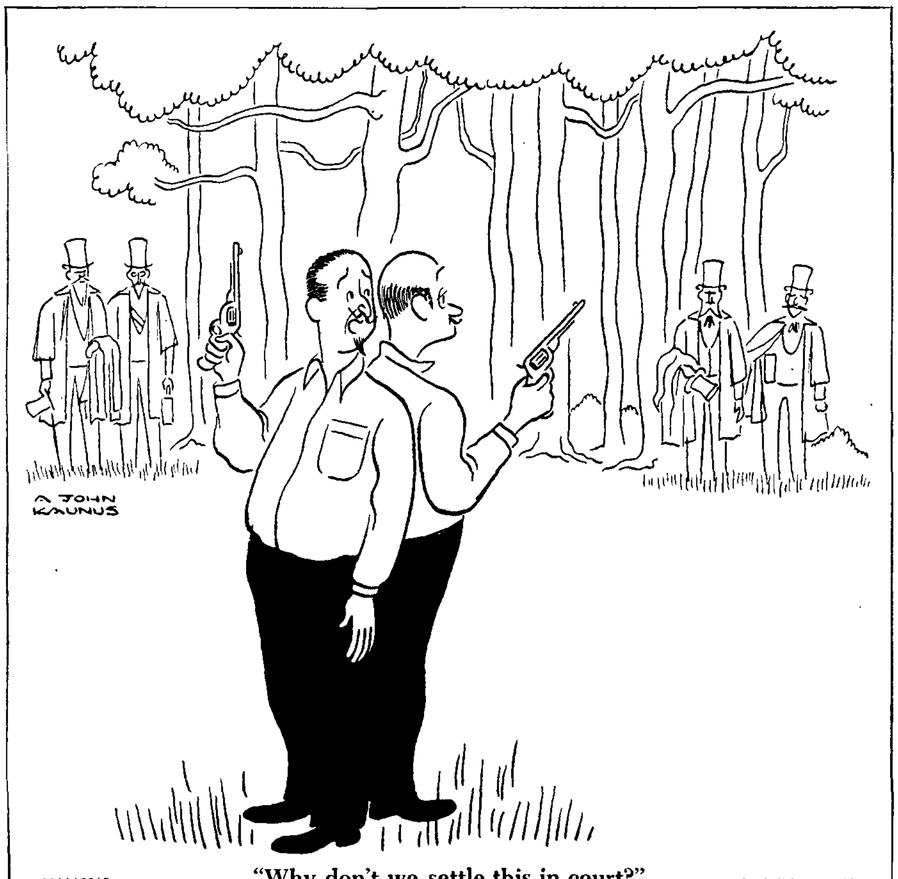
Even by boomtime 1941 standards, production performances are phenomenal. But in nearly every case the output won't be adequate. In 1941 the rubber industry produced 4,000,000 tires a month. They're making 6,000,000 a month now. About 175,000 vacuum cleaners are being produced every month as compared to only 147,000 in 1941. Washing machines are flowing out of factories at the rate of 200,000 a month instead of 160,000. Radio production is already up to the prewar average of some 1,100,000 units a month and continues upward. But there still won't be enough tires, vacuum cleaners, washing machines or radios by the end of the year.

So it is with nylons, two-way stretches, shoes, furniture and all of the other things which comprise our high standard of life. The war disturbed the balance between supply and demand. But the balance was further thrown out of kilter by a general raising of the country's living standards and the people's increased ability to achieve the new high living levels.

Our total output, high as it is, simply isn't enough. There's not only the backlog of unborn goods of the war years to be filled but there are the new present and future demands of a growing nation to be met.

Even if production in every department of the nation's economy where acute shortages exist were doubled tomorrow the supply would be inadequate. But there's one important factor for optimism. The war years taught our farmers and manufacturers new technological tricks. New techniques and production short cuts may help to close the gap between supply and requirements more quickly than is generally supposed. A brake on this process is the productivity per worker, which has been dropping rather fast recently. Nevertheless, the production rates cited previously are all moving upward. They merely hint at the amount of production we can expect.

Estimates of how long it'll take for our productive machinery to achieve maximum output and how long it will be before the pipe lines between producers and consumers are filled, range from 12 to 18 months. The estimates are based on the assumption that prices won't soar beyond folks' reach and that there won't



COLLIER'S "Why don't we settle this in court?" A. JOHN KAUNUS

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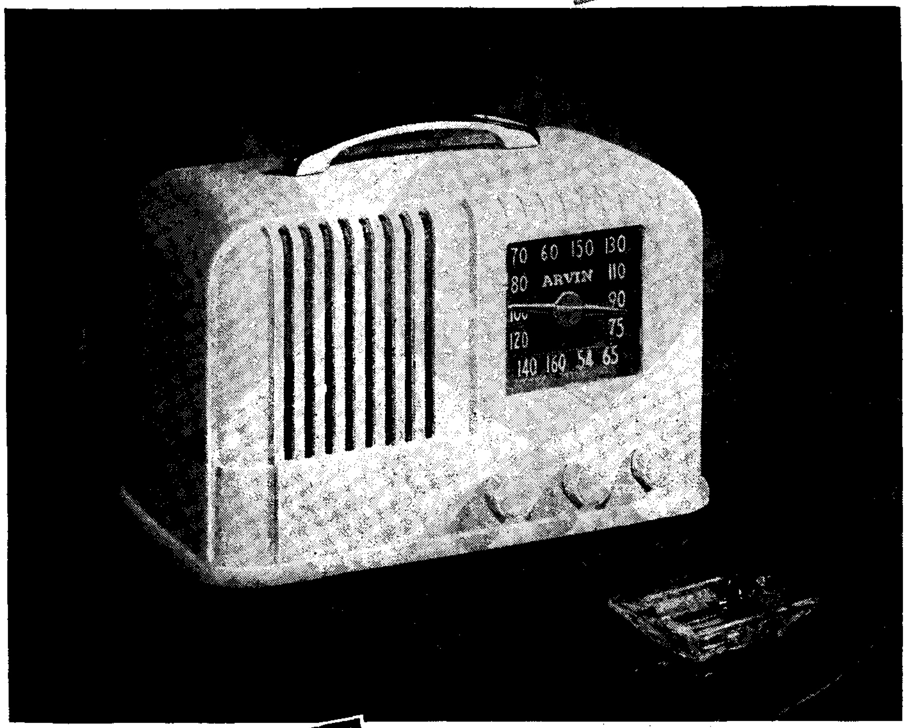

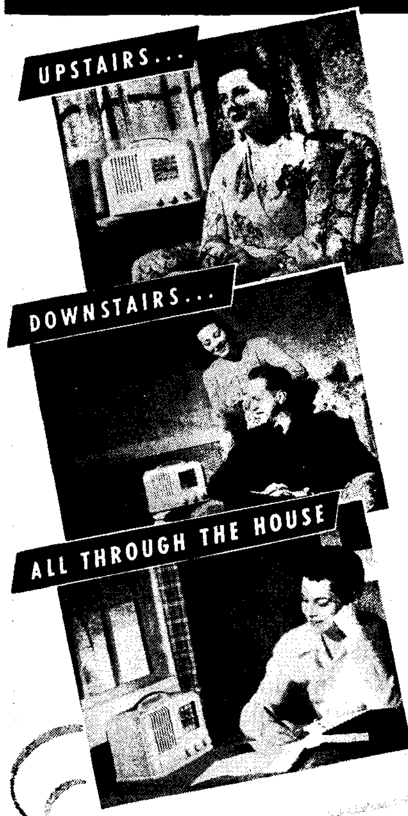
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*ARVIN Model 664A illustrated. Model 664 in walnut plastic only $26.95. Prices include federal tax—slightly higher in Far West.

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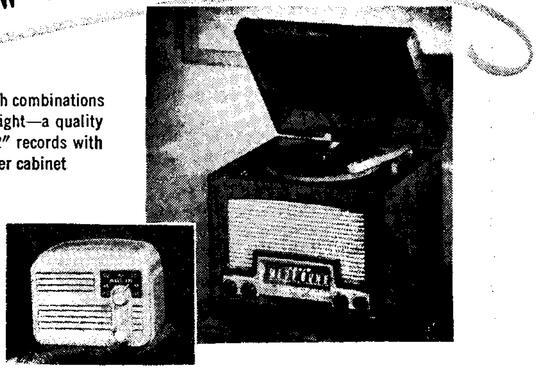
The Arvin line includes radio-phonograph combinations in floor and table styles, Model 558 at right—a quality instrument at low price. Plays 10" or 12" records with fine reproduction. Beautiful walnut veneer cabinet

The tiniest Arvin Smart, trim, dainty. Big in power and tone. Attractive non-breakable cabinet everyone admires. Ask to see Model 444A ivory or 444 brown.



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be any major work stoppages hampering production.

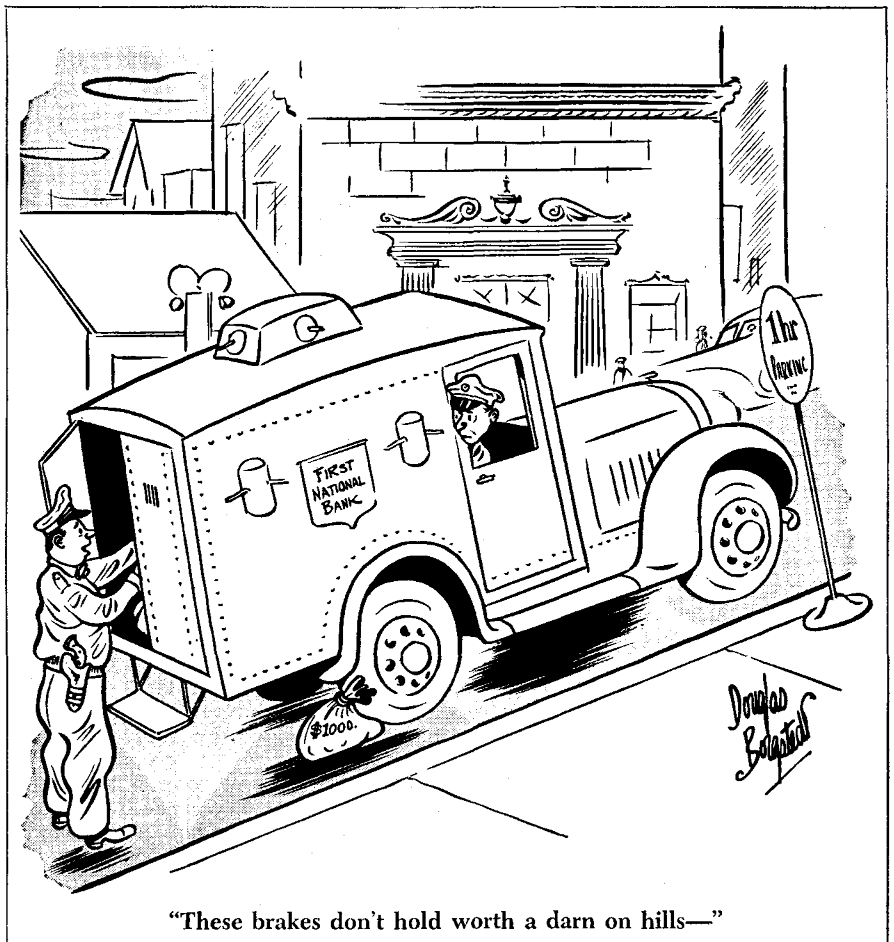
The steady flow of goods from producers to consumers, however, depends on three principal conditions: (1) an assured supply of labor at a foreseeable cost, (2) an assured supply of materials at predictable prices, and (3) an assured market.

Until Congress emasculated the OPA between June 30th and July 23d, those prerequisites existed. Now of those three basic conditions for prosperity, only the market exists. The first two conditions are suddenly about as full of "ifs" as Rudyard Kipling's renowned poem of that name.

"If," says Civilian Production Administrator Small, "we can go along for the next three or four months without work stoppages—if all of us, labor and management and government—can be good-humored, flexible and sensible, we ought to be over the hump by October."

With passage of the New Price Control Act the nation's economy returned almost entirely to a freely competitive basis. Businessmen and industrialists have claimed that under an uncontrolled economy they'd steam up production, bring supply and demand into balance and prevent inflation. It's their greatest opportunity since the advent of the New Deal to prove that they were right and that the "planners" were wrong.

THE END



"These brakes don't hold worth a darn on hills—"

COLLIER'S DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Roundup at Sea

Continued from page 15

sledge-hammer tap on the head and a knife slit in the throat. Down here no fisherman likes to turn a shark loose alive.

Nets are effective means of capturing some of the smaller sharks. One net, left overnight on a shoal near New Smyrna, by next morning had entrapped 42 sharks of several species including tigers, sand sharks, hammerheads, shovelnose and sand tigers. On this occasion I learned that a shark's stomach is not anchored very firmly to the rest of his anatomy. When I asked one of the fishermen to hoist a 12-footer up by his tail from the boat's boom to be photographed, he grinned in a knowing way but complied. While photographer Robert Eastman was snapping pictures of the monster, its mouth opened, disgorging stomach and intestines. The stupid creature hastened his end by snapping down on his own esophagus.

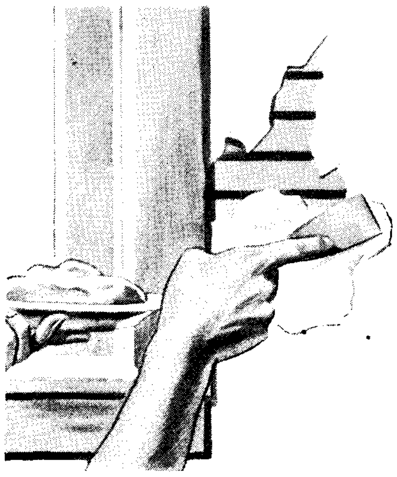
Sharks seem to have a kinship with goats in the matter of appetites. A tiger shark caught by studio collectors coughed up the head of a 250-pound porpoise. Others have yielded tin cans and pieces of orange crates. A 12-inch ruler was found in a sand shark, and a hammerhead gave up a Grace Steamship Line towel. And although I cannot personally vouch for this, I have been told that a shark captured well out in the Gulf Stream gagged up a sign, "See Silver Springs," which shows how far an enterprising Florida press agent will go.

The pygmy sperm whale was an accidental catch, for this species seldom comes close inshore. Fishermen sighted this one playing in the surf near Crescent Beach, summer residence of Novelist Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, and telephoned the studios six miles away. Boats and a truck were dispatched. The whale already was in water too shallow for safety, but she was maneuvered farther shoreward until, a few minutes later, an outgoing tide left her helpless.

By block and tackle and sheer manpower the whale was hoisted, blowing and flopping, onto the truck, to be rushed back to the tanks at Marineland. Norton Baskin, Mrs. Rawling's husband, pulled up to his beach driveway just as the truck carrying the whale drove out. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "What will Marjorie be interviewing next?"

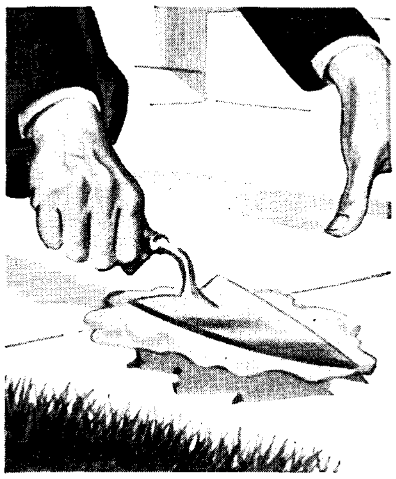
An incidental capture from the shark net was a giant manta, 12 feet from tip to tip of his powerful wings, and weighing approximately 1,500 pounds. Fishermen towed the net with its victim to shallow water. It was like dragging

Make these HOME REPAIRS before Winter



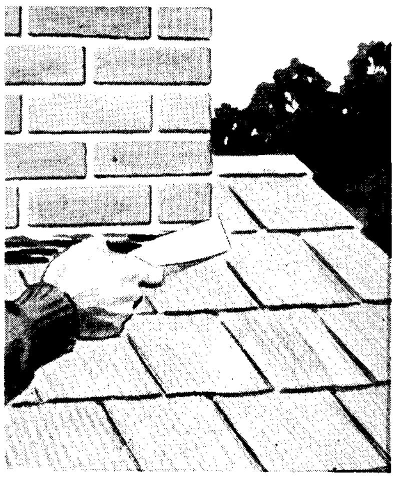
CRACKED WALLS

Cast an eagle eye over all walls and ceilings, and fill any cracks or holes with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water and apply with knife or trowel. Because Rutland is slower drying, it is much easier to use. Makes a smooth, firm patch that does not shrink, crack or fall out.



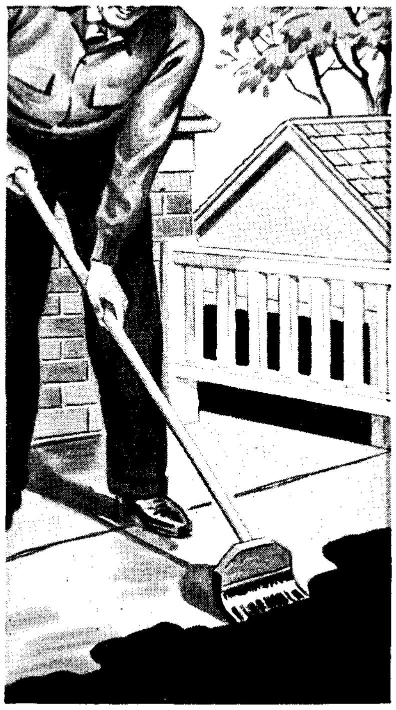
BROKEN CONCRETE

Holes in cement floors, walks, etc. are difficult to repair, as usual cement mixtures do not stick to the old surface. To make the job simple and sure, use Rutland Concrete Patcher. This is a scientific mixture that anyone can use. It is ready mixed. Just add water and apply with trowel.



HOLES IN ROOF

These frequently develop around chimneys, flashings, etc. Or they may occur anywhere. It's easy to stop such leaks with Rutland No. 4 Roof Cement. This is a heavy mixture of asphalt and asbestos which can be pushed into small crevices or applied as thick coat with putty knife or trowel.



LEAKY ROOFS

Old roofs can be made as good as new, for years to come, with Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating. Easily applied with stiff brush. Forms long-lasting, heavy, tough film of asphalt and asbestos that doesn't crawl, crack or peel. Ideal for all roofs except shingles. Costs only about 2¢ a square foot.

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This Plaque Identifies a Recognized Hatter

wear a hat... it gives you the magic touch

a kicking polo pony through rough surf, for that manta had real horse strength. Close inshore, he was further secured by a cable through one of his thick flippers, then a call was sent to the studios for the amphibious "duck." With this the manta was dragged onto the beach, but his struggle in the net and the efforts to escape had been too much for him. He died before he could be transported to the tanks.

Previously another giant manta thirteen and a half feet across the back had been captured on the beach near the tanks. It took 18 men to carry him back to the aquarium. When he did not eat for a long time, this giant was dragged into a shallow flume adjoining the main tanks, his two-foot-wide mouth was forced open with two-by-four timbers, and an attendant stuck his head and shoulders into the forbidding cavern to ram mullet down his gullet.

Dragged Up from the Depths

While photographer Bob Eastman was out in a sea skiff making these color shots, a vessel from a shrimp fleet working near by signaled his crew to come alongside. "We've got a monster for you," they said. It was a 400-pound, six-foot jewfish or black grouper which they had hauled up in a bottom-dragging net from a depth of forty feet. Unaccustomed as this bottom-dweller was to surface pressure, his heart was pumping oxygen into him so fast he was in danger of swelling to the bursting point.

Quickly he was transferred to a live well and rushed back to the studios, but when he was lowered into the tanks he was so full of air he could not leave the surface. Curator Arthur McBride, resident ichthyologist, donned a diver's suit and went below with a hypodermic needle as long as an old-fashioned hatpin. With practiced hand he punctured the grouper's air sac, and the huge fish was able to head for the bottom.

These ferocious-looking and ugly-acting members of the grouper family frequently are found lurking inside old wrecks up and down Florida's coast. To find likely fishing grounds for them Captain W. B. Gray, chief studio collector, located and marked with buoys several old hulks lying in from 25 to 100 feet of water, then dropped six-inch steel hooks baited with sharks' meat.

On our first attempts we caught nothing but sharks. But when we finally hooked a big jewfish, we had our hands full.

This old fellow, 400 pounds of fighting fury, seemed to have wedged himself around a barnacle-covered stanchion on the wreck. We hauled on the line until we were afraid of straightening the steel hook, as both jewfish and sharks frequently do, then relaxed our hold to give him a chance to "up-anchor" himself. Fortunately he did, and when we saw a movement in the slack line we hauled away until we had his ugly face glaring up at us through a foot or two of clear water.

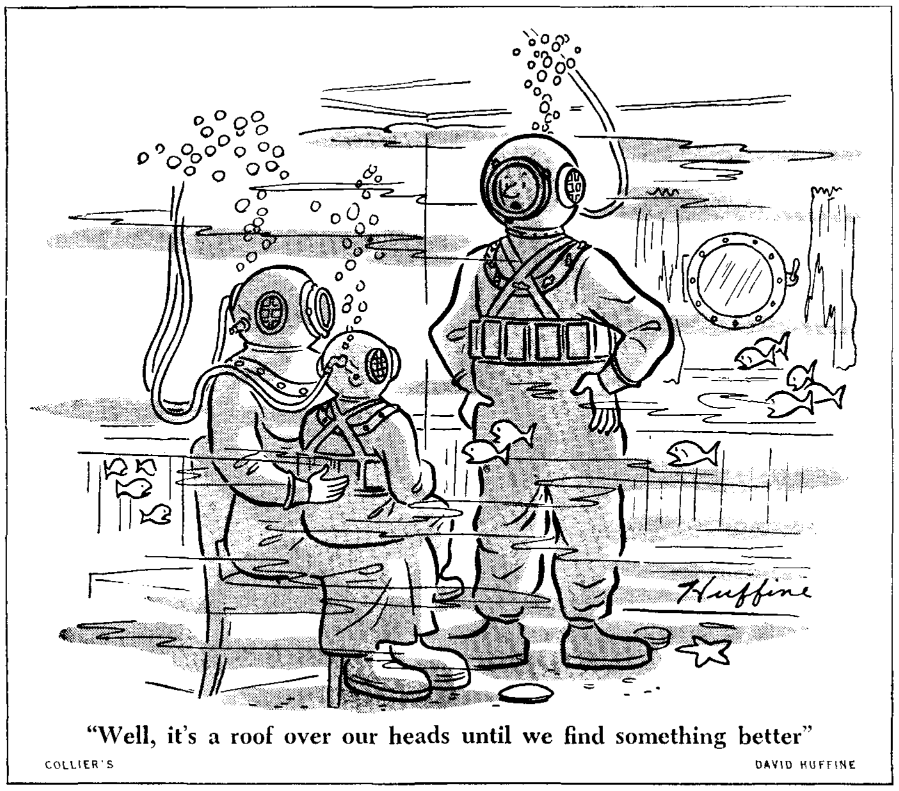
A second hook was inserted into the bony part of his powerful jaw. A deck hoist lifted him, snapping at everything within reach, and deposited him in a live well on deck.

Principal hunting ground for sharks and porpoises near Marineland is an amazing sulphur spring that gushes up from the ocean's floor some three miles off Matanzas Inlet. The boil itself, more than 125 feet deep, is approximately 100 feet wide, and the underground force that drives the water up is sufficiently strong to raise the surface level a foot above surrounding water. The sulphur water, which can be detected by smell downwind for half a mile, seems to draw small fish that in turn are choice food for both sharks and porpoises. To sit in a boat some distance off and watch the feeding—larger fish on smaller, from 18-foot sea tigers down to 6-inch bluefish—is to see a striking demonstration of nature's survival scheme.

Collecting one day around this spring with a hot sun overhead, we came on an amusing sight. At least ten great trunkback and loggerhead sea turtles, ranging in estimated weight from 100 to 350 pounds, were swimming out to the center of the boil, then slowly floating to its edge in seemingly complete relaxation, doing this over and over just as kindergarten children on a playground slide. Around the edges of the boil, porpoises were chasing bluefish and smaller tuna, obviously more for the exhilaration of the chase than from hunger.

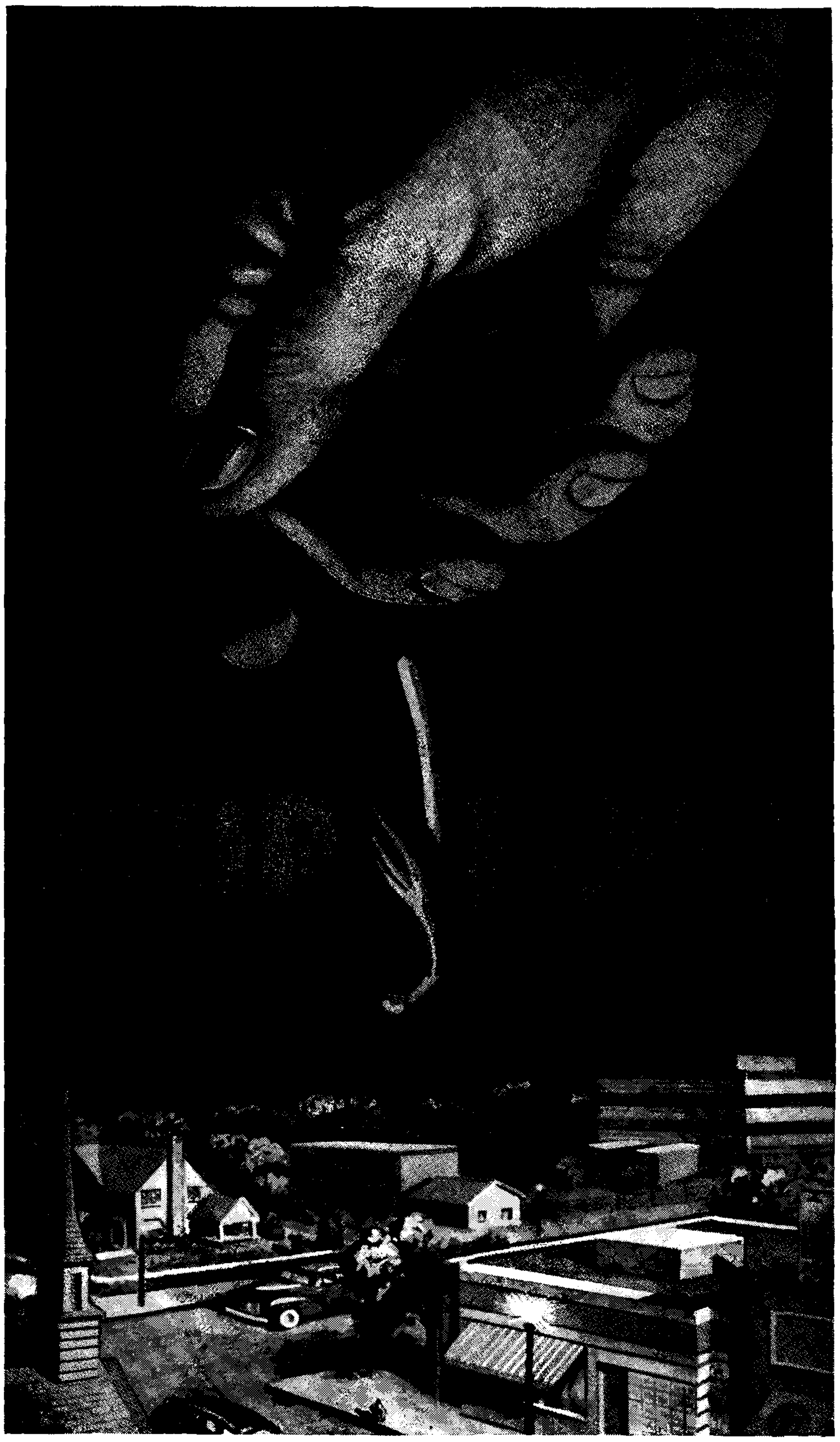
That afternoon we cruised up and down the coast for two hours catching bluefish and snappers with a spinning spoon until Donald Genung, one of Marineland's collectors, motioned to his brother Jack at the wheel. "There's a trunkback asleep," he said. Motors were slowed down, a harpoon attached by 200 feet of stout line to a keg float was broken out, and Jack slowed down until we were barely making headway in creeping up on him.

With practiced aim Donald threw the harpoon, a clean hit that hooked the old fellow through the hind flipper. He



"Well, it's a roof over our heads until we find something better"

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE



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awoke with a snort and a grunt and dived for the bottom, but he was hooked too securely to get loose. He was a dead weight to pull aboard.

Not all of them that afternoon were caught napping. It was difficult to slow the motor to where we could creep to within harpooning distance of all we found, particularly when the sea was whipped up by a stout wind. We landed two more specimens, out of some ten or twelve we spotted. Others, however, heard our approach and raised their big stupid-looking heads in time to dive before the harpoon could strike home.

Surprisingly enough, the original idea for Marine Studios came to Harvard graduate Douglas Burden while watching the filming of the movie Chang deep in the jungles of Siam. For that picture elephants and other jungle animals were photographed inside a stockade which had been built around a natural setting, and this proved both effective and highly appreciated by the public.

A Fine Project—But Expensive

Burden, who was on a collecting expedition for the American Museum of Natural History at the time, wondered why a natural sea setting could not be provided where authentic underwater pictures could be made and the public could see fish as they actually lived. Pursuing the idea, he called in Ilia Tolstoy, who had helped him film the picture Silent Enemy, a record of an Indian family's struggle for survival in the Arctic, and together they drafted plans, discussed locations, and built the project on paper, but were stuck when they found what the costs would be.

Around a dinner table in New York a few weeks later, after they had drawn innumerable blueprints, Burden and Tolstoy so affected others with enthusiasm that Burden's cousin, Cornelius V. "Sonny" Whitney offered to be first to underwrite the undertaking by putting up $500,000. Additional backing came from other young sportsmen, including Nicholas S. Ludington, cravat manufacturer Ward Cheney, John Archbold, Ralph Poole, W. D. Auchincloss, Sherman Pratt, Ogden Phipps, Ivy Lee, Jr., Albert G. Redpath, Blake Lawrence and Lee A. Ault.

It took Burden, Tolstoy and their associates a year to get the tanks into operation after breaking ground for their construction, and even previous to this, another year had been spent with working models, testing water and hundreds of other technical details that had to be ironed out. But according to scientists and movie companies that have made use of the Marine Studios, it seems obvious that Burden's and Tolstoy's dreams have materialized more fully than most do.

Directors of Marine Studios prefer the word "oceanarium" to aquarium because, they point out, their show place differs from the conventional aquarium in that marine life is not segregated by species but placed together as it was in the open sea. Two tanks hold the main exhibits—a circular miniature ocean 75 feet in diameter and 12 feet deep, and a rectangular tank 100 feet long, 40 feet wide and 18 feet deep. A flume or receiving tank connects the two.

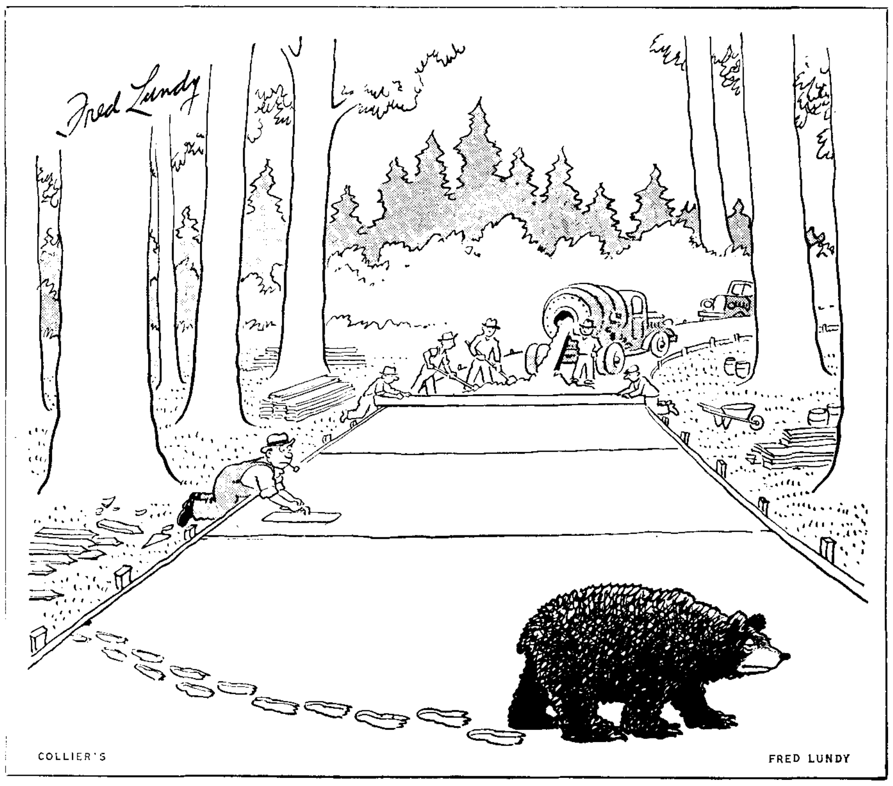
Five million gallons of sea water, drawn from filters under a sand beach just below the tanks on the ocean's edge, circulate through them daily by means of three electrical pumps capable of handling 3,600 gallons a minute. Some 200 portholes at different levels—it takes two divers a whole day to clean them—make it possible for visitors to experience the feeling that Captain Nemo had on peering out on the ocean floor from Jules Verne's Nautilus.

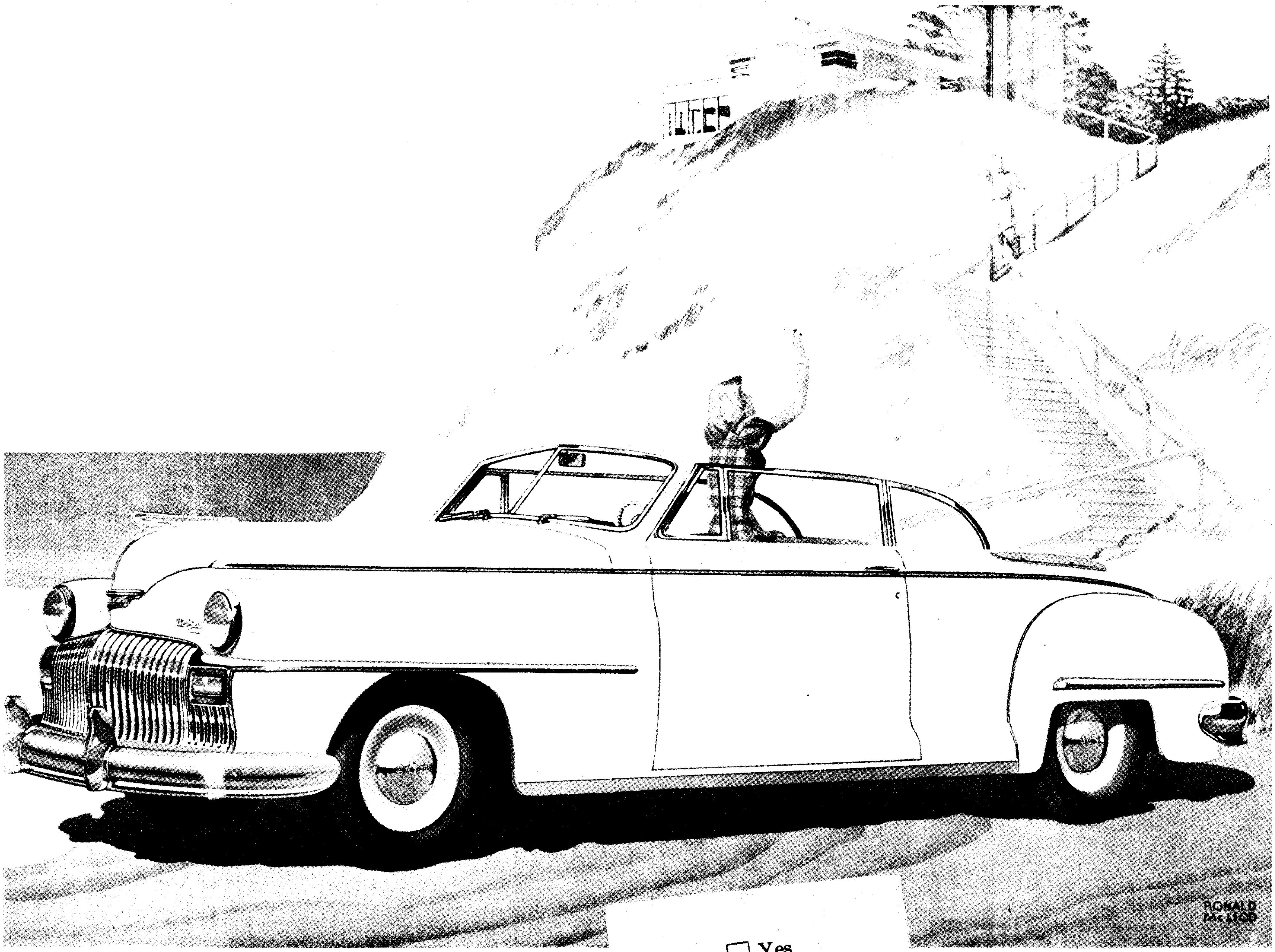
The staff of scientists and fishermen at Marineland have made discoveries both interesting and useful since they have been able to observe their charges under "homelike" surroundings. How many colors would you think, for instance, an octopus could be capable of changing to? With the aid of the color camera photographers have caught them changing to almost every color of the spectrum.

The paternal instinct in fish is strong, the staff found. A 4-inch sergeant major fish made life so uncomfortable for a 400-pound jewfish who had wandered too near his mate while she was busy laying her eggs that he beat a hasty retreat from the vicinity of the nest. The scientists have also learned that porpoise milk has about the same consistency as that of a cow, although it is much richer in proteins—a fact determined when a pint of the milk from one of the Marineland porpoises was flown to the University of Chicago for analysis.

But one of the most amazing things I saw in the Florida Keys isn't a "fish story" at all. Down at Tavernier I found sea gulls which land on pelicans' heads as they rest on the water trying to swallow what their bills can hold more of than their bellies can. The sea gulls then torment the pelicans so persistently that they give up their dinner and fly off to more peaceful hunting grounds.

THE END





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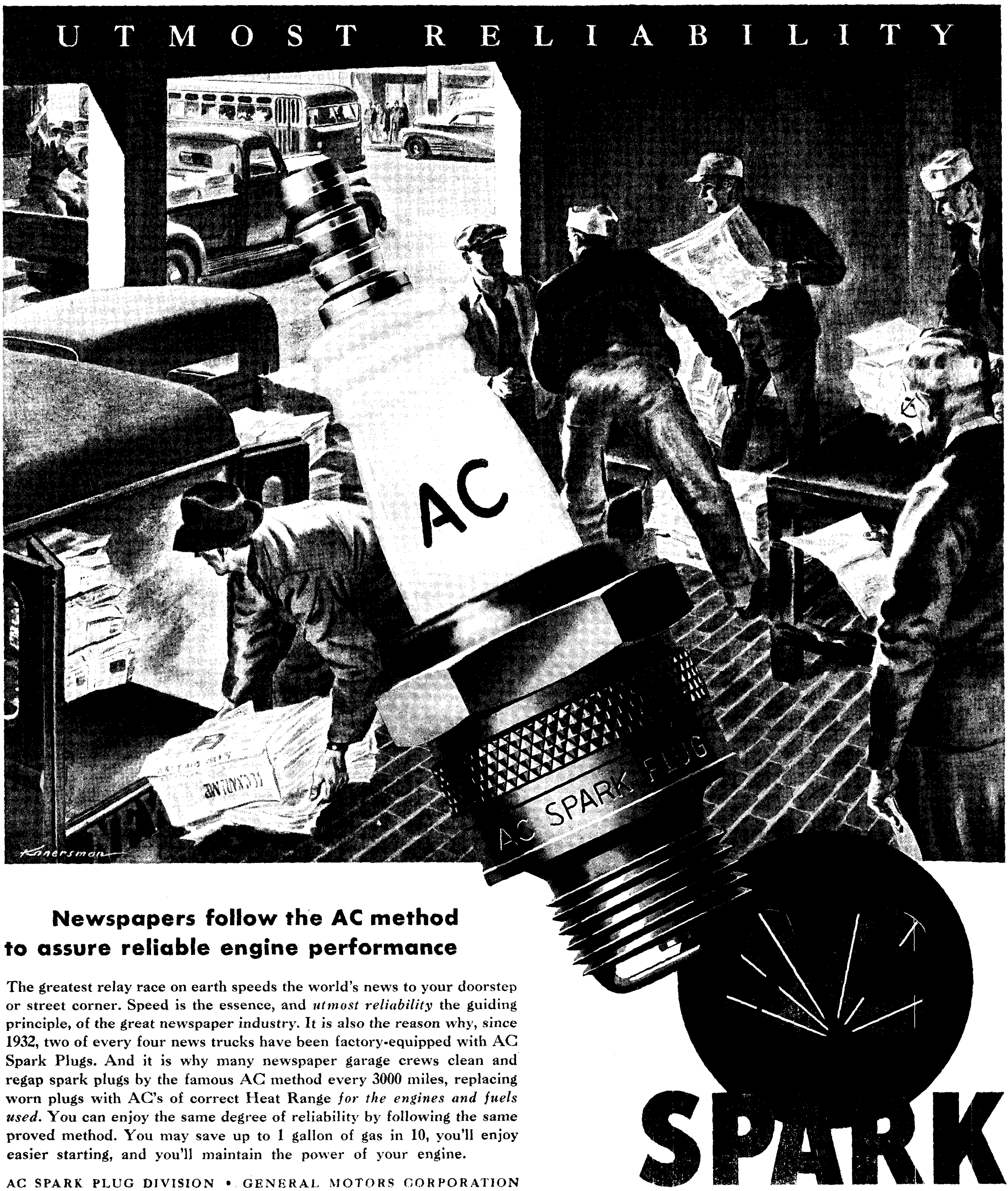
*Based on a survey among 1941-'42 De Soto owners.



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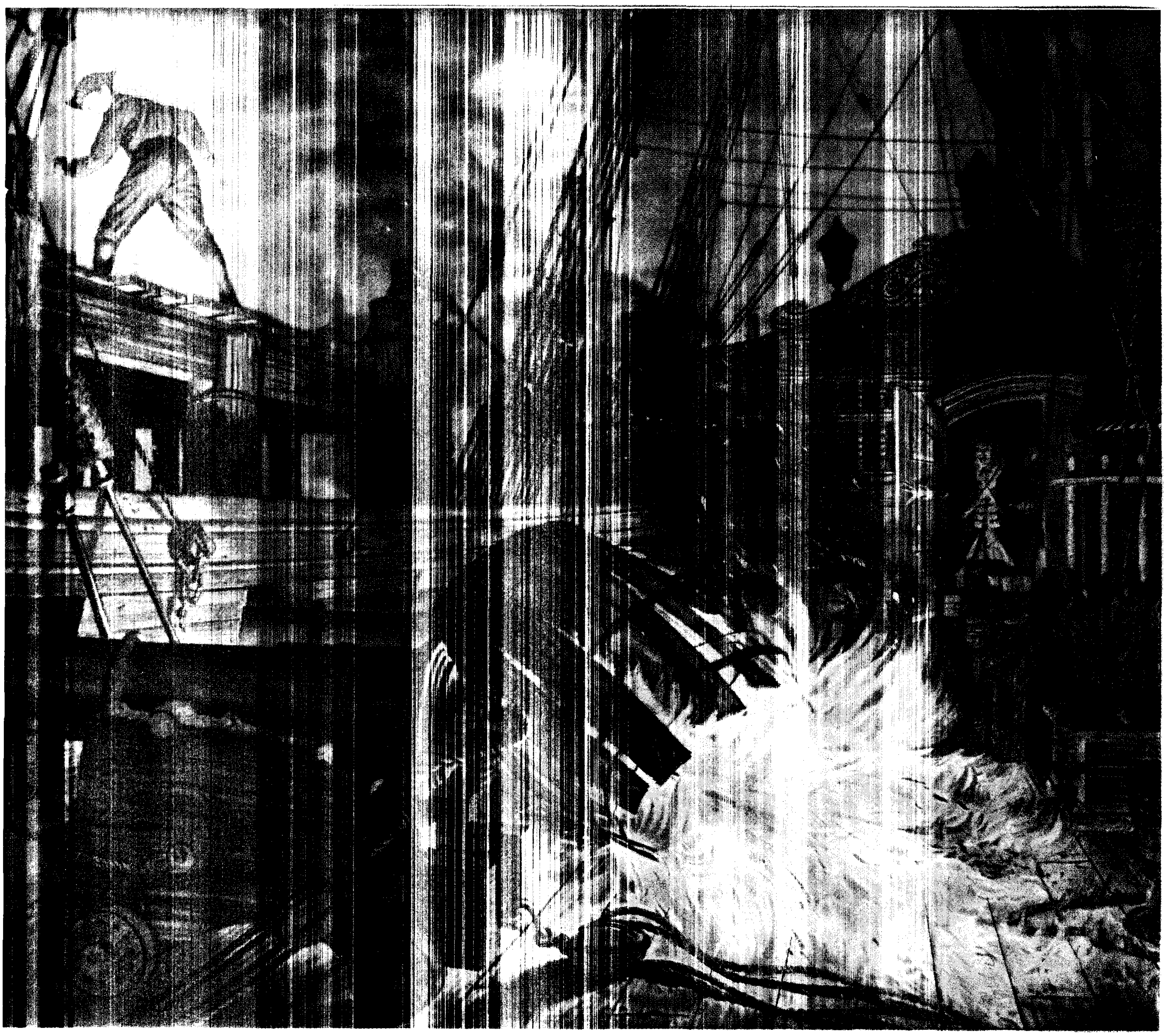

When [illegible] and I heaved the hogshead o[illegible] the edge [illegible] crash down upon the quarter-deck, spilling a torrent of waste and oil everywhere

WEDDING MOON

BY FRANCIS GOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEHR

An exciting story of the days when Americans knew the weight of tyranny, and patriotism was a sentiment to be proclaimed in whispers

THERE, *in* the kitchen, behind the blanketed windows, Pa told us what had befallen him. Fiercely did he strip the shirt from his back and show us the brand, a ragged crown, scabbed and angry and not yet healed.

He had sailed offshore to try for a halibut one bright day that spring. The ever-present fog of our New England coast rolled in, and when it scaled away there rode on the water a royal man-of-war. She put a shot in the sloop and then impressed Pa, who stubbornly refused to work a cannon or lay hand to a piece of rigging. So Captain Belcher had him branded upon the back.

And one dark night Pa jumped overboard. A fortnight later he reached our island on board a Connecticut snow. He was drawn and haggard; his gray eyes shot fire, and a dour rage burned in his soul.

Pa turned to me, his voice hoarse from humiliation, "Fetch a bucket of water from the spring, son. I'm nigh choked."

Scared by the tale Pa had told, I refused to go out into the night.

"Ha!" Pa growled in a short breath. "Fourteen years old ye be and nigh a man. What makes ye so timid, son? Whatever will become of ye, I don't know."

"Hush!" Ma admonished, laying a hand on Pa's shoulder.

Pa lifted the bucket and turned to the door. That brand, shot through with red and purple, was a terrible thing laid against the white skin of his back. Ashamed, I cried to go, but he would not let me.

His contempt hurt. For weeks it crawled about inside me, bothering me.

Those were tough days. All manners of evils beset us. Mighty England roared like a bull and tried to stamp our fighting colonies down to what she called our proper place in the scheme of government—Britain's scheme—and she refused to acknowledge that others could scheme as well.

Then came the night of Ruth's wedding. We were all aboard Uncle Matt's sloop, ready to cast off, when Grandma Hames put up a holler that Pa'd have to dig up a fourteenth or leave one behind.

"By the great horned sculpin!" Pa growled, exasperated. "Why all the fuss now?"

"Bartacus Hames," Grandma sniffed. "You know as well as I that thirteen people hadn't ought to sail through a thick fog, atop a flood tide, under a full moon."

"Well, I dunno," Pa hesitated. "Less'n we call you two, Gram."

This only made matters worse; for Grandma didn't like open mention of

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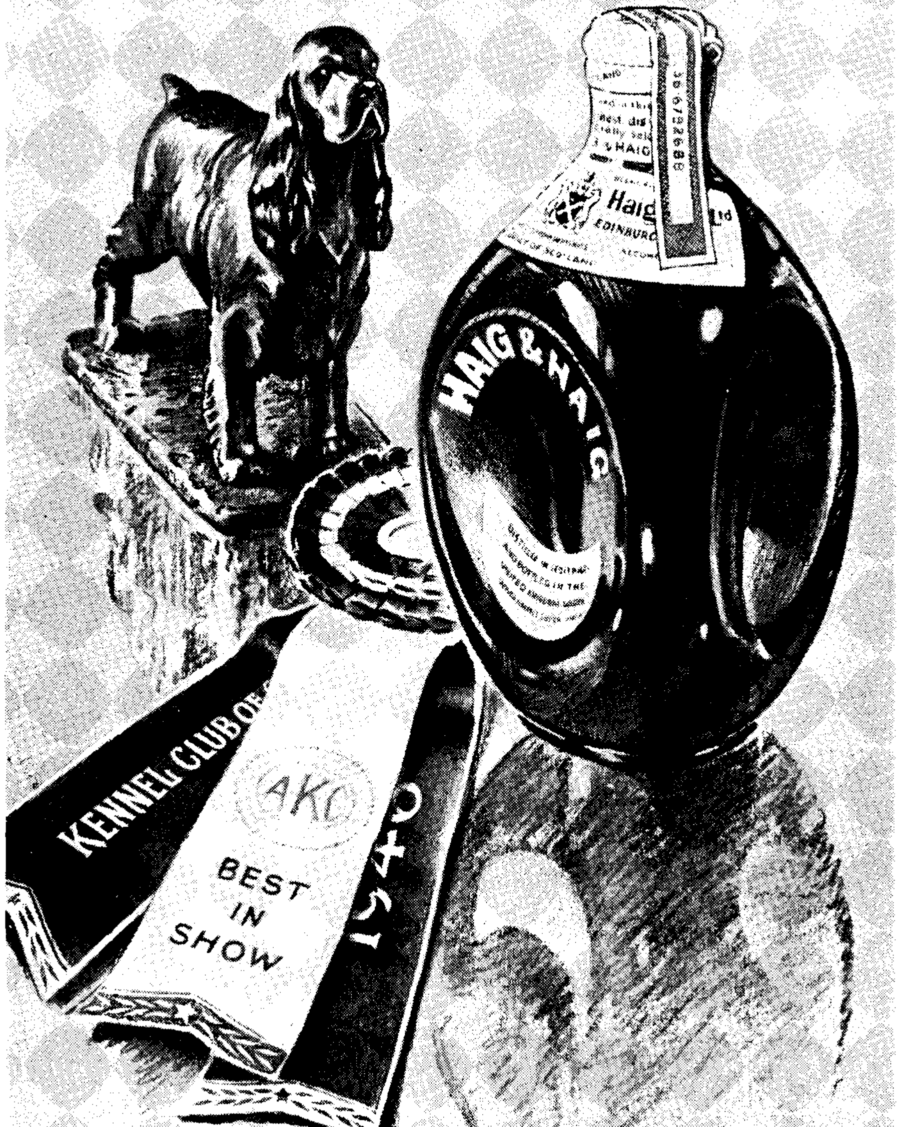
AS PORTRAYED BY THE
FAMOUS ETCHER OF DOGS
MORGAN DENNIS



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her size. But she did look monstrous big sitting there on the turtle deck of the sloop.

At last Pa decided. "Only thing I can see is to take George along for good luck."

"He'll help," Grandma gave in, mollified. The drizzle made a wisp of her white hair gleam like diamonds as she pushed it back under her shawl and added, "Half human, George is."

Then Ruth, quiet and starry-eyed, spoke up, "Don't you dare! You take George along and I'll be the laughingstock of the whole island. Besides, George will be mortified."

"Which George?" Pa asked.

Ruth got so mad at Pa that she sizzled like a hot griddle. Some of the rest of us chuckled, and Gramp Wiley held onto his pickle barrel of a belly and roared. The sloop trembled, casting a shower of silvery drops from the boom. The girls squealed.

Which George, indeed! One George was my pet pig, and t'other George was the Englishman Ruth was going to marry.

SO WE got George aboard. He weighed about two hundred pounds but he was a good sailor and nosed up into the bow where the moonbeams, shimmering through the fog, magnified him to the size of an ox.

We cast our lines from the spiles, and eased out of the cove, Pa at the tiller. The Apame was kind of crowded, because she was a small sloop, but we rustled through the June night, everybody cheerful and talking of the wedding and joshing Ruth a little about her Englishman.

It was shortly after we'd passed Gull Rock that we heard a voice roll out of the fog off our starboard quarter.

"Ahoy! What ship is that? Can you tell us how far we are from Handley Island?"

I started to answer, when Pa's big hand came down on my head, driving me halfway into the cuddy.

"Shush!" he hissed. "Not a sound! That's an English man-o'-war."

My knees wobbled, then. By the soft breathing about me, I suspected that everybody's spine had turned to ice, like mine. An English ship of war! What with our colonies giving lifeblood for independence, we knew that no English vessel was prowling these poor islands for any good purpose.

"Ahoy!" came the voice, harsh and arrogant. "Answer—or we drive a ball into your hull."

"Shush!" Pa growled. "They're only guessin'."

Then the night was split apart by a tremendous noise as a cannon roared. Flame streaked through the gray drizzle like a great flower, and swiftly faded, leaving us blinded by its sudden light. I heard a splash close aboard, followed by a breeze that wafted burnt gunpowder to my nostrils.

"Close," Pa whispered. "Close—but they can't see us."

Then George started squealing, and he was a champion squealer. His rage turned that fog blue. Possibly the sound had hurt his ears; he was a sensitive pig.

Another English voice bellowed, "Keelhaul ye, Bagby! Ye'll have us aground. That's an island ye're threatening to sink, ye Devonshire fool. Can ye no 'ear that pig squealin'? 'Ard a larboard! 'Ard a larboard, I s'y."

"Aye, Lieutenant."

I heard blocks rattle and bang, sheaves purr to racing lines, and the slatting of sails. I caught the barest glimpse of a black hull gliding away into the gray smother. Then, in heartfelt relief, I heard only the faint sounds of the working sloop.

"How'd you know 'twas one o'—o' them, Pa?" I asked.

"I dunno," Pa muttered. "Less'n it's the smell. There's somethin' horrible about 'em, odors o' stale gunpowder, maybe—or human blood and flesh and bone driven into their timbers by shell fire and rotted there, despite a thousand swabbings. I dunno. Anyways, she set that brand on my back to burnin'."

"They're—they're after George," Ruth sobbed.

Pa coughed, but he didn't deny it. That English gunboat was close in shore for a purpose, making for Handley Island for a purpose, and Ruth's conclusion was logical.

The incident had left us all shaky, and for the rest of the trip we were glum. The smell of those Englishmen had taken the edge off our wedding cheer, sort of.

"Never you mind, dearie," Grandma soothed, easing her big body from the turtle deck and cuddling Ruth. "Everything'll come out all right. It's lucky for the whole of us that Johnny brought George along."

We made Bar Island and passed on into Handley Harbor. After tying up, we all pitched in, lifting and pushing Grandma up on the wharf. She seemed as big as the hogshead set on rollers beside her. That hogshead was full of oil and shavings and waste and what not, and covered to keep it dry. It was set on the edge of the wharf, beside the shears, all ready to set into an oxcart to be taken atop the ridge or lowered into a boat and taken out to sea. 'Twas a signal hogshead, ready for emergencies.

Then we trod past the shed set on the shore end of the wharf and took the short cut across the fields. The moon cleft through the fog, darkling Ruth's blue eyes and painting her pale gold hair beneath the hood of her cape. A lump came into my throat when I thought that soon we were to lose her; for George was a man of the world, and might carry her far.

The grass was wet against our ankles and the wild flowers cupped their fragrance in defiance against the wetness of the night. Uncle Matt stooped and picked one and, with a bachelor's gallantry, tucked its prettiness into Ruth's hair above her ear. Ruth uttered a little cry, like the night birds twittering in the birches, and kissed him.

COLONEL LACEY'S house was sprawled out, big and black, at the edge of the woods. It was the first dwelling ever to be set up on Handley Island, built of the lumber sawed in Colonel Lacey's mill. Blankets had been hung over the windows, of course, so the lamp and candlelight wouldn't stream out to sea and give bearings to some enemy vessel.

Then little Ruth was at the front door and George was opening it, and she flew into his arms like a bird. We all slipped in, one by one. Grandma nigh got stuck in the door.

"'Pears like they build doors cozy small nowadays," she complained.

I left my George outside, for he was a peaceful pig as long as he was treated right. He was touchy, though, awful touchy.

Inside, I made for the dining room; it was low, quite long, and built to accommodate Colonel Lacey who was a small man. I cal'ate he figured that the nearer the ceiling beams came to the top of his white head, the taller he'd look. 'Twas an inconvenient room for a man like Pa, though, who was six foot two.

The Reverend Mr. Tweedy had come over special from the mainland. His roly-poly figure fitted into Colonel Lacey's house very well. He smiled and chuckled as he stuffed pickles into his fat cheeks, and moved through the rooms, waddling like a drake and nodding his head at everybody.

I moved into the sitting room to rub my hand down the plush upholstery of the high-backed chairs, and it was in there that I found Pa and Uncle Matt talking in low voices to Ruth's George.

Nobody else was in the room and the cheer that had warmed me from that cozy house suddenly was pushed away under a wave of fear.

George Costaigne was as tall a man as Pa but thicker and broader. To escape the low ceiling he had one long arm draped over the low organ, hand to forehead, eyes closed. I thought he was a homely man with his long upper lip and his horsy nose; but he was a good man and a hard worker and we were all glad to see him become Ruth's husband.

When he'd left the British navy before the start of the war, he'd been called a deserter by the Crown after the war started, and had been stripped of everything he owned in England. Now he was hiding out in Colonel Lacey's house while Colonel Lacey had gone to see General Washington to try to obtain a commission for him. Once George had the commission he'd have a more legal standing as an American, but at that it wouldn't do him much good if the English caught him. Anyway, Colonel Lacey had been expected back for a fortnight now, and everybody was anxious to know how he'd made out pleading George's cause.

"I tell ye, George," Pa was saying, "that was a British man-o'-war. They hailed us, thinking we were some poor lug, and asked about Handley Island."

"Aye," Uncle Matt rumbled, bullish face grave. "The blighters have spies all up and down this coast. That vessel's after you, George."

"Ye'd better get to the mainland in the fog," Pa advised. "Now! A half hour from now may be too late. Them officers aboard that man-o'-war ain't fools, and likely they've got a turncoat pilot aboard. Take the sloop, and get."

George lifted his head, and his eyes were startling blue. "No," he said, voice slow and measured, "there's the wedding. I won't break Ruth's heart."

"Take her with ye, man."

George looked thoughtful, "If I were sure—but I hardly think any English vessel could have discovered my whereabouts, even though I'm convinced the Crown wants me brought back to London—"

Pa snorted, his beak of a nose thinned white, "By the great horned sculpin, man, this is war! Ye've seen the brand on my back."

George swallowed. "I know. It might be best to go to the mainland; I don't want to get any of you folks in trouble. But I want this wedding, *now*, as much as Ruth does. After that, I'll take her and go. She's the one woman, sir, and wedding her will wed me to the thirteen colonies. I can get in touch with Colonel Lacey from the mainland, after he returns—and I'm anxious about that part, too."

Pa looked glum; then declared with stark realism, "If you wait to be wed now, George, ye may be stretchin' hemp at the end of a yardarm before the night's over."

George sighed, "They want me too badly in England to hang me here. From their point of view I did wrong."

Pa said, "Heck! Get on with the weddin', then; take the sloop and beat it. Ain't much this poor island could do in a fight against a British man-o'-war, less'n some of our own armed vessels got wind of it, and were standing close by handy, by some odd chance. All the able-bodied fightin' men are workin' shootin' irons afloat or on the mainland, leavin' these islands pretty well alone. Only me and Matt and the two Treat brothers down on the Point are left, aside from boys and the oldsters, although Gramp Wiley'd take a few with him along to the hot seat, I bode."

SCARED and shaking, I crept from that room. I looked back to see Pa, wincing, reach around and touch the spot on his back where the British had branded him.

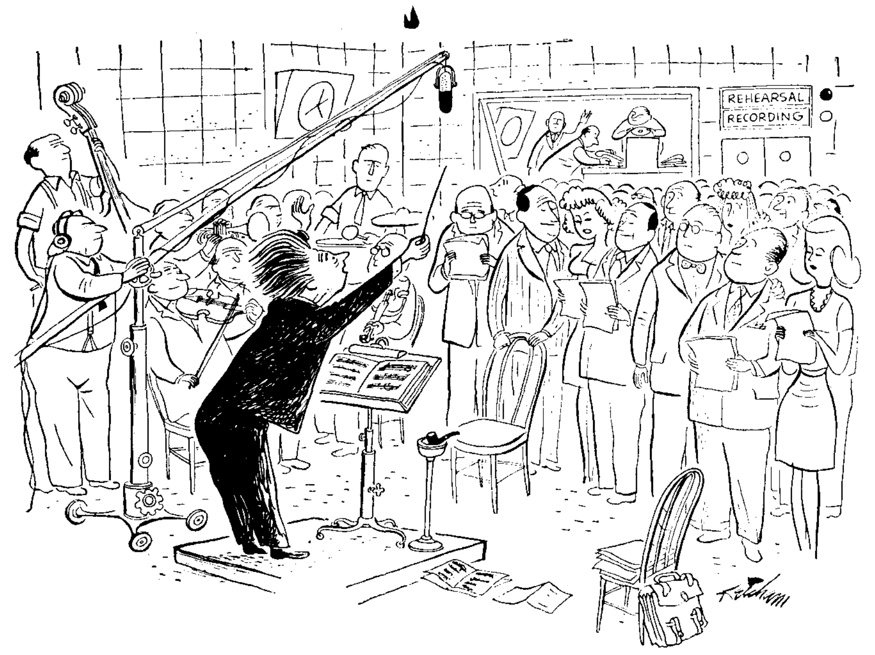
I found most of the womenfolk in the big kitchen, fussing about the broad baking ovens. Sister Ruth was sitting on the edge of a bench, face drawn, small hands squeezed together in her lap, and I cussed that British man-o'-war for throwing a foreboding pall over us, this evening of all others.

Oh, how I wanted to stick close to Pa, and the house full of people; but I couldn't forget that Pa had called me a timid boy, nor forget the look of disappointment I'd read in his eyes. So I put a button on my lips, crept from the house and down the path to the shore. Someone had to keep watch for that gunboat; for surely a thing so evil would find her way.

It was a cruel wrench to leave that house. I'd miss seeing Ruth get married, and the blessing, and all. I choked down a sob and ran.

As I stepped to the wharf, I heard a plank creak. I ducked behind the fish-house, and looked toward the edge of the wharf. I saw a burly man, standing there. When a ray of moonlight spilled through the fog, I saw that the man was Uncle Matt. He was looking toward the harbor entrance, sniffing the fog and feeling the wind. By his heavy breathing, I knew he'd just got there.

"Damn 'em!" he kept muttering, over



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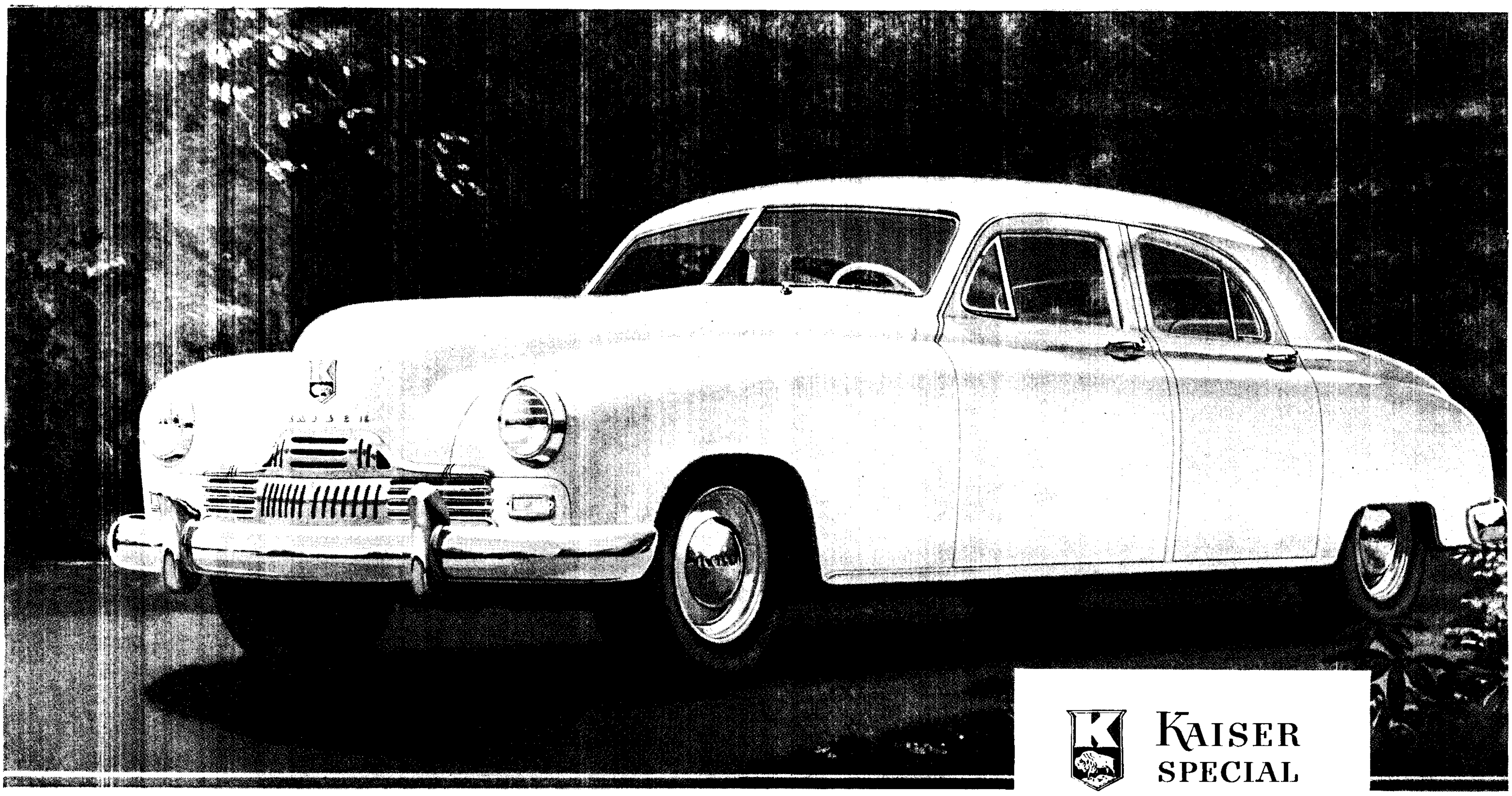

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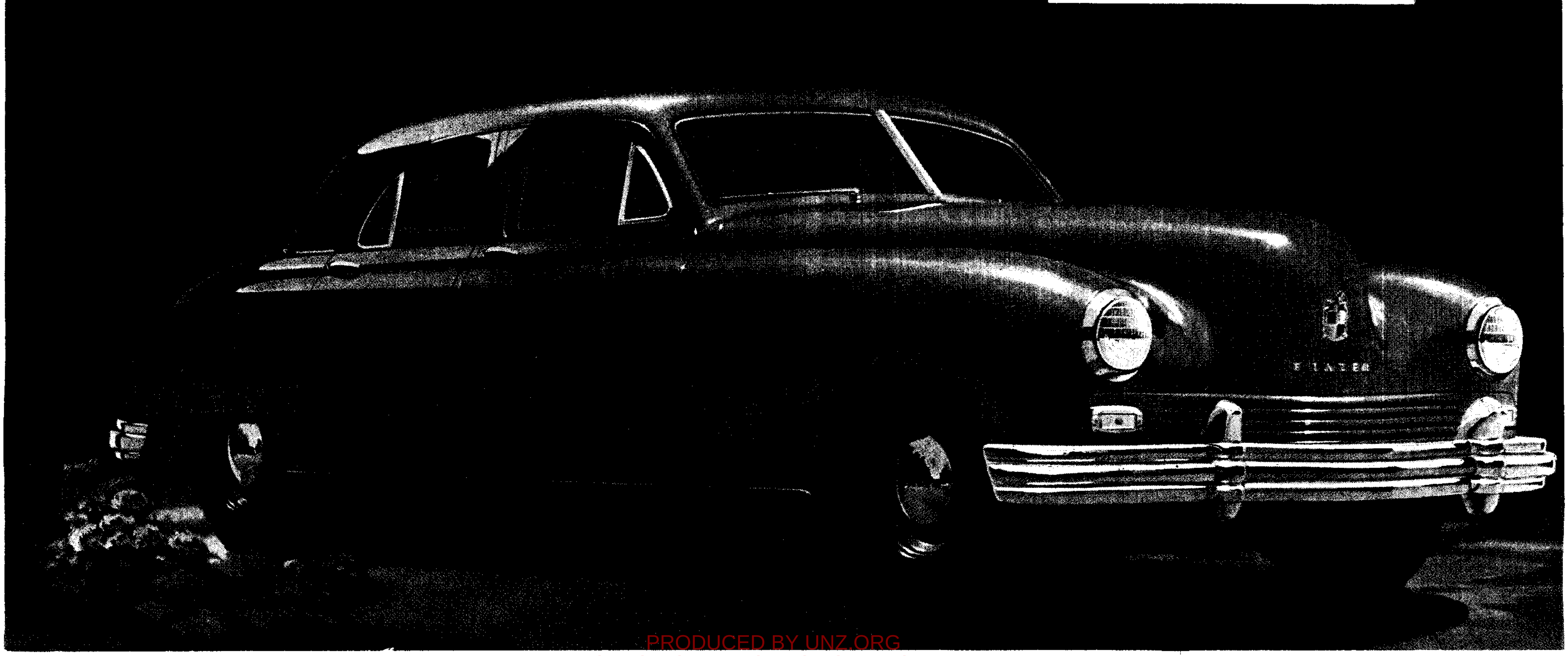


and over. "Why can't they let us be?"

Glad that Uncle Matt was here, I joined him.

"'Lo, boy," he grunted. "Why ain't ye up there in the big house gnawin' on a ham bone?"

"I—I couldn't," I confessed. "That—that—"

"Yeah, that cursed foreign cannon toter," he swore. He pinched me affectionately. "So ye had to come watch for 'em, too. What good it'd do, I dunno."

"How big do you think she was?"

"Bigger'n a gunboat, I cal'ate, by the sound o' the ball her cannon tossed."

"She'd come in here?"

"Likely, if they do find the island."

"Despite the fog?"

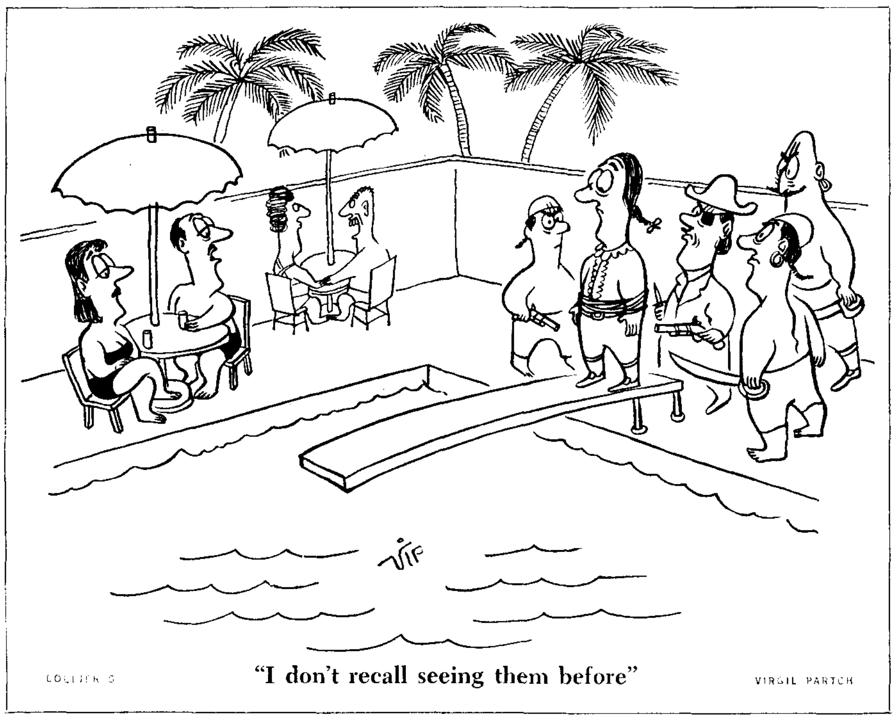
"Aye," Uncle Matt said. "That's what's coverin' them, the devils. She must be fast, well armed and manned, and have something definite in mind—or she wouldn't dare."

"We'd best hide the sloop, then."

We took the sloop up into the cove, anchored her and returned to the wharf in a skiff. The night was calm except for the shuffling wind. Then I heard the wail of a loon. The eerie sound rolled the length of the harbor in mournful warning.

"Hark!"

We listened. I heard the slat of a topsail, low voices, the plunk of a sounding lead.



"I don't recall seeing them before"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Might be she's one o' our'n," Uncle Matt breathed hopefully.

Then it was on top of us, a great ship, black and menacing, unutterably evil, riding the full tide straight up to the wharf.

"It's one of 'em!" Uncle Matt cried. "Some'un's aboard who knows this coast. Run, boy!"

ALL at once, the smell of that ship enveloped me, sickening, cloying, carrying the taint of death. I knew what Pa meant. I turned to run. Uncle Matt panted beside me. The mists wove about our beating legs like wet veils, shimmering silver in the moonlight.

"'Alt!" The cry stabbed at our backs. "'Alt, I s'y, or—"

We clawed up the low banking to the field, our feet digging into the ruts the ox teams had made in carrying freight from the wharf. I looked back, caught the livid flashes of musket fire licking into the fog. I heard the thunderous sound of a volley, heard a sickening thud beside me, heard Uncle Matt moan. He took three stumbling steps and fell. I flung myself to my knees, rolled him over so that his heavy face looked up at the sky.

"Run, boy!" he begged, tongue leaden.

The full moon spilled through the swirling mists, flooding his kindly face with a silvery pallor. I saw longing—longing to live in his dimming eyes, and consternation that I was lingering so long, and a final resignation to his fate, awful in its significance.

I clutched him tightly about his thick waist, striving to hold him, but I could not. I got up, my tongue thick in my throat, heedless of the great ship tying up at the wharf, of the clatter of arms, of low orders given both seamen and marines.

The night beat about me, the long swells coming in against the back shore ledges beating like a mighty pulse. I started to flee, then, but men were upon me. I ducked under a licking shaft of steel, dodged another cutlass, and crashed headfirst into the growth of spruce hugging the shore. Rolling over and over, I reached the edge of a clay bank and slid down its slippery side to the rocks beneath. Keeping close under the banking's steep sides, I left the sounds of thrashing Englishmen behind me, reached the mouth of a stream and turned up it and fled across the fields to Colonel Lacey's house.

The night was dank against my face. It filled my mouth and was clammy against my hot body. In order not to show a light shoreward, I slipped into the house by the kitchen door, after passing through the woodshed. The kitchen was empty; so, too, the dining room, its table more heavily laden now with steaming dishes. I burst into the living room as the minister, Bible in hand, was kissing Ruth. She had a gold band on her finger, and George stood straight and solemn in his tight velvet breeches, head half lost between the ceiling beams.

"It's here!" I gasped.

Their blank faces stared at me. Horror filled their eyes.

"No! No!" Ruth sobbed.

"They've killed Uncle Matt!" I cried.

Pa's fingers dug into my shoulders and his eyes blazed. One rough hand lifted to touch my cheek, and came away stained with blood. I looked at my own hands, then, and saw that they were streaked with red.

"Are ye hit, son?" Pa asked hoarsely.

I shook my head, "No—but Uncle Matt—"

We all looked at George Costaigne. His face was stern, wide mouth pinched tight. Pa and Gramp Wiley stood before him and talked in whispers. The food on the table in the next room grew cold as the tall wooden clock in the hall ticked the seconds away.

Then we heard the dread sound, the tramp of boots, the slap of leathern slings, the subdued rattle of musketry. A bold knock drummed on the door.

Costaigne moved toward the hall, but Grandma Hames got up from a rocking chair and laid a plump hand against his chest. "I'll open the door, George," she said.

A voice rang outside, "Open—in the name of the Crown!"

I saw the pain in George Costaigne's eyes. What had it cost that man, once respected and rich, to turn against his own and favor the American cause? The feeling crept over me that here stood a great man whose name would never rise to renown in England's annals because he chose to champion the weak.

GRANDMA moved down the hall to the thick door and opened it. The light from the candelabra splashed past her heavy waist and shoulders and out into the night. I saw a little man shove his high-booted leg across the threshold. He had a long sword belted about his half coat, and his squirrel face shone fog-wet and red and rapacious. His quick eyes thrust a glance down the length of the hall and into the sitting room where George Costaigne stood.

"Ah'h!" Never had I heard a sound so replete with unclean satisfaction. "Permit me, Madame—"

The little man bowed himself past Grandma, and strode down the hall. I saw other men out there in the night. One man, more curious than the rest, craned his head to look inside the house. He was not in uniform like the others, and his slender body and dark features showed a savage vitality. I caught my breath and looked at Grandma to see if she had seen, but she had turned her head away from the door. That man was the mixed breed, Jeems Tucker, part black, part red, and part white. He was a good pilot, calling himself half English and half Portuguese, who had fled our islands when we'd threatened to tar and feather him for thievery and lying. I wondered how much gold had greased his chalky palm for telling on George Costaigne.

"Good evening, Captain Belcher," I heard George give greeting.

Pa's hands crushed my shoulders, and he growled menacingly, "It's him!"

Aye! The man who had branded Pa. Fear twisted my stomach into knots. We would all be forced aboard this man's vessel to sweat and groan and work under threat of a red-hot iron.

No! I would not. The rage I felt coursing down Pa's sinewy arms began singing in my own blood and made everything before my vision swim in red. I would do anything to thwart this man, to keep Ruth and George out of his clutches, and to revenge Uncle Matt.

"I am glad to see you, Lieutenant Costaigne," Captain Belcher sighed. Then he caught a glimpse of Pa, and his slate-colored eyes flamed in recognition, promising a dire punishment. "So very, very glad."

"Plain Mr. Costaigne now," George said. "If you recall, I resigned my commission at the start of the war."

"War!" Captain Belcher snapped his fingers. "What war, Lieutenant? This little matter of punishing the American rabble? Ha! A matter of minor consequence that we shall soon end."

"The American rabble seems to be unmindful of its punishment, Captain," George said gently. "Or is General Howe merely playing? And as for the many troop ships being captured and sunk by American privateers—"

I watched, fascinated, as Captain Belcher's eyes narrowed, and I shuddered that George dared talk so to him.

Captain Belcher laid a finger against his sharp nose, "You must be unmindful, Lieutenant, that your resignation was never accepted by the Crown. It shall be both my duty and pleasure to return

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you to England, in chains, to stand trial for high treason."

"You always did have a nose for such matters," George complimented, drearily. "At least, you are no coward, and I commend you for having run me down."

"It has taken me months, Lieutenant, months of slipping in and out of greasy Yankee traps, but—it has been a work of love. You are prepared, I assume, to leave immediately. I have a half-dozen marines outside to help you with your luggage, and to see you safely down to the vessel. You can appreciate, I know, the need of embarking at once. I have no desire to have to fight my way through a cordon of Yankee privateers, now that I shall have so precious a guest aboard."

GEORGE looked at us all, bleakly, a dull wonder in his eyes that this thing had come upon him. Then he looked down at Ruth, quiet and frightened, pressed into the hollow of his long arm.

Captain Belcher stared about, brightly, and tapped the tarnished gold braid dangling from his sword scabbard. "I am really sorry to break up what looks like a wedding feast. Yours, Lieutenant? I congratulate you on your choice. None better in England, I swear. However, you were a fool, Lieutenant, a brash young fool. With your name and estates you would have climbed high, been a power under the Crown.

"I hope it's unnecessary to warn you, Lieutenant, and gentlemen, that resistance is both useless and stupid." The captain smirked, eying the stern faces of the men about him. "It would be regrettable to have to order my marines to shoot you men, and far more regrettable that I might not be able to stay their lusty appetites once they caught sight of the beauteous Mrs. Costaigne, and these other pretty girls. After all, my marines and seamen have been pounding about at sea for many weary months with no recourse to feminine companionship."

George leaned forward. His big palm caught Captain Belcher flat against the cheek in a ringing blow. The captain staggered back and would have fallen had he not come against Grandma Hames. Grandma, a wisp of white hair jouncing into her eyes, pushed him away with loathing.

"Ah'h, Lieutenant," Captain Belcher said, his beady eyes flaming, "I fear your next crossing of the Atlantic will be an unhappy one."

"The devil himself must be the keeper of such as you," George choked, white at the lips, "to have given you rise to an officer's commission among gentlemen."

Captain Belcher plucked a spotless kerchief from the sleeve of his half coat, and gently tapped at a pin prick of blood on his under lip. "I'll give you ten minutes, Lieutenant."

I slipped out into the kitchen. Ten minutes! I could do much in ten minutes I bethought me of the hogshead full of oil and shavings resting on rollers on the edge of the wharf. If I could only set it afire and tip it over upon the man-o'-war!

Hurriedly I scooped an iron bucketful of glowing coals from the fireplace, covered it with ashes and went out into the woodshed. Near the shed door I spied a sentry, gray against a lilac bush. I lifted a stick of wood and heaved it far out over his head The marine turned, and while he sought the cause of the noise, I darted out, around the corner and into the bushes.

I soon reached the shore and passed Uncle Matt's body which had been covered with a blanket by Captain Belcher's men. Choking down a sob, and with heart pounding, I hurried on, down the banking.

I saw two guards on the wharf, and my heart sank; for how was I to get past them to the hogshead? Seconds counted, and they ticked away disturbingly fast while I tried to think of some plan to toll the guards. Then I felt my pig's cold snout lave my hand, and I had my answer.

Feeling pretty mean and small, I crawled to the edge of the banking, George grunting trustingly along beside me. Then I pushed him over, praying my scheme would work.

Well, it did. George went plunging down twenty feet of wet clay to the shore beneath. He didn't make much fuss, for I could fool with him without making him mad. However, the two guards, hearing him trying to scramble back up the slippery clay, came to the edge of the wharf.

"Ho!" said the thin one. "Fresh pork."

"Where?" asked the stout one.

"There," the first guard pointed with his musket. "Fifty paces beyond that big boulder."

"Ha!" exclaimed the second guard. "Big un, ain't he. Bet he'll go twenty stone."

"Le's go stick 'im."

"Sergeant might cat us."

"Not 'im—not if'n we lays fresh meat afore 'im."

"All right, 'en." The first guard smacked his lips. "We'll wedge 'im in. You gets around t'other side, an' I'll tooken 'im from this side."

I held my breath as one guard made his way off the wharf, up the banking and past me through the spruces. The other climbed down from the wharf to the shore, the beach stones rolling under his heavy boots as he passed under me towards George. George had seen him coming and had started away down the beach.

THE wharf was built on a crib, filled to within two feet of its floor with shore rocks of all sizes. I ducked under the wharf, and slowly and carefully dragged my hot bucket over the rocks. The tide was now going out fast, gurgling and licking and slapping against the vessel's black hull and swirling about the pilings in racing eddies. Luckily the tide covered some of the noise I made; for although I could neither see nor hear anyone about on the vessel, I could not be sure that the decks were vacant.

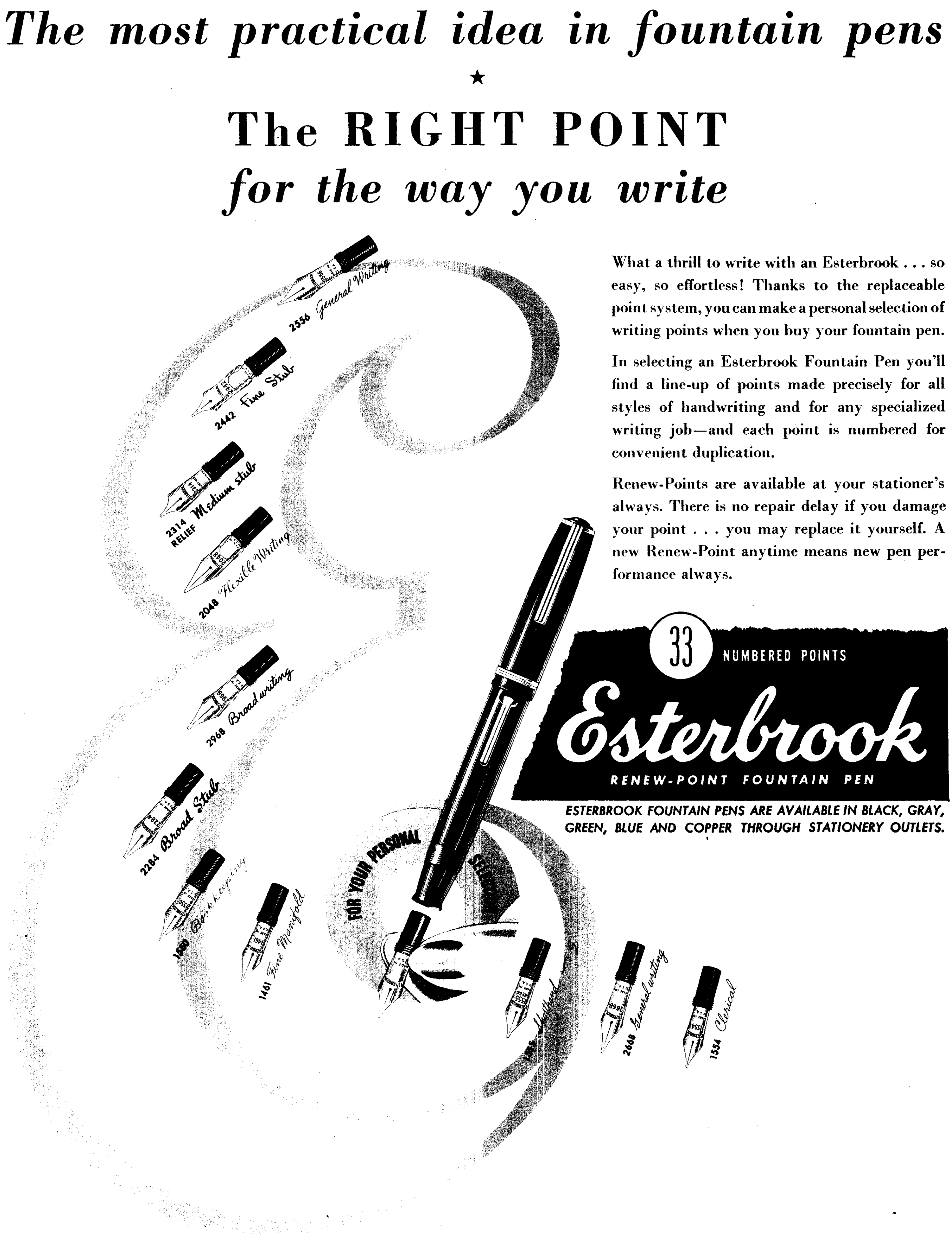
I sank down directly under the hogshead, trembling and shielding the bucket with my body. I prayed for strength, wondering if I could move the hogshead once I had set it afire. I wished for Pa's great strength, but I was slight and small-boned.

At last I got up courage to crawl up over the edge of the wharf I tipped the cover back from the hogshead and heaved my bucket of hot coals up and over and into its capacious maw. The dry shavings caught, crackled, licking into the oil A pungent smoke arose as from the vent of a chimney. Choking and gasping, I slid over the edge of the wharf and squatted there in darkness on a wet timber. I had to wait a few seconds until the fire was going good.

Then I up and heaved my weight against a board with all my might. That board served as a lever—and the hogshead rolled out over the edge, hung there and tottered as if it would never fall For one agonizing moment I thought it would not. Then it tipped and crashed down upon the ship's quarter-deck, spilling a torrent of waste and oil everywhere, the flames riding it like gleeful sprites It poured down into the open hatchway leading to the officers' quarters, and belched forth smoke from a backdraft.

"Ow'w!" a horrified cry came from down the shore.

I turned and could barely make out the forms of the two guards racing toward the wharf In the heavy mist



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they looked more like phantoms than men.

While the flames licked higher and higher, reaching out widening tongues of red, I inched away from the light into the deep pockets of darkness under the wharf. I watched officers fight their way out of the flaming companionway, and, gasping, coughing, beating at tongues of flame eating into their uniforms, rush toward the waist of the ship. Seamen and marines poured from the crew's quarters.

The sentries who'd been chasing George reached the wharf, and their heels bounded over my head as they jumped to the ratlines and down upon the ship's decks to help fight the flames.

Under the fishhouse I popped up through a square hole sawed in the floor. I knew where a set of sharp knives was kept. Selecting a heavy one used for splitting hake, I squirmed down through the hole and crawled under the wharf to the outjutting bow of the ship. Here the full strength of the tide was breasting the bow out, drawing the bowline as taut as a rod.

Reaching up, I slashed at that line with the knife. It gave. In desperation, I scrambled on hands and knees to the two spring lines. Taking the knife from my teeth, I cut them and clawed toward the stern. The big ship was now breasting out into the channel. She swung faster and faster, held only by her stern line. If I could only get to that last line in time—

An angry shout arose above the confusion, "We're adrift! Some fancy bird's cut us adrift. God, bos'n, that stern line! That stern line, I s'y. Lively, now."

Another cry, "Aye! I see 'im—under the wharf! See, sergeant?"

"Ar'r! There, now, let 'im 'ave a bellyful o' lead sinkers."

They could not get past the fire. The stern line popped and unlayed at the barest touch of my knife, so great was the strain. The ship was caught in the full sweep of the outgoing tide; nor could they get to her wheel to steer her. A pillar of flame belched up into the night, lighting the wharf, and showing me up plainer as officers and marines took aim. A shot drove splinters of spruce into my face. Like a crab I scuttled away and back into darkness. A volley of hot lead pinged and whined past me.

Then the tide drove that ship away and ground her up against the harbor ledges, broadside, where she struck with a crash. She lay there, stricken, the fire mounting higher and higher as the flames reached her bowels and her powder room exploded. Men poured from her sides and swam to the tiny spit of island beyond the ledges where they huddled like sheep.

Flames and smoke flared up and danced across the swollen face of the moon in madness. The fog came and went in banks, dank and cloying and dripping, fighting and mingling with the smoke and flame.

I scrambled out from under the wharf. Bruised and bleeding, I started running. I kept sobbing over and over, "You can't take George and Pa now! You can't! You can't—for your big ship is gone."

I met my George above the banking, and he grunted about my legs, happy to have found me. I sank to my knees and rubbed his bristles, for I had thought him dead by now.

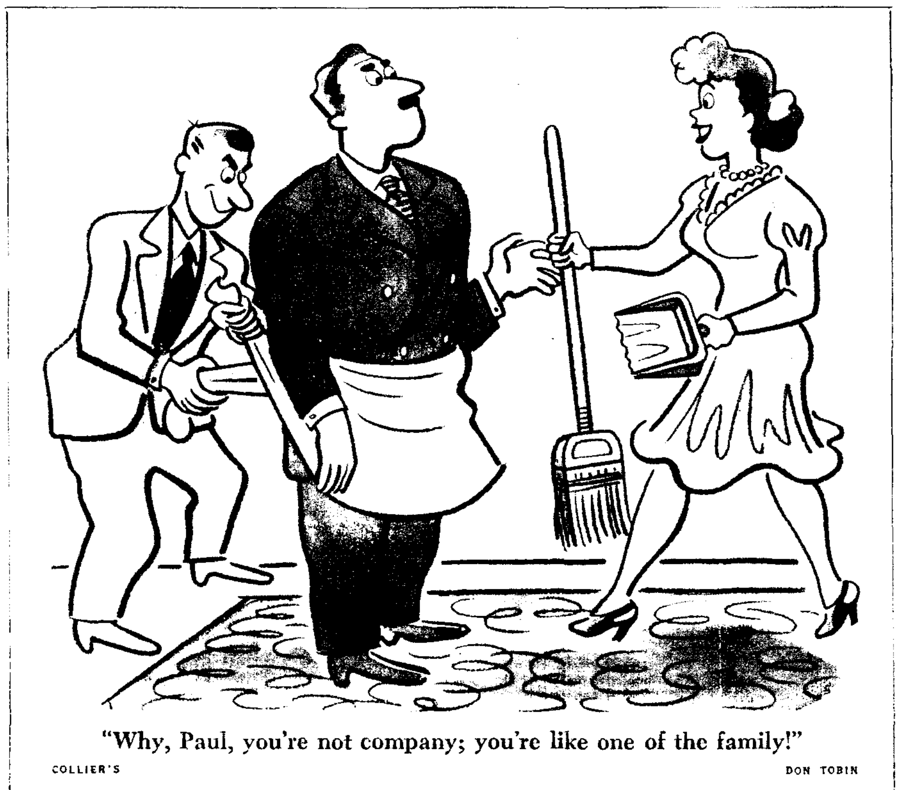
THEN, against the sky line, upon the knoll in the field, I saw men coming. George Costaigne was there, and Pa, and little Ruth, and that was all of our people there, just those three, hedged in by the royal marines. Captain Belcher was in the lead, panting and hurrying and shading his eyes against the glare. They nearly saw me, but I sprawled flat behind a bush, and drew George's bristly body down beside me.

"Oh, curse this Yankee land!" Captain Belcher was saying. "My ship! My pretty ship. Listed on her beam and gutted and ruined." He turned savagely on George Costaigne. "This is the touch of your fine country-squire hand, Costaigne. Aye! No doubt you gave much gold to Tucker here to toll me here and trap me. So you think you have me trapped, Costaigne? You think to gloat over this night's work while I rot in a Yankee prison."

For a long minute George looked upon that burning ship. Then he looked at Captain Belcher's twisted face. He shook his fair head in wonder, "I know nothing of this burning, Captain."

"Ah'h! You would say so," the captain raged. "Any man who would turncoat would say so. Stand him up there, corporal, against the light. And that greasy pilot beside him, and give 'em a quick volley, and then down to the shore."

Without a word Jeems Tucker crouched and ran. He almost got away —almost—but a ball caught him in the back, and he dropped. The marines wrenched George away roughly. Ruth screamed, but they shoved her to one



"Why, Paul, you're not company; you're like one of the family!"

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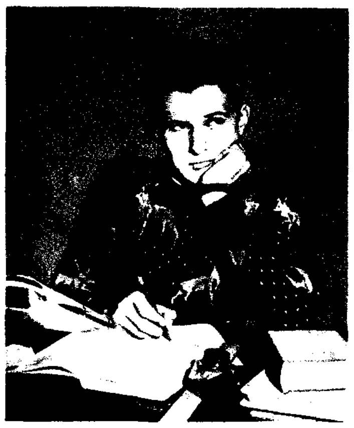

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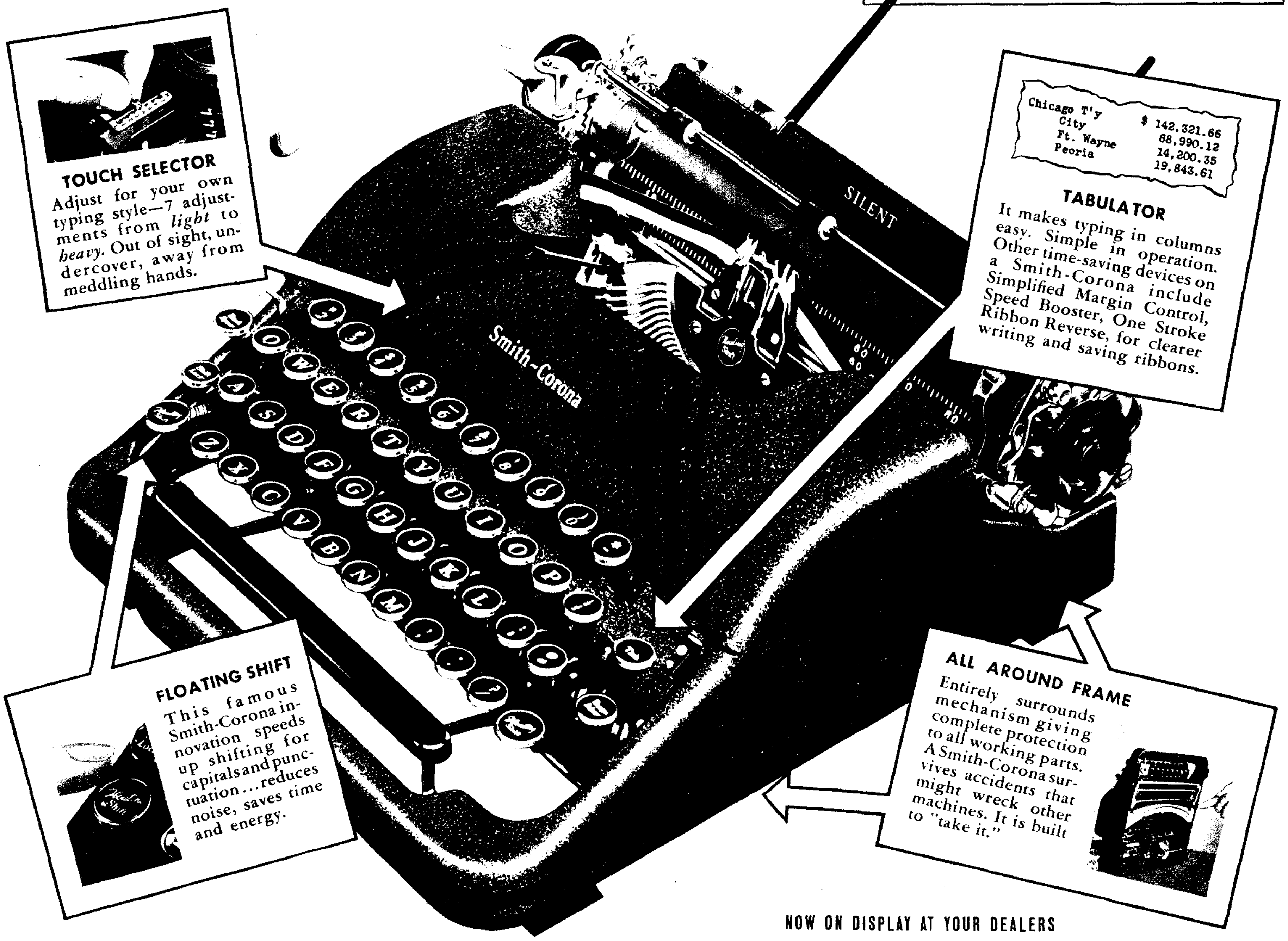

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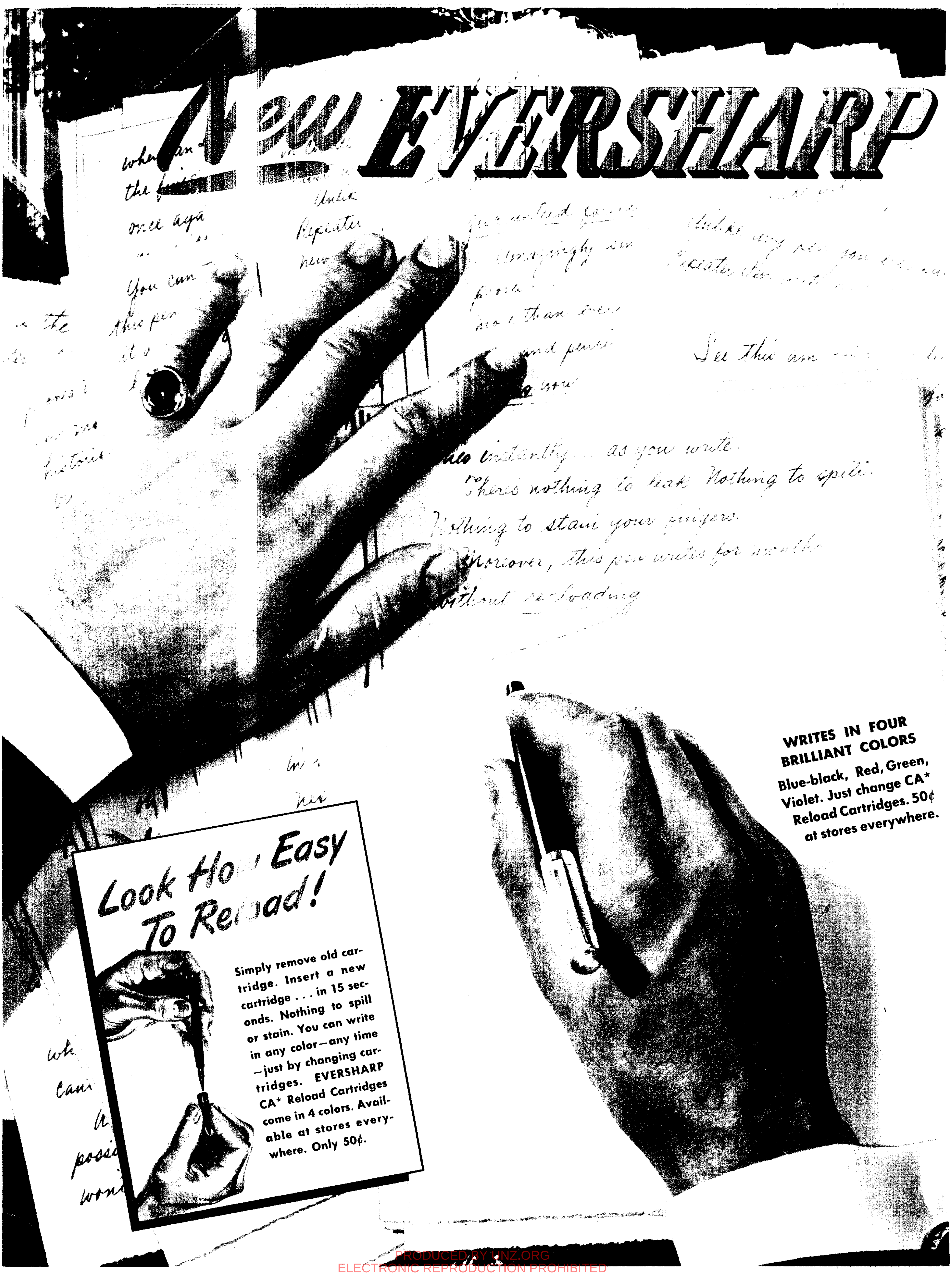

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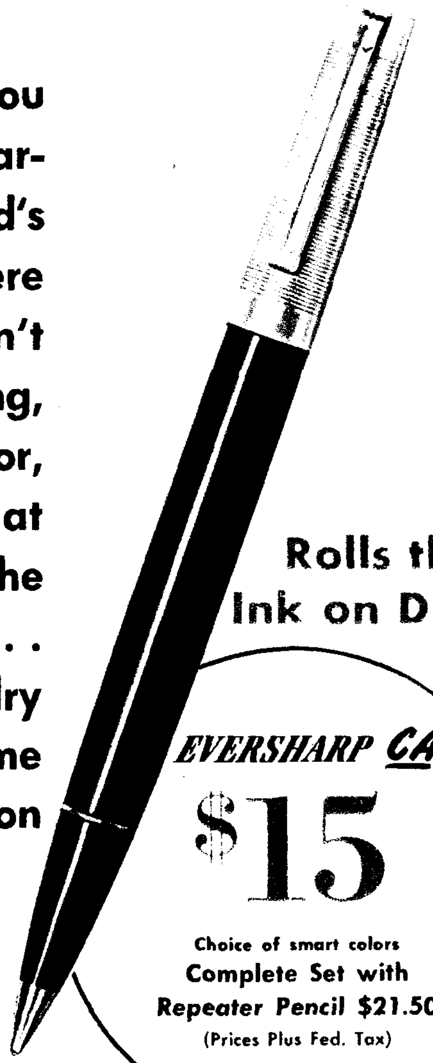

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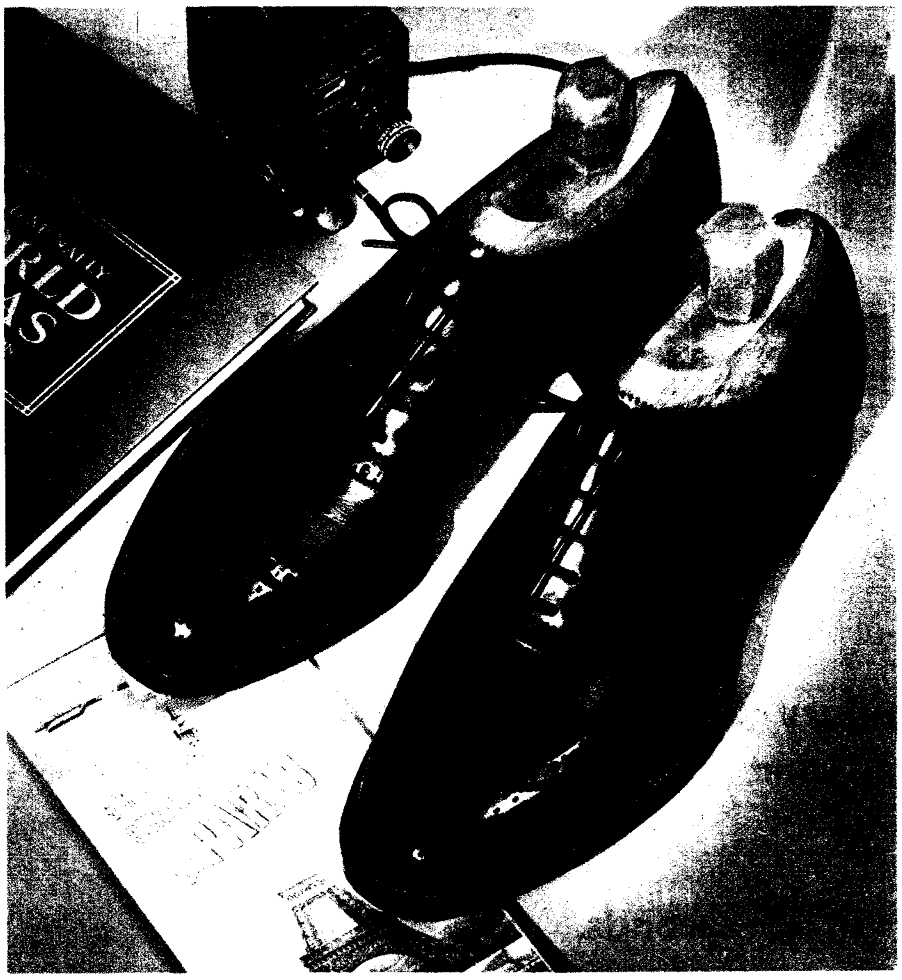
good-looking, aren't they?



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side. Twenty paces away they stopped George, turned him about and backed off.

"No!" Ruth sobbed.

"Slap her down!" Captain Belcher bade. "Shoot the other man, too, the deserter who wears my brand. Then do with the wench what you will."

Pa fought with two of the marines while one strove to hold Ruth. The remaining three raised their muskets to shoot George. George was a slow-thinking, slow-moving man, but all at once he charged like a bull gone completely mad, and like a bull he bellowed. A musket barked past his cheek as he knocked one man down. Captain Belcher drew his sword. I twisted George's tail.

My pig squealed with rage, and charged—straight through that group. His great weight knocked one marine down, forcing his musket to explode.

Seizing a field stone, I sprang for the short marine with whom Ruth was struggling. I brained him and drew Ruth against me and turned to face the others. George and Pa had a better chance now, and they were fighting hard, two big men as strong as bulls.

Then I heard a voice, a quiet voice, but it carried weight like a ten-ton stone. Colonel Lacey's voice it was.

"Johnny, my boy, call off your pig. Lieutenant Bresch, close in. Careful now! You men on the ground, drop your weapons, get up. I have twenty trained militia in a circle about you."

And it was over. The English marines were drawn into a bunch. Captain Belcher was let stand off to one side, alone, head bent, sword scabbard empty.

"Well met, Captain Costaigne," Colonel Lacey clucked grimly.

"Captain—?"

"To be sure!" Colonel Lacey chuckled. "General Washington and a few other good gentlemen weighed your case carefully. Inasmuch as you have maintained residence here for some years, and tendered your English commission back to the Crown before the war started, General Washington holds that there is no basis for the Crown's charge of treason against you. He is happy to give you a captaincy. I have the commission here, under His Excellency's hand and seal."

Colonel Lacey slapped his breast, and turned to Pa and me, shrewd eyes shafting a question under the fog-shrouded moonlight, "Now what? Looks like someone's won a naval victory. We saw the fire. So we landed in the back cove and marched across the meadow posthaste."

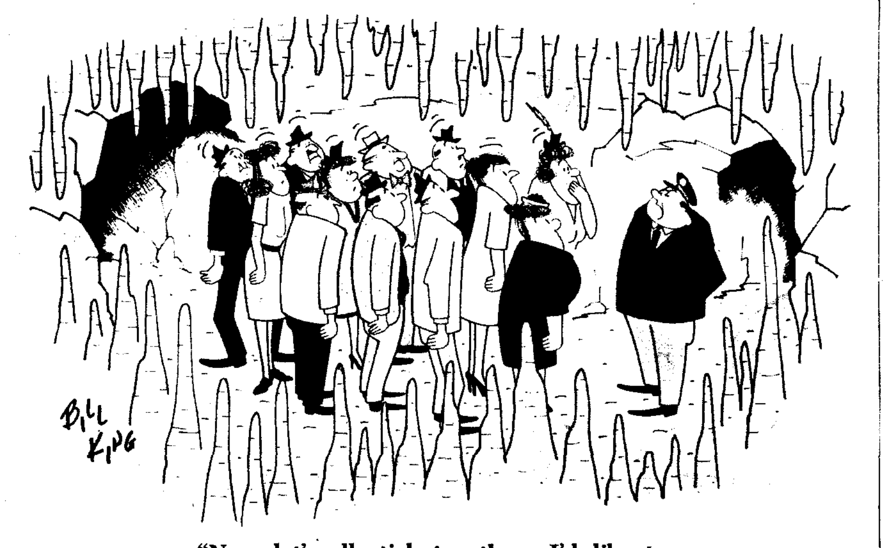
I rushed out the words, then. Glad I was to be rid of a man's burden.

"God bless us!" Colonel Lacey exclaimed. "And there are critics who claim that we stand no chance against the mother country."

"Aye!" Pa grunted. "This boy o' mine ain't afeered o' nothin'."

Then, for the first time since the English had come, I remembered how I'd worried myself sick because Pa had called me a timid boy. Well, I was timid. I was scared stiff.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Now let's all stick together. I'd like to make just one trip without losing somebody" BILL KING

Any Week

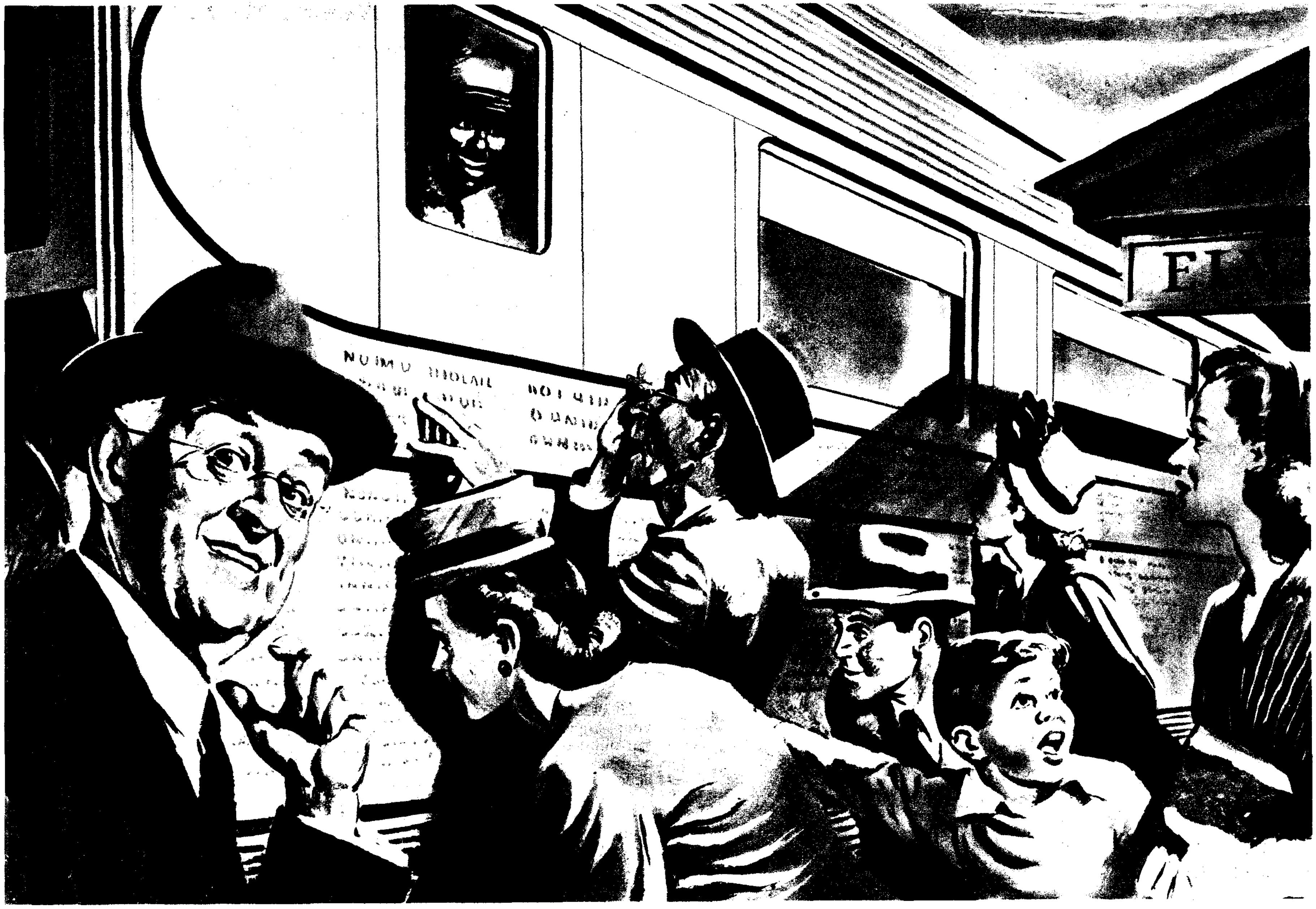
Continued from page 4

when we are not accused of undermining the American way of life and being a hired enemy of liberty and democracy.

REPORTED to us, too, is a distressing accident that befell Mr. George B. Gomasney of Pasadena, California. The reporter is Mrs. Gomasney. Mr. Gomasney was reading aloud to Mrs. Gomasney, seated at an open window, two floors up. He got to this paragraph: "A muffled clatter, clackety-clackety-clackety, beat in her ears. Then a ting-ting-tingaling-tingalong grew louder, merrier, gladder . . ." It was at this point, Mrs. Gomasney reports, that her husband's uppers flipped out of the window and were, of course, ruined on the concrete sidewalk.

OF COURSE, we should be, we suppose, devoting this valuable space to analyses of the world's problems. But somehow, just as we start doing something helpful like that, someone hands us a letter like this one from Miss Eunice Bartellio of Middleton, Massachusetts: "Some time ago you printed a piece about how to annoy an umpire," she says. "But it was just how the players do it. Will you publish some information about how fans or spectators can do this? I would like to rile up an umpire and so would millions of us, too. Is there any charge?"

THE latest advice we've received about Russia is pretty disturbing. We have it straight from Mr. T. T. Kalok of Denver, Colorado. The Reds, Mr. Kalok discovers after intensive research, have taken over control of all radio broadcasting stations in the United States which is why, he insists, roses do not smell like they used to. The former sweetness of American roses, he finds, is being wafted by radio off into the Soviet Republic. He doesn't go into detail, which is probably just as well. The whole truth would probably be too much for us. . . . W. D.



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. . . those who name them would have a new problem! Not to think up names, but to find *space* for all the names! For every Pullman car represents the investments of hundreds of people. Your own name might well appear on one of those travel-stained panels.

We have heard much in recent years about "big business," but we have not heard enough about who owns it. The fact is, in America industry is owned by the mass of the people. A survey of the owners of fifty of the largest corporations whose securities are listed on this Exchange reveals that *more than one-half of their stockholders own 25 shares or less!*

No, it is not the wealth of millionaires which has built the world's greatest industrial system—it is the savings of *millions* of people. In ever-increasing numbers, they share in the risks and rewards of American business. The number of individuals owning stock in these same fifty companies has nearly doubled since 1929! This is *mass investment* . . . the democratic partner of mass production.

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The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

a masterpiece. He is a really great caricaturist. Also, orchids to Frank Gervasi, who is writing the series.
JOSEPH UMBANAUR
Elverson, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR: May I, on behalf of my organization, take exception to your editorial, Tips to the 52-20s. The facts . . . are these:

(1) Of more than 12,000,000 discharged veterans, less than 50,000 took their unemployment insurance for a full year.

(2) The average veteran remained on the rolls for a period of less than ten weeks. . . .

(3) There are presently at least 1,800,000 unemployed veterans looking for work.

(4) Many veterans are being offered work or are employed at wages which are neither commensurate with their skills nor in line with the prevailing cost of living.

(5) . . . many chiseling employers are engaging veterans in an "on-the-job" training program which neither produces a skill nor pays a decent wage. . . .

HARRY H. ZUCKER
Chairman, Committee on Veteran
Affairs and Welfare, MAC,
American Veterans Committee
New York, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: As one reader said in your August 3d issue, you are always fair-minded. Is it fair that a veteran who is obliged to use a wheel chair should be debarred from a hotel? I have just been so debarred by a Boston hotel, because I (a victim of infantile paralysis) am obliged to use a wheel chair, and a disabled "vet" is, of course, also automatically debarred by the rule: "No wheel chairs allowed." Is it cruel and unfair? I think it is.
W. W. BROWN
Lake Sunapee, N. H.

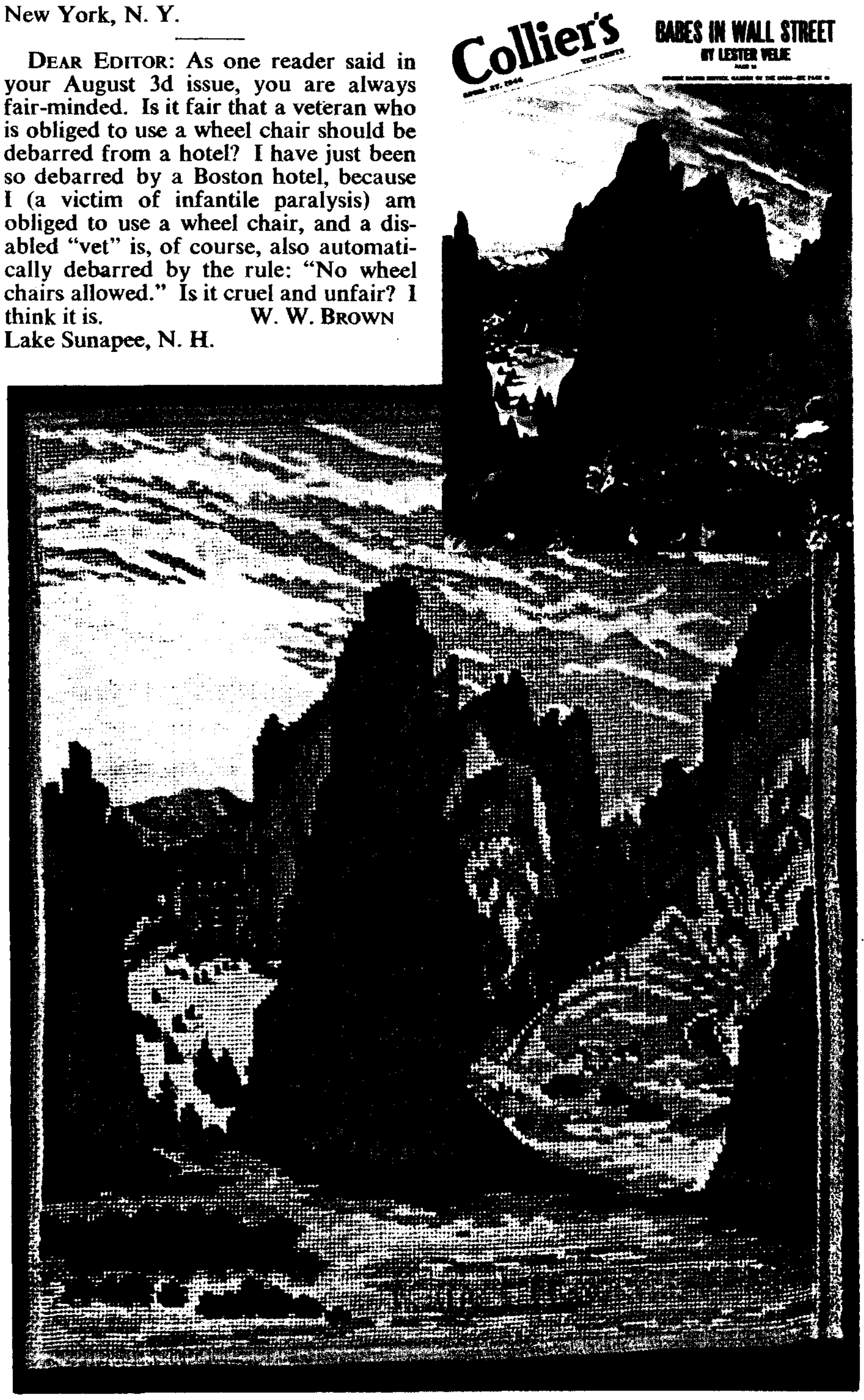
DEAR EDITOR: I have just finished the third installment of Leonard Q. Ross' fascinating Sleep, My Love, and I feel certain that "of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these": *To be continued.* What a story!
B. K. MUNDS
Tallahassee, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to express my admiration and appreciation of your very fine, comprehensive editorial on the subject of the need for better labor laws. While none of us would advocate a return to medieval slavery, it is obvious that the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction.
L. B. LANE
Altavista, Va.

DEAR EDITOR: When I saw Francis Chase's cover picture on Collier's of April 27th, I wondered if I could make a "reasonable" copy of it in needle point, my hobby.

I tried and here is the result. For twelve years I have been confined to the house a great deal of the time, and I keep busy with my needle point.
MRS. KATIE L. HAWKINS
Tacoma, Wash.

Here is Mrs. Hawkins' interpretation and the original.



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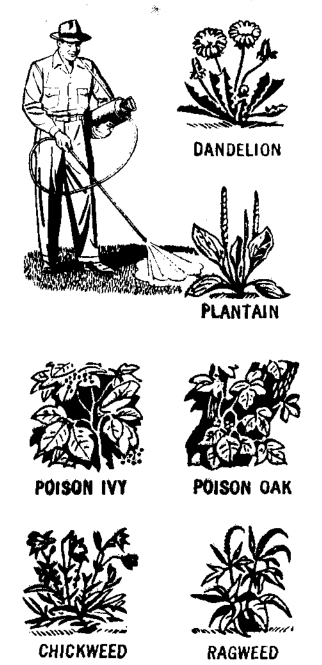

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Ill Wind

Continued from page 25

almost midnight, until the atmosphere throbbed with his warning in voice and code, and in several tongues. He didn't go home until his decision was vindicated. A motorship cried S O S as she was driven on a reef off Guadeloupe.

He would not admit to himself that he was purposely noisy as he rammed the old sedan into the garage, yet certainly the thing he most feared was to surprise them again, to see again what he had seen the night before. Perhaps, he told himself, he himself was at fault. Perhaps he should make love to Helen in the living room, half strangling her and bending her over the back of a chair. But for a man who has been married sixteen years it seemed a silly thing to do, and if the children saw them they would probably laugh, and accuse him of imitating some movie star. He supposed that he had once made love to Helen in this melodramatic fashion, but now it would seem out of place.

BEFORE he could turn the key in the lock Helen opened the front door and said, "My gracious, I thought you'd knocked down the garage!"

"Didn't mean to be so noisy," he apologized. He could tell by the way she was dressed that Cullen was there. In the days before Cullen she would be wearing slacks, or perhaps pajamas encased in a comfortable but hardly glamorous robe. But now she wore a maroon hostess gown that flowed in smooth liquid lines around her body, and her hair was perfect. Not that he blamed her, if she wanted to show off, because Helen had that kind of a body.

Cullen was there, all right. He had taken his favorite pose before the fireplace, resting one elbow on the mantel, looking rakish, formidable, and imposing. He was a feudal baron returned from the hunt, a successful captain back from the wars. "Well, well," he said. "How's our little Daniel the storm killer? How's the weather out tonight, Dan?"

Dan Piper had submitted to this joke for many years, and from many people, so that it no longer either annoyed or amused him. But, coming from Cullen, he hated it. Cullen always referred to him as "little Dan," which was a clever way of calling Helen's attention to the disparity in their size. "The weather is all right here in Alexandria," Dan said, "but it's not so good in other places."

"Really, Dan?" Helen said. "What's happening?"

He could see that she was nervous, and perhaps apprehensive. He guessed that Cullen had made some sort of proposition to her, and she hadn't made up her mind, and therefore pretended an interest in the weather. And because he loved her, and because he wished her no embarrassment, he said, very seriously, "We've spotted a hurricane off the Caribbean islands. Quite a bad one. A ship just went ashore at Guadeloupe."

"Ah!" said Cullen, holding his highball high and looking into it as if it held the history of the past, and possibly a forecast of the future. "Hurricane, heh? Bad things, hurricanes. I remember in '38, or was it '37? Damnedest hurricane you ever saw came ripping into Belém, Brazil. I was there at the time. I'd been up in the headwaters of the Amazon, hunting for that tribe of—"

"Nuts," Dan Piper interrupted, not very loudly.

"What's that?" said Cullen.

"I said nuts. No hurricanes ever hit Belém."

Helen rose from her chair and said, "Dan, you're being rude! If Pierrepont says he was in a hurricane in Belém, then he was in a hurricane in Belém. He was there. You weren't!"

"He may have been there," said Dan, "but not with a hurricane."

Cullen seemed to expand like an alarmed bullfrog. "It is hardly a matter for argument!" he said.

Dan wondered, vaguely, what would happen if he hit Cullen with a chair, or the bronze cigarette box on the coffee table. He decided, in an equally vague way, that it would wake Danny and Penelope and Mrs. Simpson, the nurse, and the police would come, and there would be a scandal. So he said, "No, I don't think it's worth an argument. No hurricanes in Belém!"

"Dan!" said Helen, her face taut and white. "Don't you think you'd better apologize?"

"I don't see why," Dan said. "This tub of lard may have shot tigers in India, and he may have strangled a crocodile with his bare hands, and he may have had tea with the Dalai Lama in Tibet, and he may have put down a revolt in Damascus. Those things I don't know about. But I know about hurricanes, and there weren't any hurricanes in Belém."

Dan paused for breath, and waited for Cullen to hit him. In all his life he had never spoken so to another man before, and certainly he had never dreamed he would speak so to a man of this size. But Cullen only glared at him, his little eyes contemptuous. "Furthermore," Dan finished, "I think he's a colossal phony!"

Cullen still didn't move, and suddenly Dan knew that he had done exactly what Cullen had hoped he would do. Helen didn't speak either, and Dan feared that he had cut the last threads that held her to him. He turned away, beaten and exhausted, and plodded up the stairs. He sat down on the edge of their bed, his head in his hands, waiting for her. Listening for her footsteps, he heard her go into the spare bedroom, and the key turn in the lock. He undressed and finally slept, a stranger in his own home.

THE shouts of the children woke him at seven. He put on his robe and knocked on the door of the spare bedroom. There was no answer. He tried the handle. It was still locked. He would have knocked again, but he was sure it would attract the attention of the housekeeper, Mrs. Simpson. He was a shy man, and he could not bear the thought of Mrs. Simpson or the children knowing that they had quarreled, or for that matter had slept in separate rooms. He went back to his room, dressed, and left for the office without breakfast, for he knew Helen would not come downstairs until he was gone.

In the office he forced himself to concentrate on the hurricane, which was not hard to do, for the storm's center had whirled northwestward a staggering three or four hundred miles. His desk was stacked with reports from San Juan, and the Dominican Republic, and Antigua. The cruiser San José, racing out of the confines of the Windward Passage for the open ocean, had been trapped by the storm off Turks Islands, had lost her planes and hangars, and had all but foundered. Her captain gave a barometer reading of 27.60, and estimated the wind at something more than 100 miles an hour and spoke of thirty-foot waves.

"I don't like this," Dan told Mr. Dickerson. "I don't like this at all. This is a very bad storm, its center hasn't crossed any land masses to break it up, and there isn't anything to stop it until it hits the Florida coast. I think we'd better batten down."

"Are you sure it's going for the Florida coast?" Dickerson asked.

Bendix Creative Engineering

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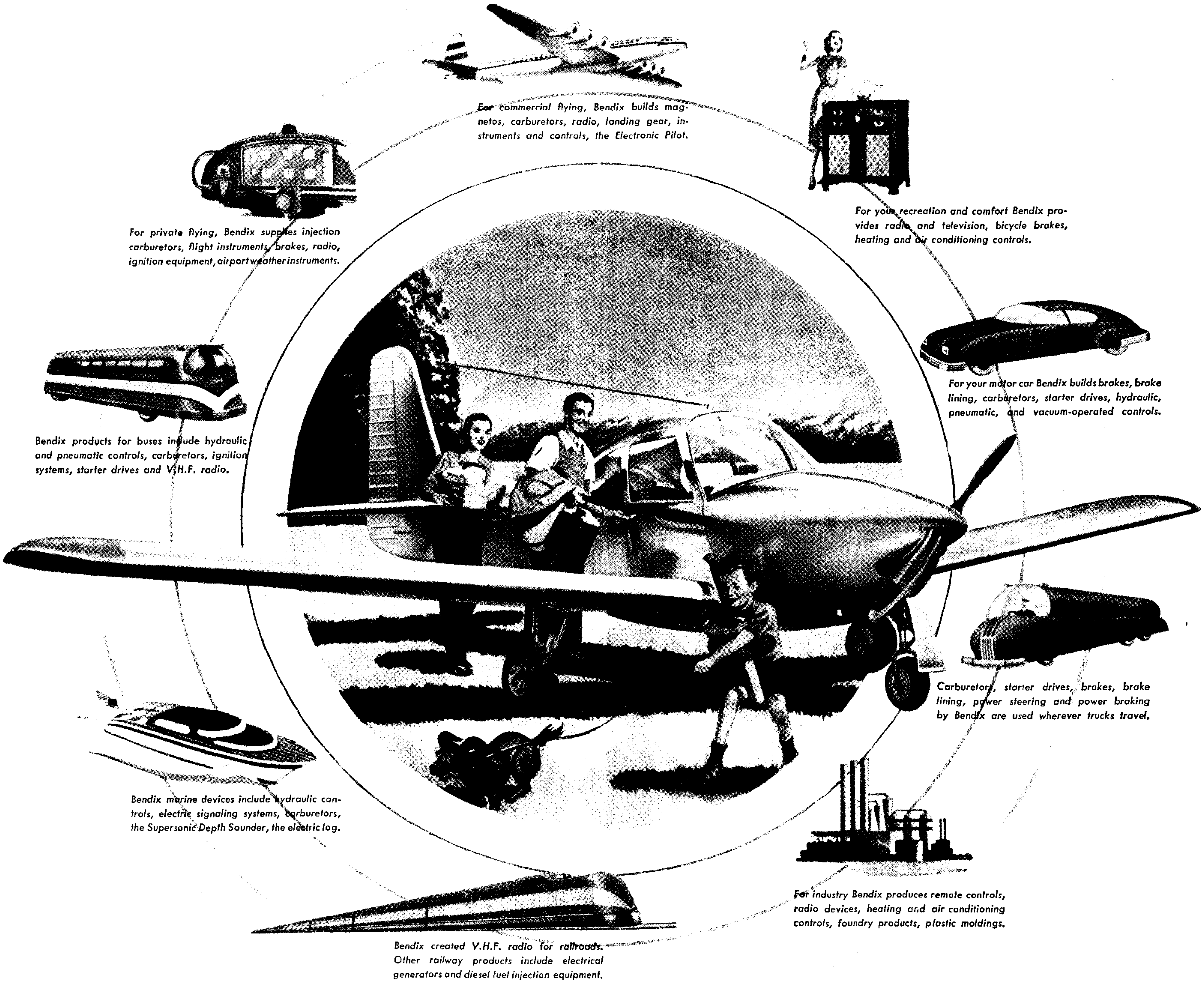

For commercial flying, Bendix builds magnetos, carburetors, radio, landing gear, instruments and controls, the Electronic Pilot.

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First in Creative Engineering

KAY KYSER

The ol' professor of "The College of Musical Knowledge"

"Can you answer me these?" asks KAY

"Are *you* a better American because your forebears came here sooner than somebody else? Does 'God Bless America' refer just to *your* neighborhood, race and religion? Do you think 'freedom' means you do as you like, and others do as *you* like, too?

"You don't need the Ol' Professor to tell you the answer to all these questions is a great big NO! A good American respects the rights of other Americans . . . and of other nations, too."

Kay's little quiz is one of a series of messages presented by Fleer's in the interest of better understanding among families, friends and nations.

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Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

"It's following the classic pattern," Dan said. He looked at his maps. "But it's an erratic devil. Sometimes, after a fast move like last night's they slow down and even stop. Anyway, we ought to have hurricane warnings all the way from Key West to Hatteras, in case it keeps coming."

He kept thinking about the hurricane—this one and all the others whose histories he had documented. Somehow this was like the storm of '26 that swept over Miami, and wrenched a fourteen-story building from its foundations as if a giant hand had twisted it. Yes, this hurricane reminded him most of the storm of '26. The one of '26 was his first hurricane. He remembered how the senior meteorologists had cursed the lack of authentic information, how their forecasts were half guess. Things were better, now. No storm could catch the continent unprepared.

At seven that night, as he ate cheese sandwiches at his desk and washed them down with drugstore coffee, he called his home. Mrs. Simpson answered. When he asked for Helen, Mrs. Simpson seemed surprised, and said, "Didn't you know she left, Mr. Piper?"

"No!" Dan said. "I didn't know!"

"You didn't! Mrs. Piper told me she was going to South Island for a few days. She left a note for you."

Dan could imagine Mrs. Simpson's surprise at this irregularity in their household. Since before Danny's birth, Mrs. Simpson, a childless widow, had managed the usually tranquil Piper home. "I'll be home right away," Dan told her.

The cottage was at South Island, on the Maryland shore. South Island was not as fashionable as Rehoboth Beach, nor as plebeian as Ocean City. At South Island was the four-room cottage that Helen had inherited from her mother, and in which they spent their summer annual leave, and when the Weather Bureau and the weather permitted week ends.

Dan was putting on his coat when Mr. Dickerson said, "Surely you're not leaving—not now!"

"It's an emergency," Dan explained. "I have to go. I absolutely have to."

Mr. Dickerson was puzzled. He couldn't imagine Dan Piper deserting a hurricane. Usually, from the time a hurricane was identified, you couldn't drive Dan Piper from the office. He haunted the teletype room, and he grabbed every new radio bulletin as if the dry account of a drop in temperature at Macon, Georgia, was a matter of life and death. For Mr. Dickerson the defection of Dan Piper was most disturbing. Would a general leave his troops after they had been committed in battle, simply because there was illness in the family? "What's wrong, Dan?" Mr. Dickerson asked.

"It is a private matter," Dan said. "A very private matter. But I'll be back later tonight. Yes, certainly I'll be back tonight."

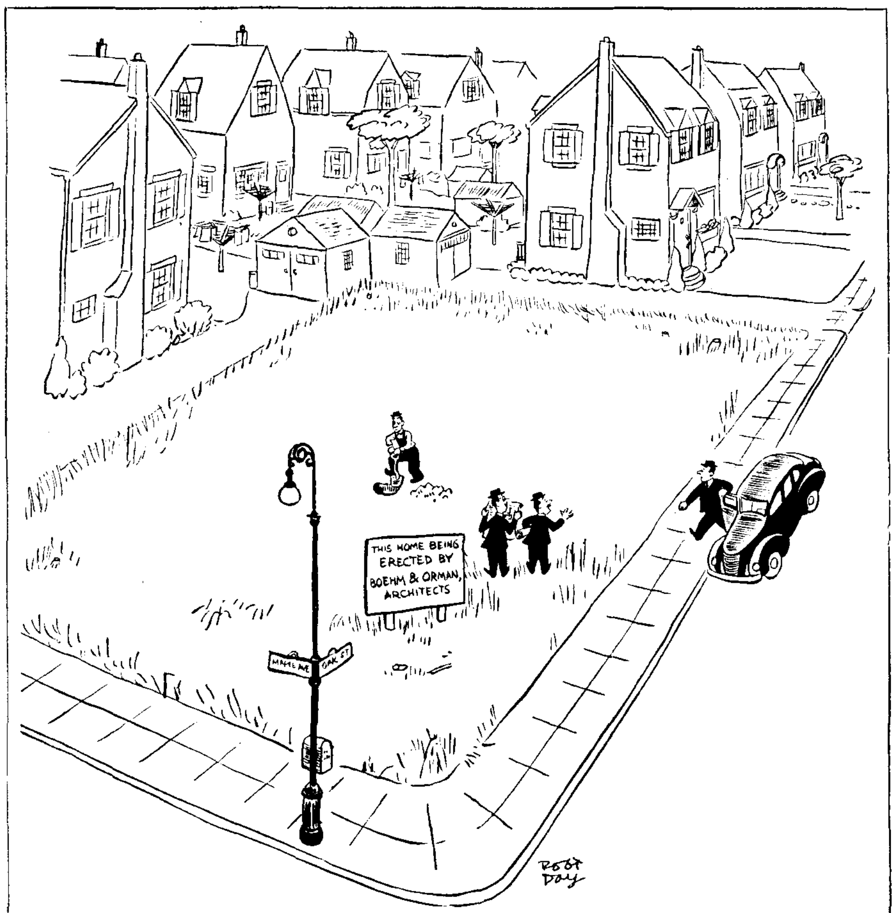
MRS. SIMPSON, envelope in hand, met Dan at the door. Little Danny, who was ten, danced about him, crying, "Tell me about the hurricane, Dad! I heard it on the radio. Right after Superman. Tell me about the hurricane, Dad!"

Dan ran his hand through the boy's ginger hair, said, "In a minute," and raced upstairs to the bedroom's privacy before he opened the letter. It read:

"Dear Dan—It seems that I have been writing this all day—writing it and tearing it up—for it is so difficult to put on paper. I know I am still angry about your rudeness last night, and yet in my heart I don't blame you much.

"I am afraid we have grown apart, Dan. All our married life you have been content to sit here, and chart your storms. That is fun for you, and excitement, but for me there has been no fun or excitement except dreaming about the places with exotic names that you plot on a map. I have a decision to make, and I know I have a lot of thinking to do before I make it, so for the time being I am going to the cottage."

That was all. She hadn't signed her name. She had not written the word, "divorce." She had not mentioned Cullen. But it was all there, quite clear. When the hurricane was over they would get together, "amicable settlement" the papers would call it, and he would deed to her the children, the house, the car. He would deed to her his life, for all his life he had worked to obtain the things


THIS HOME BEING ERECTED BY BOEHM & ORMAN, ARCHITECTS
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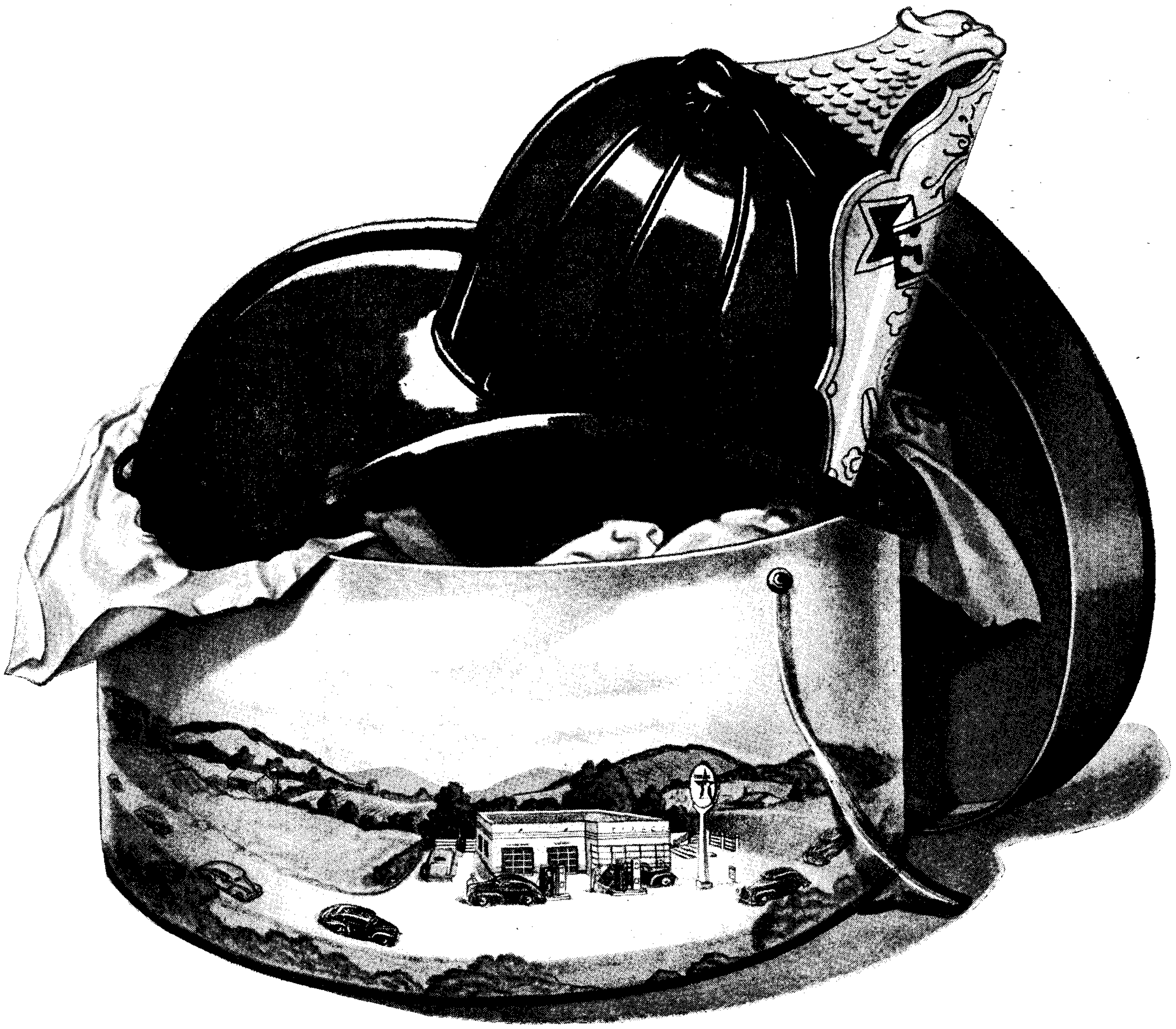
COLLIER'S "Well, Mr. Hanley—we've started the old ball rolling" ROBERT DAY

Styled for Going Places!



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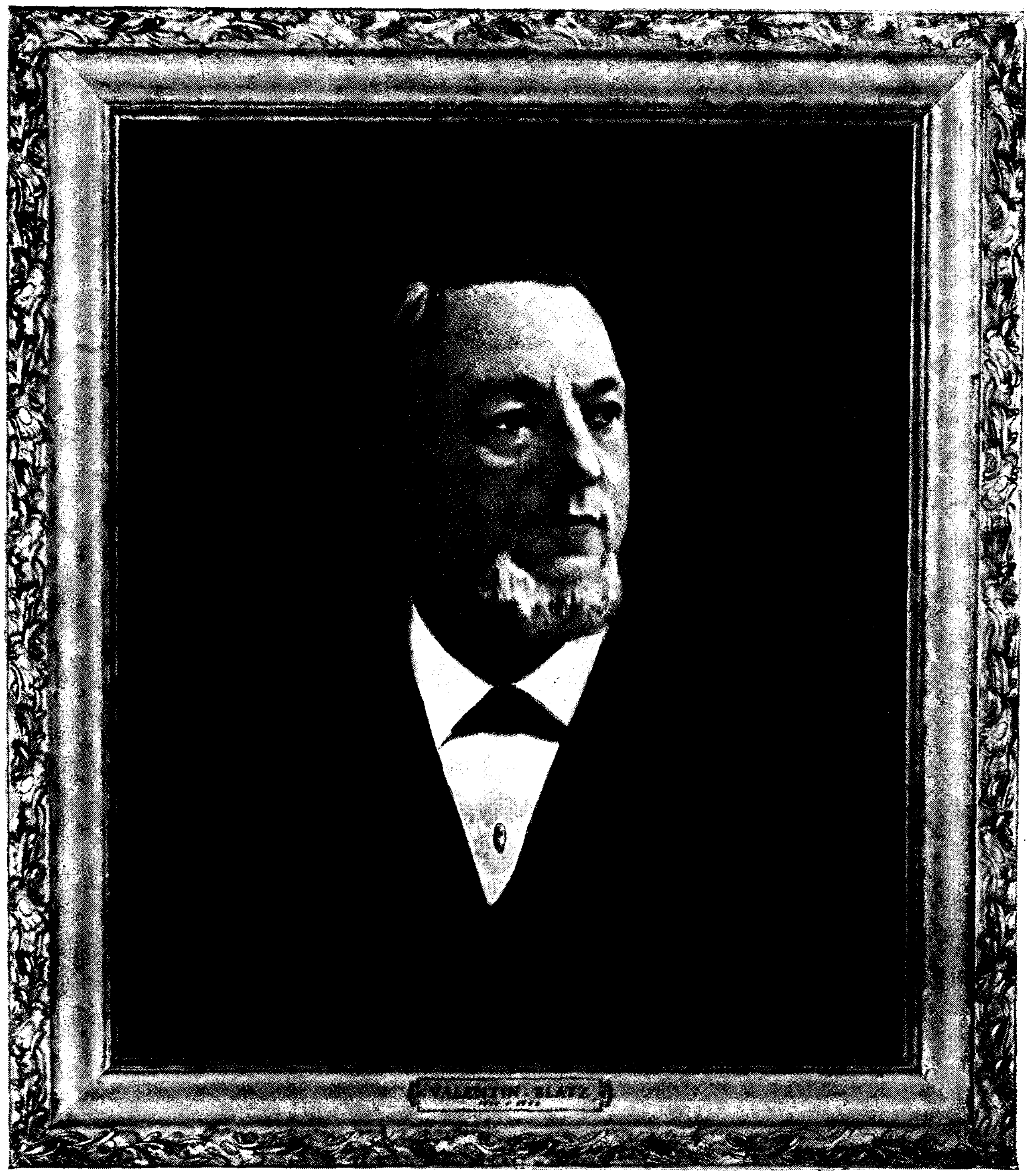
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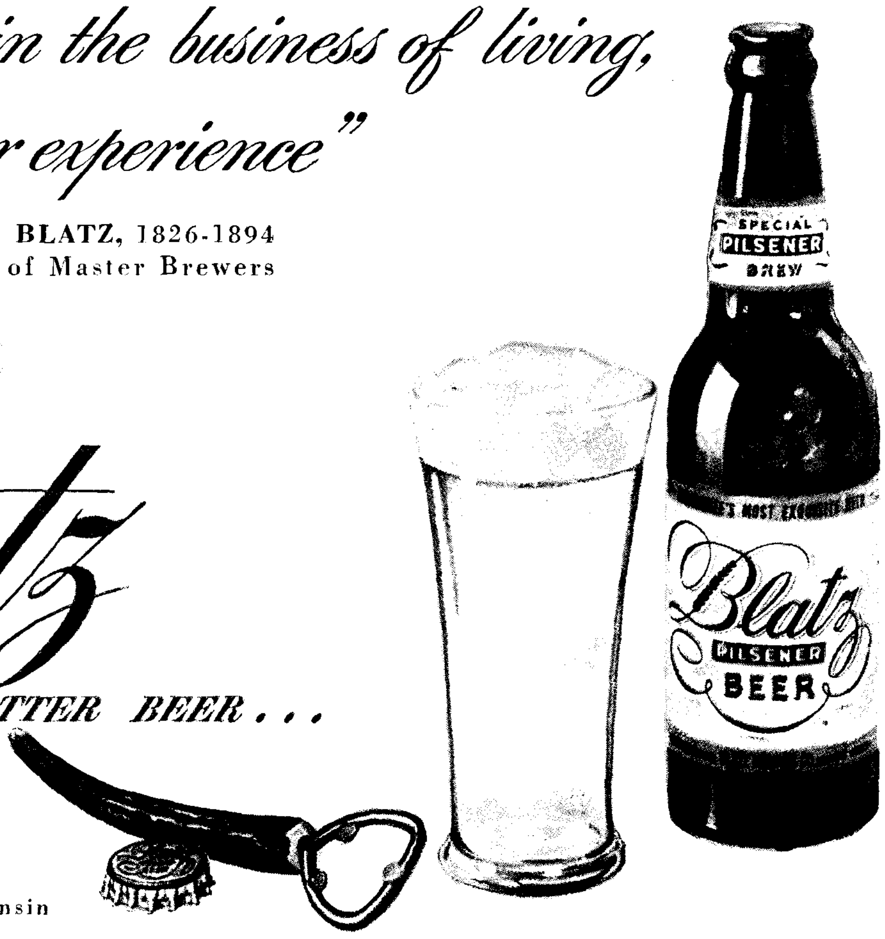
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that stood about them, the small hoard of beings and possessions that constituted a family.

He went downstairs, related to his son the latest official information, plus his private suspicions concerning the hurricane, and then pointed his car back towards the Weather Bureau.

There was little doubt in his deductive, analytical mind that Cullen was with Helen. There was only one way to reach South Island, and that by car, and since Helen had not taken the sedan she must have gone in the car of someone else. Whose but Cullen's? Dan Piper did not consider himself a strong man. A strong man, a man of initiative and action, would drive to South Island and drag his wife home. But Dan knew that this he could not do.

He remained that night in the office, and the next day, and the next night, sleeping on a cot in the basement, and living on sandwiches and coffee. Mr. Dickerson approved. This was usual. This was the way Dan Piper always worked when a hurricane was on the move.

And then Dan lost the hurricane.

THE storm failed to sweep down on the Florida coast on the predicted day, and there were no more reports of it from ships at sea. The very efficiency of the warning service had wrecked its own intelligence. All ships had fled from the area of the storm, and now the hurricane whirled in an indefinite space. It sulked off the coast somewhere between the Bahamas and Bermuda.

Losing contact with the enemy was dangerous and the Army dispatched two sturdy B-25s of its Weather Squadron out of Miami. Only one came back, its crew addled and awed by the physical beating they had absorbed, the rivets bursting from its wings. They brought an alarming report.

The hurricane had veered from the classic path. It had halted and crouched off Jacksonville like an animal selecting a victim. The Weather Squadron sent out a third plane. It found the hurricane moving again. It was advancing on the juicy, thickly populated land that lay north of the Virginia capes. And it was moving fast.

Dan Piper issued a warning that set flying two square red flags with black centers on every staff from Hatteras to Cape Cod. The falling barometers at Norfolk, Baltimore and Philadelphia indicated that the storm would strike soon. All along the coast the tides were rising, for the sea was lifted by an ascendant moon at the same time it was being piled ashore by the wind. When Dan thought of the shore he thought of South Island, and when he thought of South Island he thought of his wife.

South Island was not really an island at all, but a peninsula, joined to the highway north of Ocean City by a narrow road across a strip of sand. Within a few hours it would probably be isolated, as the sea overran the strip. When the storm struck, it would be obliterated. The hurricane could, and probably would, wipe South Island clean of its frail cottages as a single sweep of a cloth wipes dust from a mirror.

He put his head in his hands, rubbed his tired eyes, and tried to visualize the scene at the cottage. Rain would be driving against the windows, and long rollers would be pounding higher and higher up the sands. Helen would have built a fire, and Cullen would be down by the water exposing his hairy chest to the gale, defying the breakers.

"We ought to have a new advisory every quarter hour," said Mr. Dickerson, examining Dan's latest chart.

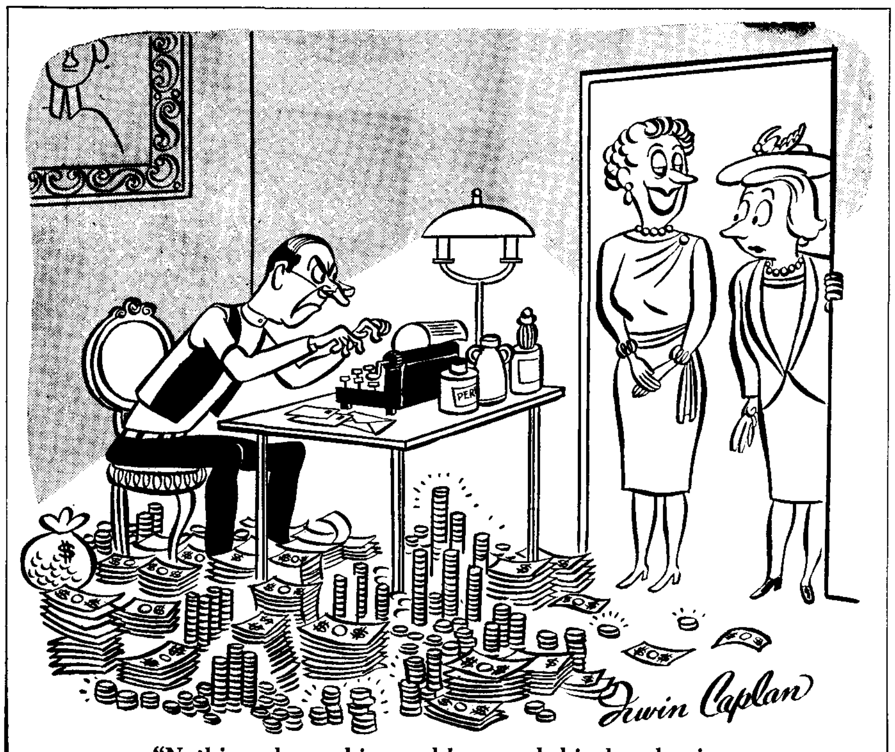
"I'm afraid it's going to slam into the Maryland shore, and then up Delaware Bay," Dan said. His new advisory wouldn't help Helen. The radio at the cottage had been out of whack for three years. Always he had told himself, "I ought to take that radio to town and get it fixed," but somehow it was never done. It was put off until the next week end, or the next summer.

Of course he could telephone them. He had only to lift up the phone and call them. So simple, and so humiliating. It would also be simple not to call, to conspire with the wind and the waves to bring the little cottage down. But he didn't hate Helen, or despise her, or blame her greatly. He felt only the deepest tenderness—and pity. He knew she was a woman intrinsically good, just as he knew Cullen was a man fundamentally bad.

He picked up the telephone and asked for long distance, South Island 21 through Ocean City. The call went through interminable exchanges. Finally an operator said, "Go ahead, Washington," and Dan said, "Hello! Hello. Helen?"

"No, this is Pierrepont Cullen. Who do you want? Who is this?"

"This is Dan Piper," he forced himself to say. "Where's Helen?"



COLLIER'S "Nothing pleases him, and he spends his days buying things that double your money back if not satisfied" IRWIN CAPLAN

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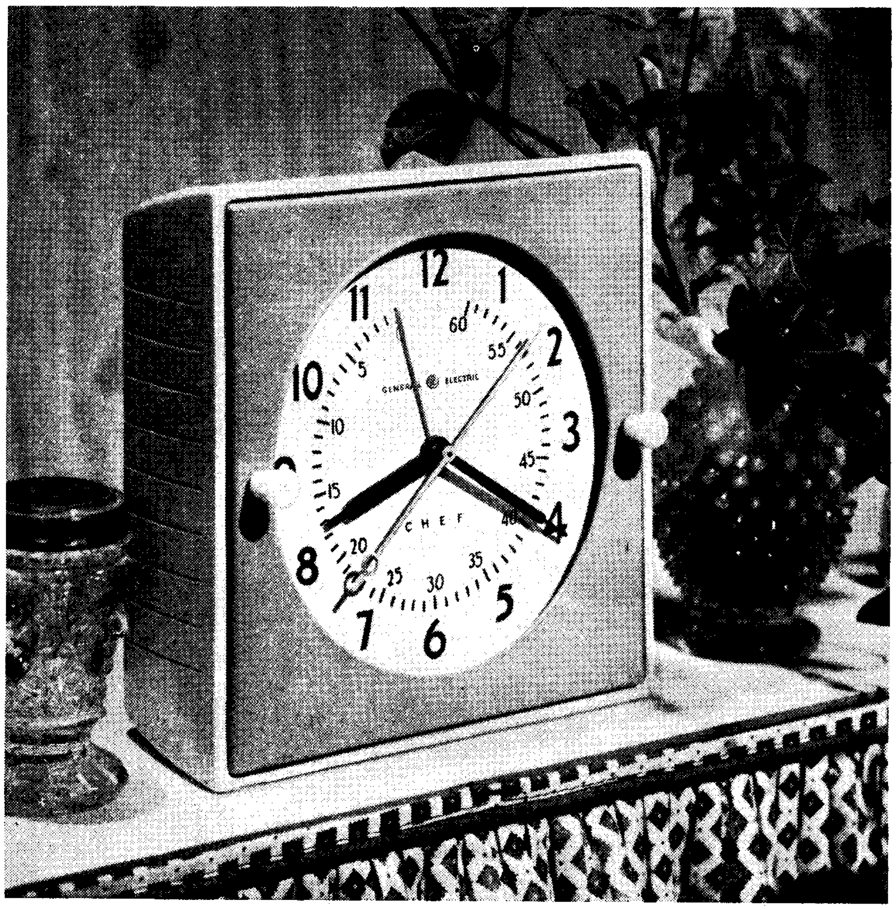

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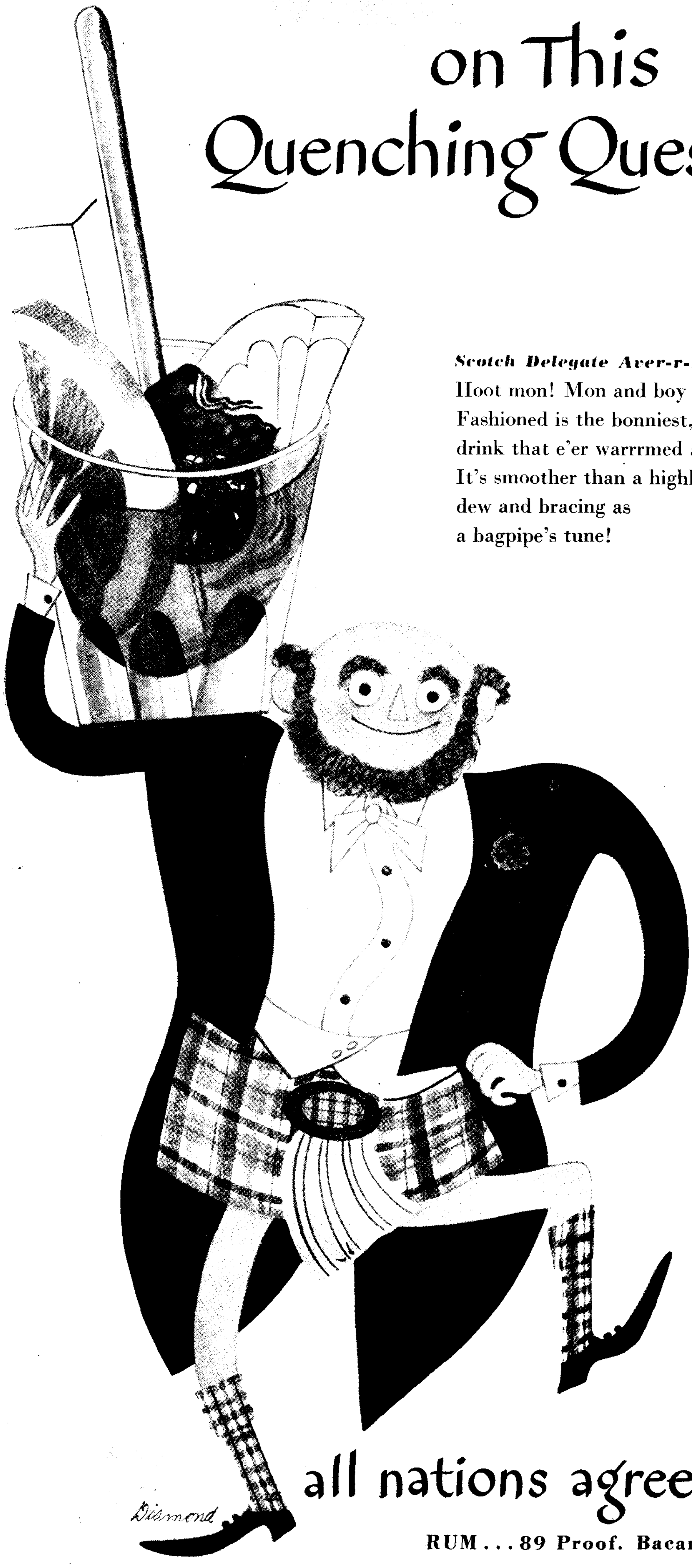

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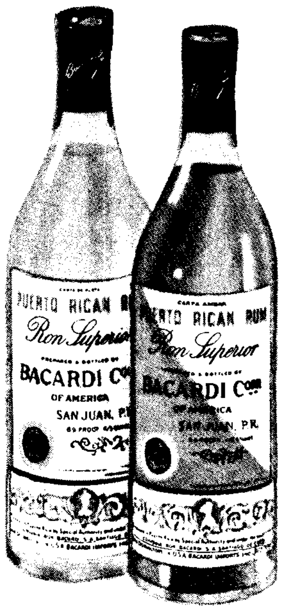

all nations agree— BACARDI

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"She can't come to the phone. She's gone for a walk down the beach. Anyway, I don't think she wants to speak to you, Piper."

This was the point where a strong man would hang up, and condemn both of them. But Dan, who was not a strong man, only said, "Cullen, you'd better find Helen right away, and get off the island. The hurricane is going to hit, and you'll be trapped."

"What kind of a trick is this?" Cullen asked, contempt coating each word.

Dan spoke slowly, gravely. He read the latest advisory. He said that within a very short space of time the water would be over the road, and they would be cut off. In four or five hours, at the next high water, they would likely drown. "Drown, Cullen," he said. "Do you understand that? Drown."

"But I don't know where Helen went!" Cullen said. "All she told me was that she was going for a walk."

That was Helen's way, Dan remembered, to walk alone, bareheaded in the wind, eagerly tasting the salt spray. "For God's sake, find her!" he said. "You'd better find her in a hurry and get out of there!"

"I'll try," Cullen said. "I'll do the best I can." There was no contempt in his voice now. There was near panic.

DAN put down the phone. He had done what he could. He returned to his job, calculating with feverish tempo. An advisory each quarter hour, Mr. Dickerson wanted. His mind, however, swung again and again to South Island. He hoped Cullen would search in the right direction. He hoped Cullen would keep his head. In an hour he again called the cottage. This time there was no reply. For a moment he felt relieved. Cullen had found her, and they had left. Then he thought, perhaps he's still out looking.

Off in the ocean from which all ships had fled something queer was taking place. Norfolk reported a rapidly rising barometer. The same report came from the Coast Guard station at Cape Charles. Mr. Dickerson came to his desk and said, "The barometer here was down to 28.40 an hour ago. Now it's up thirty points. It's rising at about a quarter of an inch an hour. What do you make of it?"

"Could have turned again," Dan said. "Could be moving north. It's an eccentric devil."

Then Cape May said the pressure wasn't falling any more, and Dan was certain. The point of danger was shifting toward New York, toward New England. Everywhere below Cape May, the wind was dying. Dan lifted his warnings from Hatteras to Atlantic City, and extended them northward to Maine, and sent a bulletin to Canada.

That night the hurricane continued its perverse track to the northeast. There were winds of gale force at Halifax, but it blew itself out over Newfoundland the next morning.

At an hour when all of Washington was going to work, Dan went home, his face haggard, untidy stubble on his chin. Mrs. Simpson was insisting that he eat breakfast, and he was insisting he was too tired to eat, when Helen called. "Where are you?" he asked.

"I'm still at South Island," she said.

"But the storm?"

"It wasn't bad, although everyone else on the island was frightened back into the city. And Dan, could you drive down and get me?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, you see, I'm sort of marooned. The Fairchilds drove me down here. Another person drove down yesterday to give me a ride back. But this other person left in a hurry."

"Without telling you?" Dan asked carefully, hoping she would not identify the person.

"Yes. Scuttled off without telling me a thing. I'd gone for a walk down the beach, because, well—because things were unpleasant. When I got back to the cottage there was a note saying I should leave as quickly as possible, because the storm was coming. But of course there wasn't any other way to leave, because everyone else had gone. I suppose they heard the warnings on their radios."

"I see," Dan said.

"And Dan, we ought to get that radio fixed for next summer."

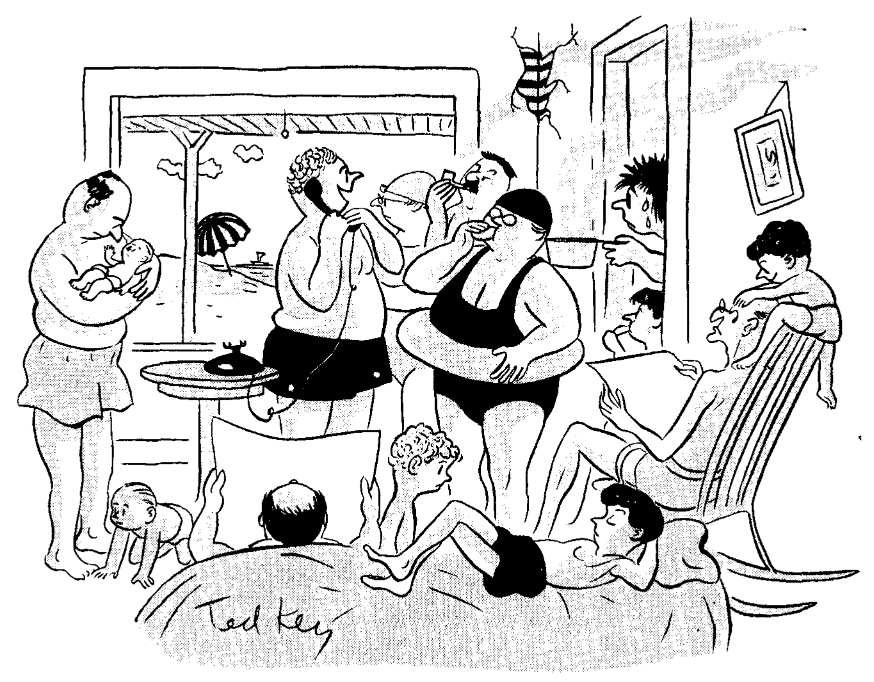
"Next summer," Dan said, "we won't need it. Next summer the cruise ships will be running again. Next summer we're going to Haiti, and Panama, and maybe even Rio."

"Dan, are you too tired to come and get me today? I'm lonesome, Dan. I want to see you."

"I'm not a bit tired. I'll start right after I shave and eat."

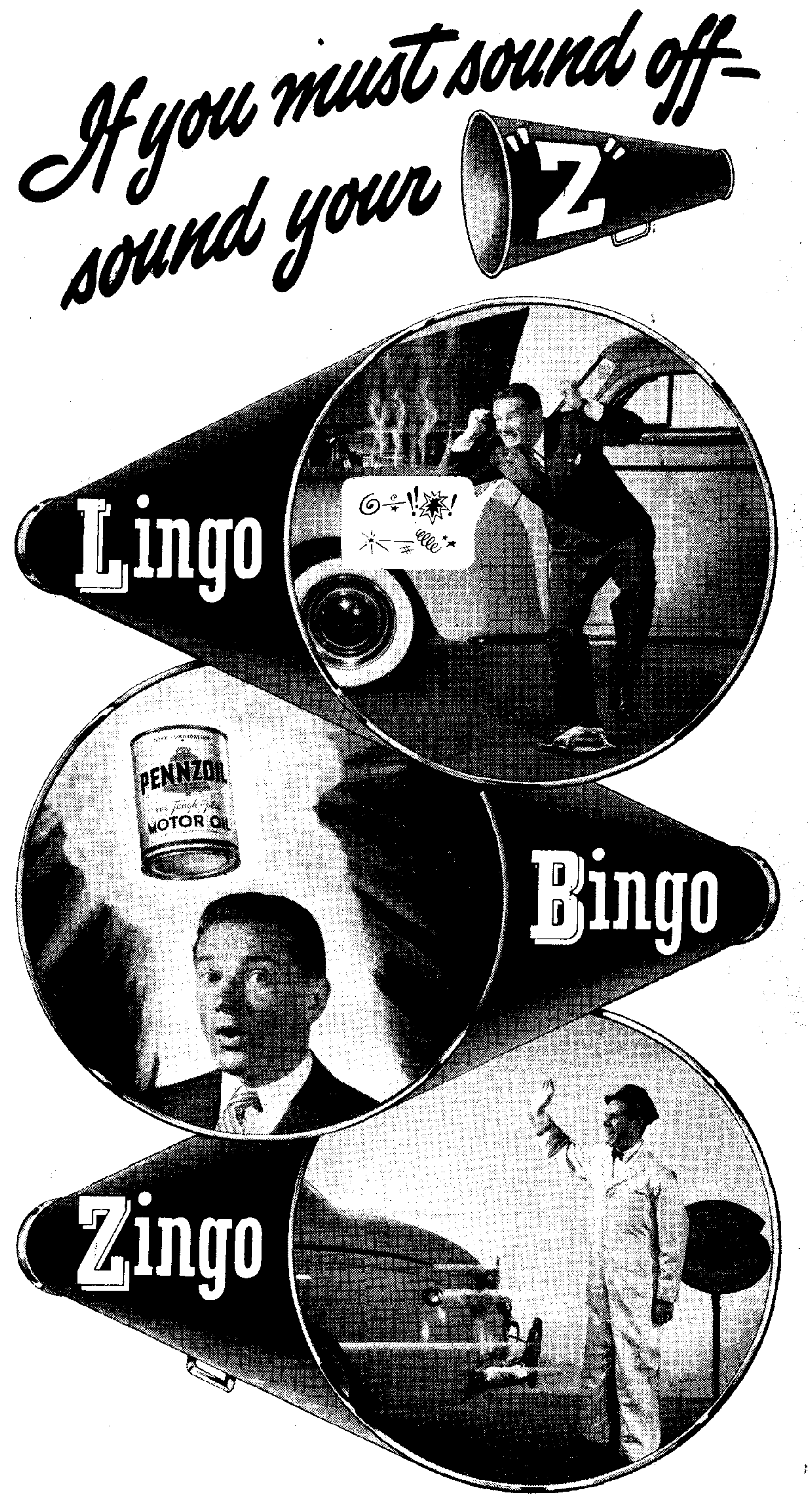
Upstairs Mrs. Simpson was bickering with Penelope about changing her dress, as Dan walked out of the kitchen with a bacon sandwich. He felt at home again. The hurricane had passed.

THE END



"It's Aunt Gertie and Uncle Henry! They're bringing Grannie, Grandpa, Cousin Gloria, Steve, Dave, Chris, the Colin Allens and the Bill Kings"

COLLIER'S TED KEY



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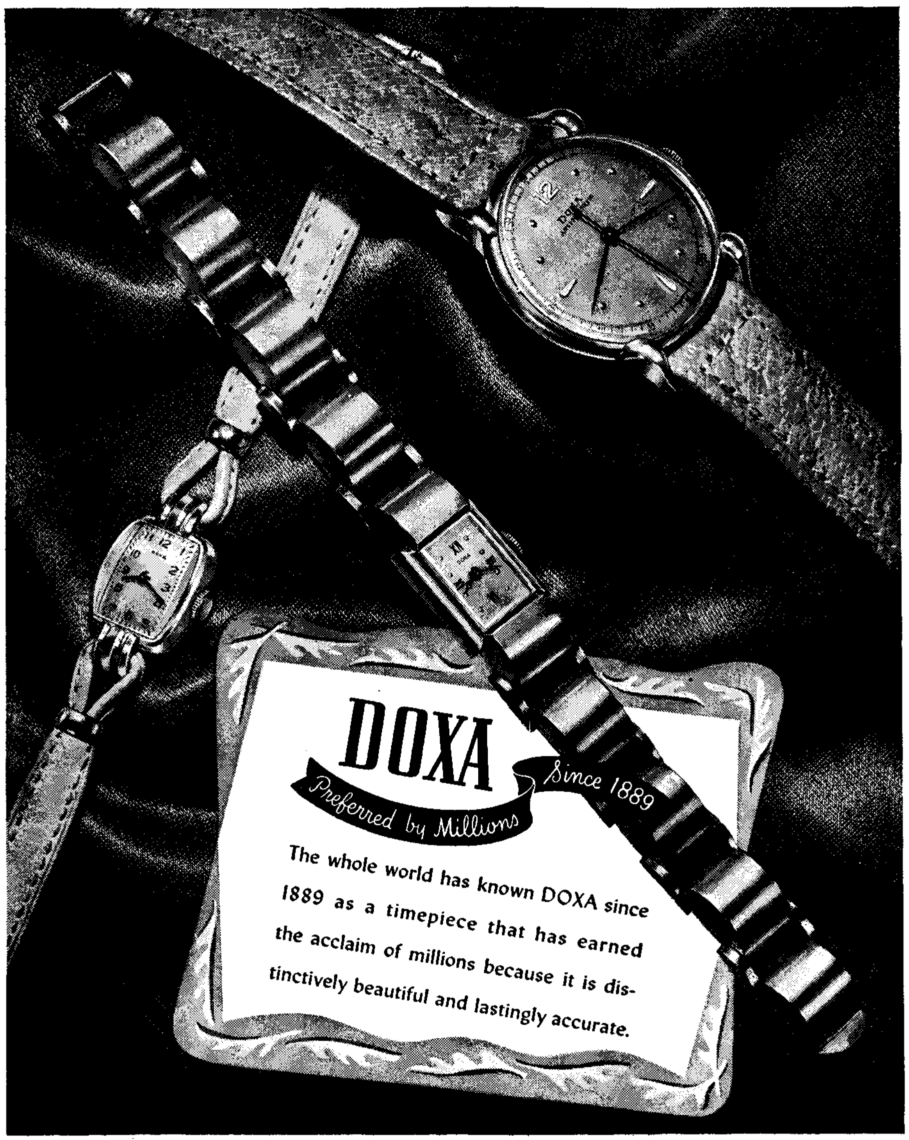

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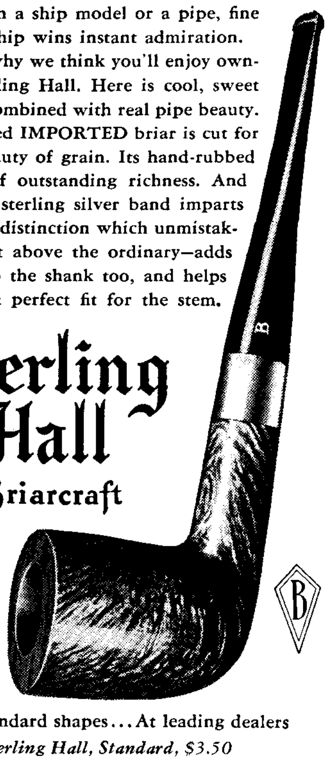
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The Wheels Go Round and Round

Continued from page 20

he had found that carnival life was his meat.

"The carnivals didn't dare charge admission in those days," Whitey explained, "and some nights we'd have the place packed and we wouldn't take in three dollars. They'd just mill around and gape without putting out a cent. They just didn't have it; that's why."

Whitey took us over to interview one of the girls in the posing show.

"Hazel," he said, "tell this fellow what you did that day in Cheyenne."

Hazel turned out to be a quiet, attractive, well-spoken young lady. She was one of four sisters from a little Iowa town, all married to carnies. Their husbands had shows or concessions on the lots and the girls picked up a nice wad in the various shows.

"A hundred and thirty dollars for my share," said Hazel, with no particular pride or elation. As a general thing, we discovered, the girls work for fifteen per cent of the receipts. At two bits a head it will be seen that a rather active entourage seeped through Hazel's tent on that famous Cheyenne day. When things are going well the girls can average twenty-five dollars a day and often get it up to sixty and seventy on a good Saturday night. For the rest of the time, they keep house for their husbands in their trailers and often raise families.

We Learn About Jam Auctions

Bert Gross came along about that time from his latest bout with the public in the jam auction. Mr. Gross did nothing to detract from our opinion that he was a great man. He proved to be an ebullient and expressive young man who might easily have been a great executive in business life.

We asked him about those auctions—"jam auctions"—where you're inveigled into buying all sorts of gaudy things by high-pressure auctioneers with glib persuasive sales lines.

"A couple of fellows brought the jam auction over from Australia back about 1925," said Bert. "We've had cops and district attorneys and everybody else trying to pin something on us but they can't do a thing. It's as straight as a die. We don't promise anything; we keep saying to the people, 'Are you satisfied?' We ask 'em half a dozen times, so they haven't got a leg to stand on. Who, me? Oh, about two, three hundred a week. That's enough. I only do two shows. Sometimes I go off and see a movie and don't open at all. Daytimes I play golf." He shrugged. "What the hell's money, anyway?"

Next was Ben Hyman, who in addition to having a bingo show also lays out the lot for the carnival. It seems that Ben's best day with bingo was at Belle Fourche, South Dakota, where he took in fourteen hundred dollars. He told us something about the headaches of laying out a show.

"Everybody wants on the right-hand side of the Midway," he explained. "That's based on the fact that if you put the ticket booth in the middle of the entrance and have the same space at the right and left to go in, eighty-five per cent of the people will go in by the right side. So we keep a strict schedule, and every time we set up, I switch the concessions around so they'll get an equal crack at the right side."

Ben's son was a captain in the Air Force and fought over Berlin in a Mustang; he had two German planes to his credit and two possibles. He was also the first man who ever saw a V-2 bomb close up. It flashed by his plane over France and his report on it was published widely over the world. He is one of the few carnival sons who is not following the game. Since coming out of the Army he has been going to college in San Antonio and doing radio announcing at night.

This brought on some recital of how the carnival people were looking after their ex-servicemen and it turned out that the Showmen's League of America had raised ninety thousand dollars as a bonus for them, which means that some of the returned veterans get as much as five hundred dollars in addition to their Army mustering-out pay.

"You never have to worry about a carnie," said Whitey. "Every winter there's a fellow in San Antone who gets into me for as much as twenty-five hundred but I never worry. Sometime along in the summer a money order will come and there it is."

Carnivals, even the smaller ones, operate much like circuses, with advance men, bill posters, boss canvasmen and legal adjusters. The advance man starts out well ahead to pick the towns and make the deals for local auspices. This latter is very important because when the American Legion or the Elks are getting a share of the receipts they are interested in "squaring the beefs."

The larger carnivals put their efforts to getting contracts with the big fairs. This business is enormous, as can be imagined when it is known that Kansas alone has a hundred fairs. The biggest carnivals are the Royal American Shows, Al Wagner's Cavalcade of Amusements and the Johnny J. Jones Exposition. They are railroad shows and Wagner has sixty cars, not to mention the Pullmans that carry the performers and concessionaires.

Statistics on the Industry

According to Pat Purcell of Billboard, there are approximately three hundred and fifty carnivals beating the trails up and down the country. The smallest outfit will generally carry twelve rides and eight shows and employ around seventy-five people. The larger carnivals use as many as five hundred people and conduct themselves as big-league units. None of these figures include the concessions, the euphemistic name which covers all the gambling wheels and other devices for seeing that a "mark" and his money are soon parted. At a conservative estimate, there are fifty thousand people actively engaged in the carnival business.

Some of the grosses made seem almost unbelievable. At Quebec last summer, one carnival grossed eighty-seven thousand dollars in six days from admissions, shows and rides. There is no way of estimating what the concessions took in. The Royal American Shows did a twenty-seven-thousand-dollar business in one day at the Mississippi State Fair last year, this at twenty-five-cent prices for rides and shows. The Hennies Brothers did a hundred and three thousand dollars for six days at the Alabama State Fair at Birmingham last summer. This is money that would make Broadway turn green, and, as said before, it doesn't include the take from the "take-a-chance" devices.

With the smaller shows the proprietor merely owns the "rides"—that is, the merry-go-round, Ferris wheel, Octopus, Roll-o-Plane or Fly-o-Plane—and takes on the shows and concessions on percentage. He does the booking, furnishes the free act, takes care of transportation and bookkeeping and keeps the town "marks" appeased through his legal adjuster. For that he takes a third of the concessions' business. This is naturally on a catch-as-catch-can basis because nobody in the world could trace all the ramifications of business on a "wheel." As one manager said ruefully to a con-

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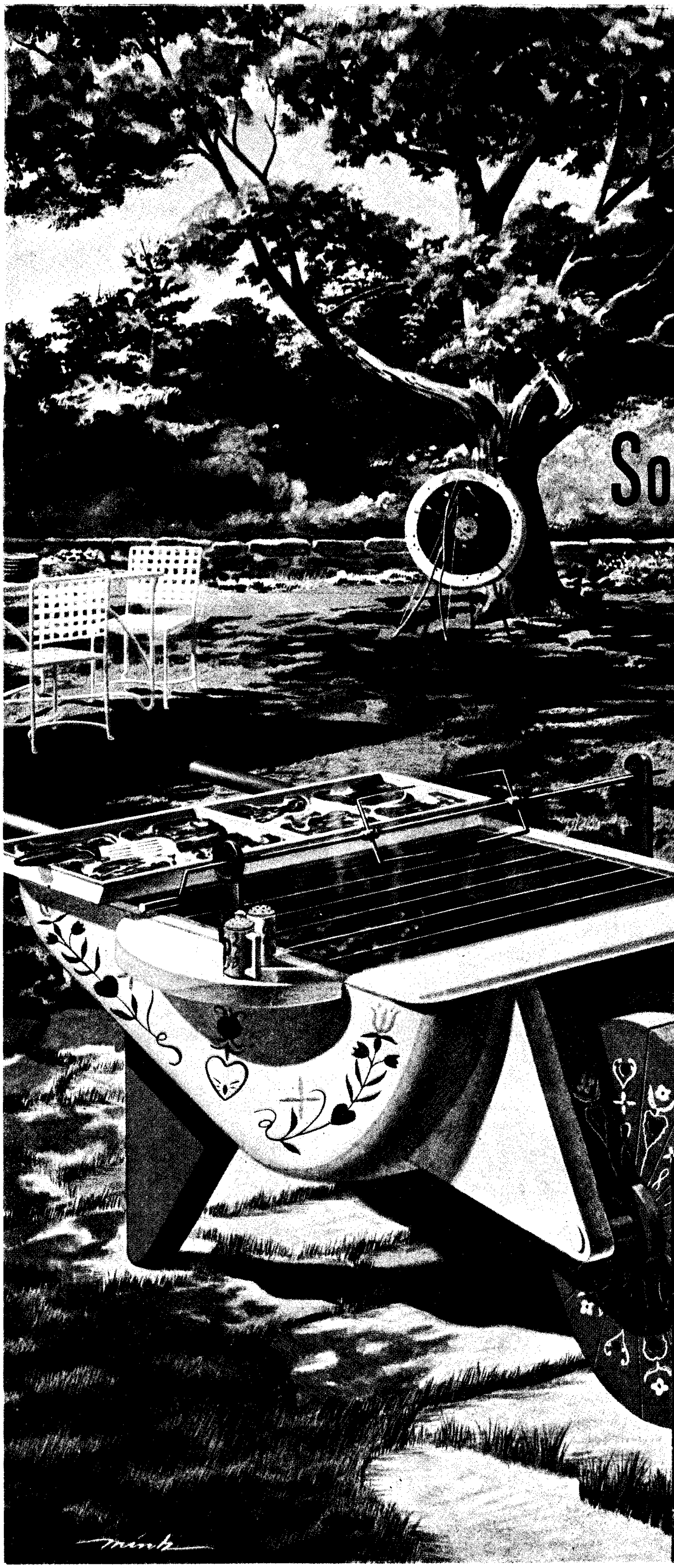

If in September
You wish to remember
Your friends with a barbecue
You make the most
Of being host
By serving Old Thompson, too.
H. E. Kelley

So perfect for that party

Attention, charcoal chefs and Bachelors of Barbecue! When you're entertaining in the yard, play your trump card by serving Old Fashioneds—first. But be sure they're made the right way, with Old Thompson. For "Thompson", a better blend for better drinks, means Glenmore quality plus the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky.

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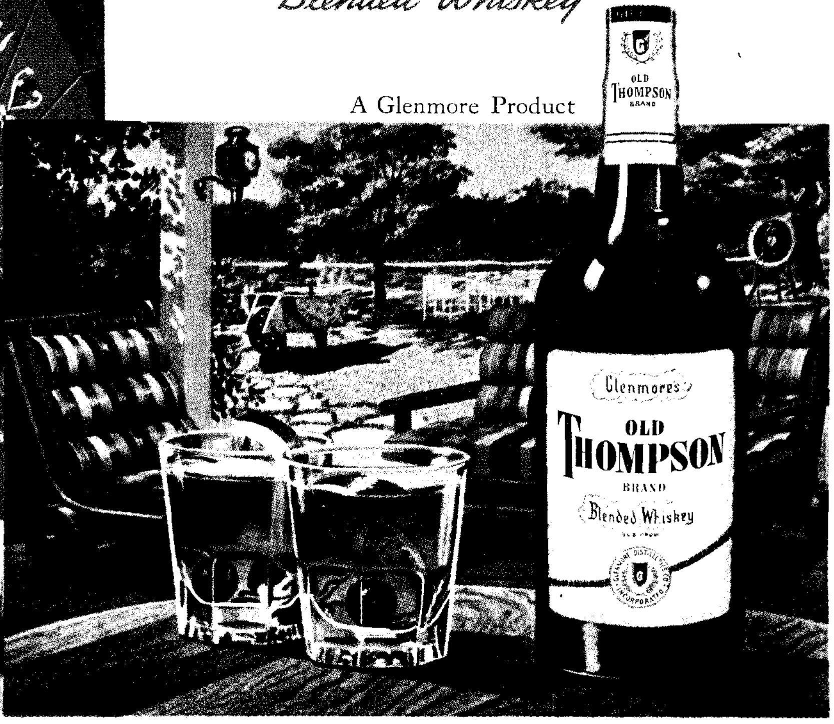

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

cessionaire: "I'll settle for ten per cent of what you *didn't* give me out of what you ought to have given me."

Sometimes the owner carries his own posing show, hula show, revue, minstrel, monkey, life or snake show, but in most cases they are also concessions.

There are endless variations of such shows, all based on gambling. The "flash" is there as an attraction but the customers soon find out they are being paid their winnings in real money and that is when the pastime really begins. It will surprise the pure-minded to learn that the man who operates a wheel in a tiny booth has a large overhead for hired help. It takes seven and eight men to run that concession, the extras being what circus people call "shills" but which the carnies refer to as "sticks." The "sticks" mingle in the crowd, play the wheel, act grievously hurt or frenetically excited, depending upon their fortune, and have a word of advice for local inhabitants who get itchy fingers at seeing the fortunes to be won with such ease.

"It's all because everybody has a touch of larceny," explains Whitey. "I've only met one exception. It was an old farmer in Iowa who put two bits on the wheel and won. I started to push out a dollar but he held his hand up and said, 'No, sir, it ain't fair me takin' that money; you can't make a livin' that way.' I assured him I was doing all right but I couldn't sway him. Everybody else takes it, thinking they're getting away with a steal. They just can't resist it—and that's when they start bucking the wheel.

Nudging the Odds a Bit Higher

The result of that is almost invariably disastrous. Whitey assured us with his hand on his heart that the customers bucked only the usual odds that are always in favor of the wheel, but there are students of the profession who declare that the percentage gets a little nudging from manipulation in such transactions. We received some confirmation of this from another wheel operator who was showing us some Pendleton blankets for our admiration.

"Twenty-seven bucks wholesale," said he, holding one out before him proudly.

"You must feel pretty sore when somebody wins one of those from you," we said sympathetically.

He looked at us with an expression mixed in equal parts of surprise, horror and indignation.

"Buddy," he said sharply, "nobody ain't never goin' to win one of them there off'n *me!*"

The fact that the monetary success of carnivals is based on gambling has brought a new policy toward the investing public. No longer do the carnival people answer all complaints with a swinging tent stake or an iron coupling pin. The wheel operators have steeled themselves to take even the most pointed recriminations from the "marks" with humble submissiveness. When it gets beyond human endurance, they may sometimes step out from behind the counter and pop the complainant on the button, but ordinarily they will leave all such matters to the "legal adjuster."

If it is a serious "beef" which might entail the appearance of the law, the adjuster gets in immediate touch with his local committee and has a heartful discussion with the sheriff or whatever. There is often a meeting of minds and sometimes a meeting of palms.

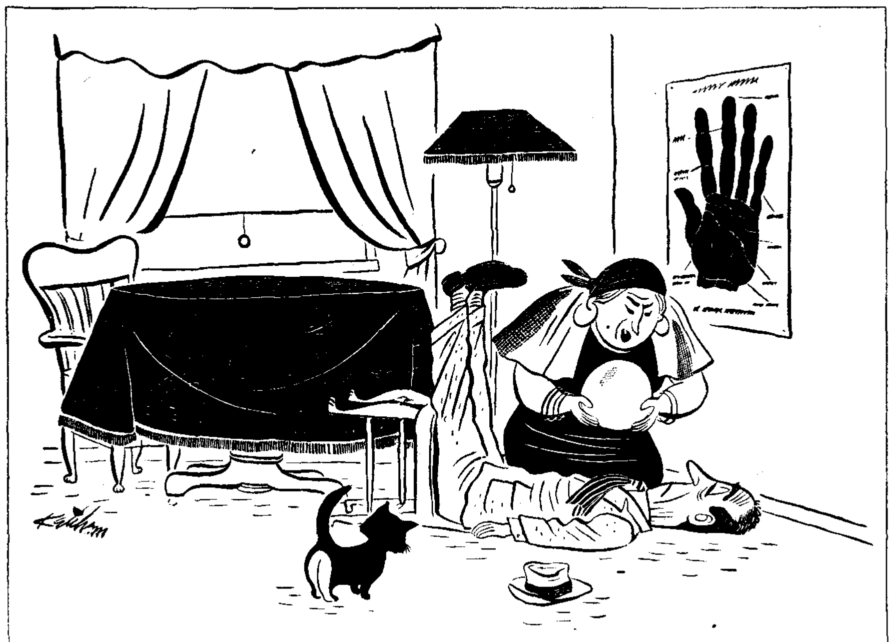
In the interests of history, we sought to discuss his duties with a legal adjuster named Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith assured us urbanely that the old days were a thing of the past. A carnival now was an established and honorable business in which relationships with communities were built up on a firm basis of friendship and fair dealing. In a tentative voice we mentioned the word "fixing," but Mr. Smith turned on us a limpid eye which convicted us immediately of possessing an evil mind. He shook his head slowly and sadly as if reproving a beloved but naughty child.

We were withdrawing from the encounter somewhat shamefacedly when a concessionaire came alongside and said, "I heard you talking to Smith. Don't let him Hoosier you around. They put in the fix all over the place."

Such difference of opinion makes it difficult for a layman to arrive at the truth but it has been rather well established that no amount of warning can curb the gambling fever of well-heeled Americans. They operate on the principle of the old joke: "I know it's crooked but it's the only wheel in town," and continue slapping their money on the counter. Carnivals have now reached a point in attractiveness when they can afford to charge admission to the grounds.

It is estimated that a carnival can break even on the admissions and the rides; the rest is gravy and it comes in large, capacious tureens. We are informed that during the late lush years, carnivals with seven or eight trucks and only the minimum of plain amusements and a mediocre free act have arrived at the main base in winter with a cache as large as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This has been done in the face of greatly increased labor rates. In the old days a workman (called roustabout in a circus) was paid his buck a day and was glad to get it. He now gets from thirty-five to fifty dollars a week and no-



COLLIER'S "If you think that was bad—listen to this!" HANK KETCHAM

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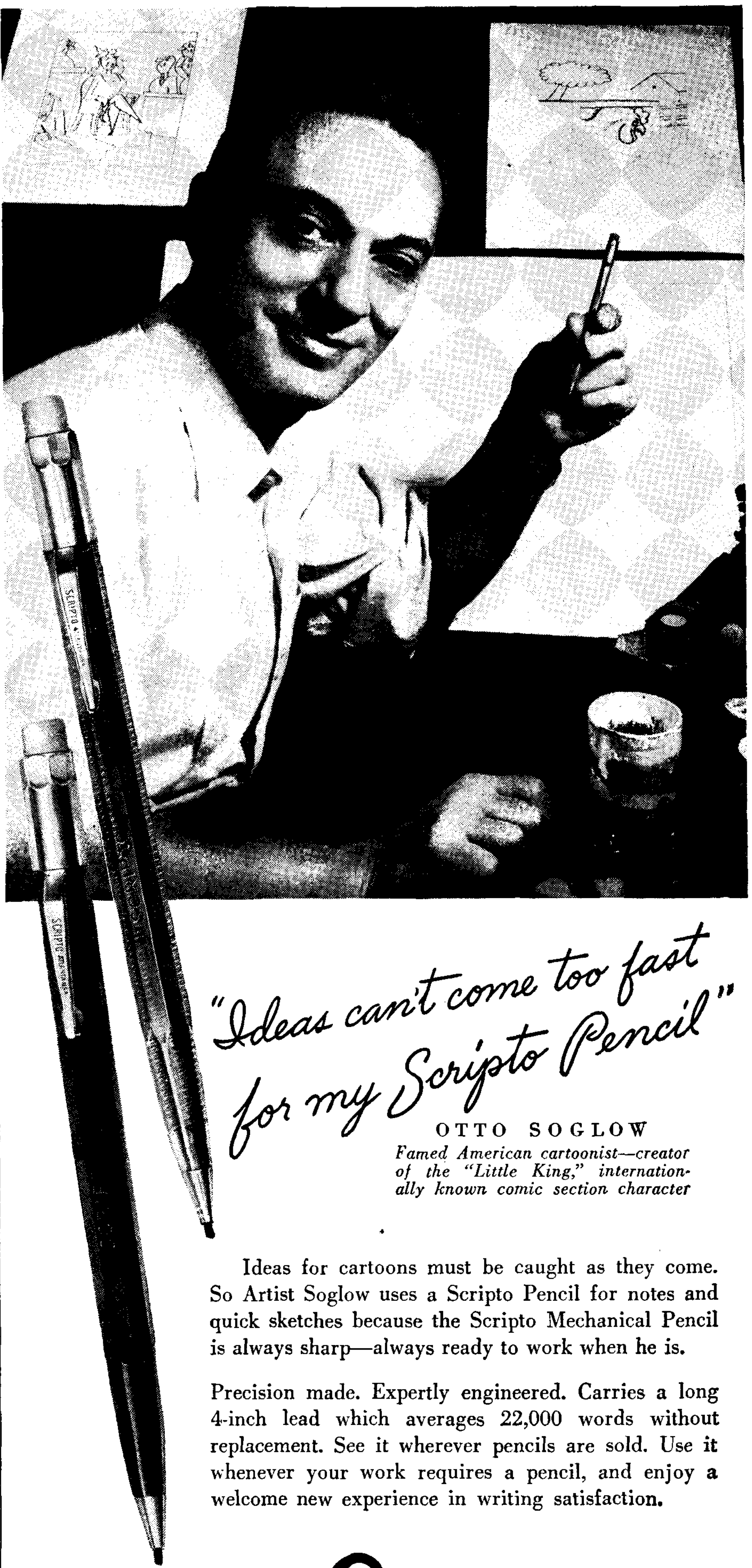

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body is the loser. The picture gallery lady previously mentioned pays her darkroom man seventy dollars a week. Since hotel rooms and boarding houses are now filled everywhere, the carnival personnel travels by trailer. Since many of them winter in the South, the trailers become their homes the year around.

The winters are the happy vacation days of the carnies and the reason why few of them die rich. They lay off for four months and live almost exactly as they do in the summer, getting up at noon or later and starting their evening's entertainment at midnight.

The Showmen's Club at San Antonio is one meeting place for the clan and they arrive there punctually every night, seemingly not irked at all by seeing the same old faces. With them are their children and the place is like a big country picnic, endlessly protracted. So few of them have permanent homes that their only address is ℅ Billboard, which carries on a letter-forwarding service of truly astonishing proportions.

By some mysterious system every carnie seems to know every other carnie, whether their paths ever cross or not. If they belong to the Showmen's League (others belong to the National Showmen's Association or the Showfolks of America), the big event is the annual meeting and banquet in Chicago. It is here that most of the big deals for fairs are made.

But such esoteric matters are of little moment to the gentleman operating the wheel, the backbone of the carnival. He can often do better in Socorro, New Mexico, than he can in Milwaukee.

Strenuous attempts have been made to romanticize the carnival but they have failed because carnival people are rarely performers. They are business people engaged in relieving good burghers of their excess profits, and it is difficult to generate an emotional perspiration out of such material. Like every antisocial group, they have built up a vocabulary of their own which can be very mystifying if used in concentrated form to baffle an outsider, but in general it consists of a few special words vividly descriptive of their daily problems.

When a carnie meets up with a new carnival, he merely marches through the gate and says, "I'm with it." If a manufacturer advertises to carnival people, he may say, "Wheel operators, if you are really with it, don't miss this item." A Broadway show (Are You With It?) has capitalized on the phrase and it has become generally known as the rallying cry of the carnies.

The carnies are a small world of their own and if they are not alluring in a romantic sense, they are loyal to themselves and almost fanatically self-centered. The outer world seems to mean nothing to them and only rarely does one pass over. They are pleasant enough to outlanders and seem to have no resentment at their presence in carnie circles, but they lack that desire for the larger world that keeps so many otherwise decent people in a fret of envy. They are with it and that's enough for them.

Farewell to the Carnies

They were certainly with it that Sunday morning when we left them. The townspeople had long since trundled themselves off to bed but the carnival was now just getting started for the people who worked it. The cook house was jammed and sounds of revelry could be heard from every trailer. One was being host to a crap game; another held the poker players; still another was filled with sounds that indicated liquor, laughter and melody.

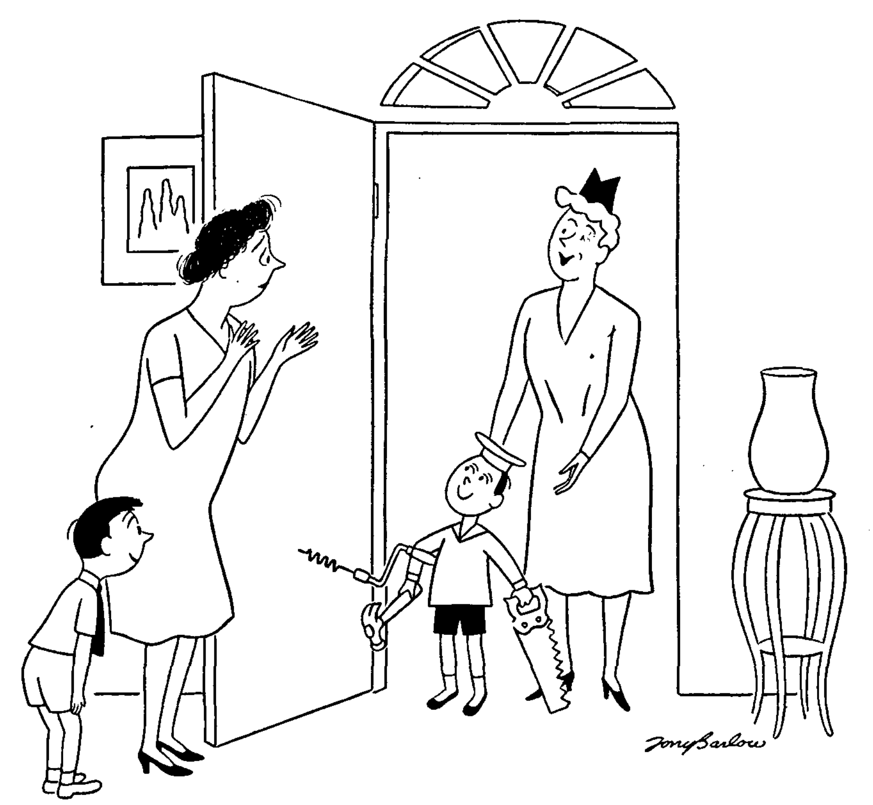
Like all people who make a living by gambling, the carnies are inveterate gamblers among themselves. They gamble steadily while on the road and keep doggedly at it all winter when they're hibernating. By some strange law of diminishing returns the total amount of money seems to evaporate through use. At any rate, most carnies start each new season broke. They figure on getting a new wad in short order and in recent years that has been no problem whatever.

When we were leaving the lot, we passed near a truck on which they were loading what seemed to be bundles of sticks. They were tent poles and long slabs of wood, each bundle tied up neatly. These were the concession booths.

"From that miserable bunch of lumber," said our guide proudly, "this show probably made seventy-five thousand dollars last year. I'm not saying what the wheel operators made."

He looked at the scantlings with respect and then turned to look at us. His gaze seemed to indicate his feeling that anybody not "with it" was slightly devoid of good sense.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Junior insisted on bringing some of his toys along" TONY BARLOW

I know flavor
Been cooking all my life. And I go for this delicious, long-lasting Beech-Nut Gum the way the family goes for my apple pie.
ALWAYS REFRESHING
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THE YEAR 'ROUND —IN A HURRY!
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WITH a Harder-Freez in your home, you can enjoy a lusty game or fish dinner any time you choose—*and on a moment's notice!*

What's more, you can keep all kinds of favorite foods on hand, with their original flavor and goodness frozen right in. Large 12 cu. ft. capacity. Chest model illustrated. Amazing low price! Experienced manufacturer.

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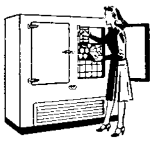

Upright Model

For Food at its Best—
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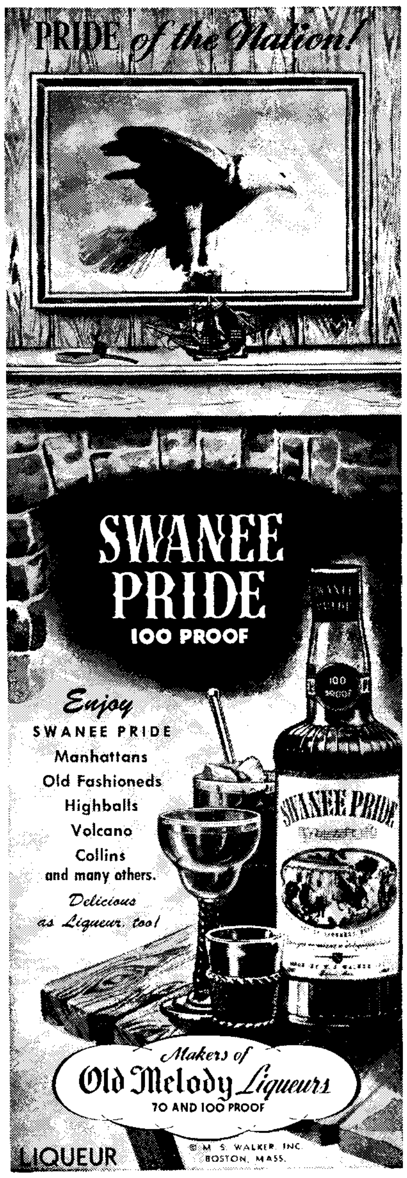
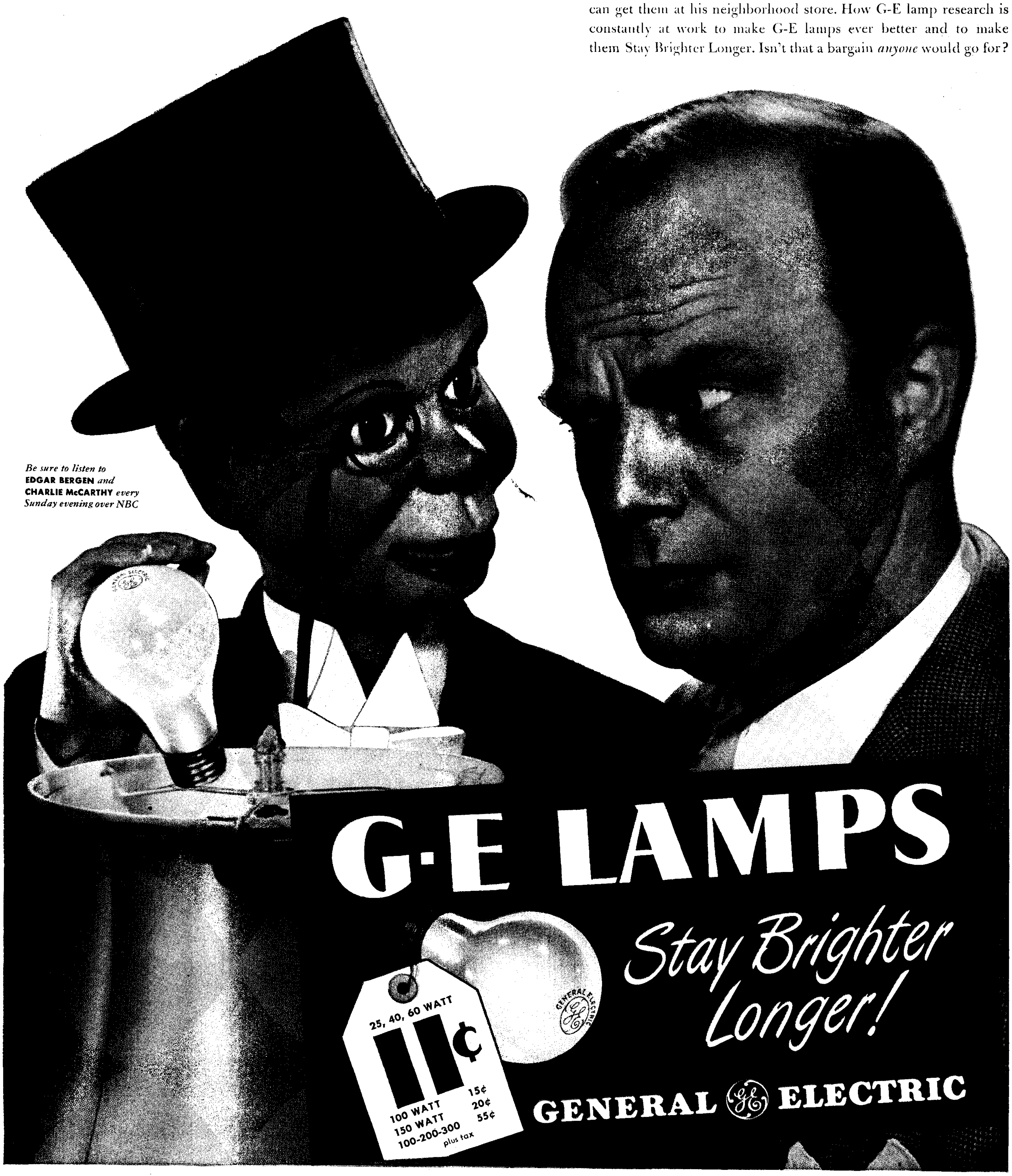


"On my allowance, Bergen, I gotta be a Bulbsnatcher!"

YOU'RE wrong, Charlie—with G-E lamp bulbs costing so little, nobody has to rob one light socket to fill another. Why, any woodenhead knows a dollar buys a whole reserve stock of General Electric lamp bulbs. So don't let Bergen put words in your mouth. Tell him what bulbsnatching leads to—how it can make people strain their eyes, bark their shins in the dark, get so mad they tear their hair! Then tell him how little G-E lamp bulbs cost. How he can get them at his neighborhood store. How G-E lamp research is constantly at work to make G-E lamps ever better and to make them Stay Brighter Longer. Isn't that a bargain *anyone* would go for?

Be sure to listen to **EDGAR BERGEN** *and* **CHARLIE McCARTHY** *every Sunday evening over NBC*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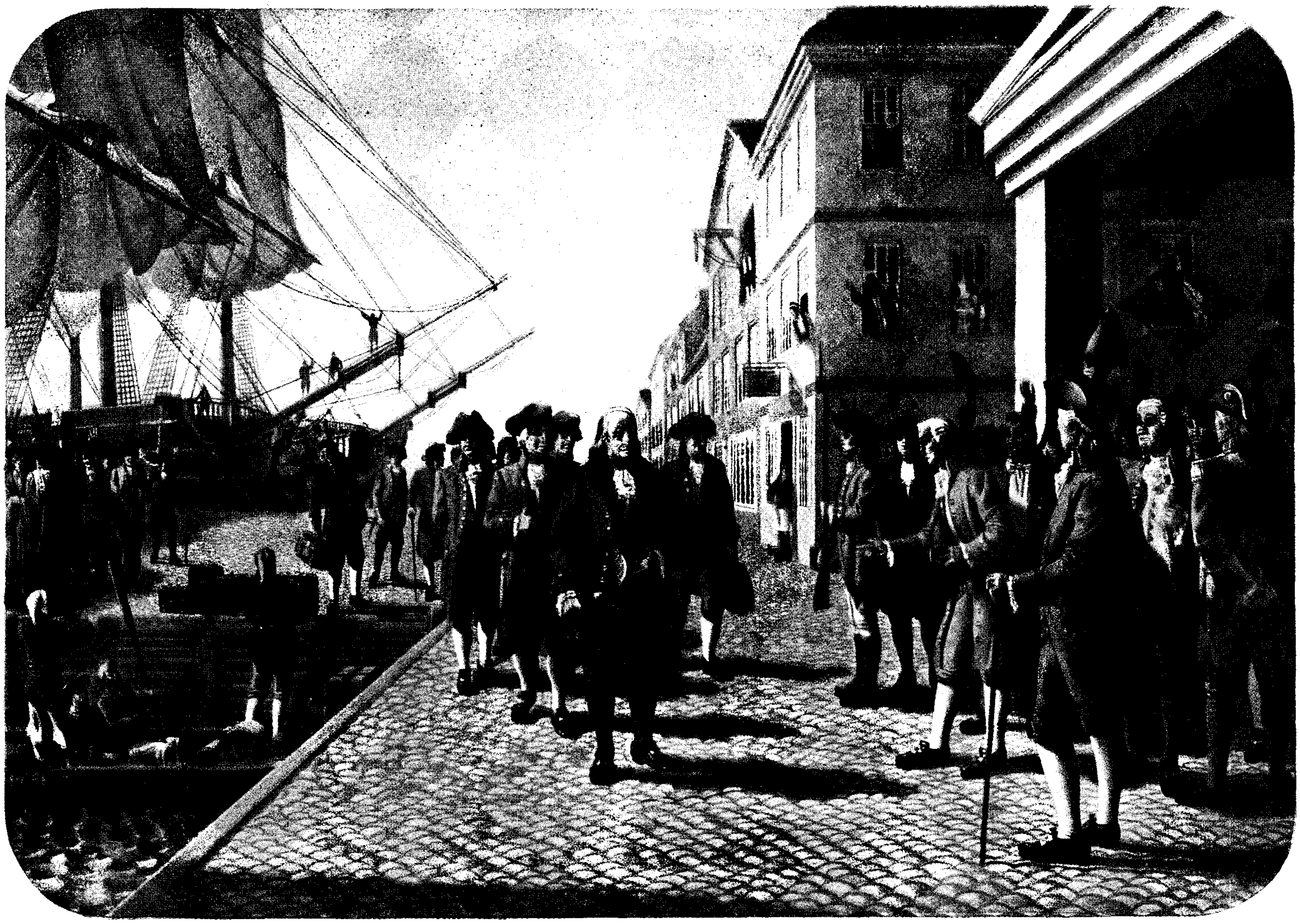

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TRIUMPHAL ARRIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA FROM EUROPE, SEPTEMBER 14, 1786*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

"We landed at Market Street wharf, where we were received by a crowd of people with huzzas, and accompanied by acclamations quite to my door..."

—ENTRY IN FRANKLIN'S *JOURNAL* SEPTEMBER 14, 1786

Nurtured by the congenial atmosphere of Colonial Philadelphia, great personalities flowered. They created proud traditions, such as that famed heritage of hospitality, sustained today by Philadelphia Blend, "The Heritage Whisky." Here is a whisky of noble character, mild, and of winning flavor. You might justly reserve such whisky for special occasions, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky

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CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"— *The Heritage Whisky*— Famous Since 1894

Stranger Than Truth

Continued from page 13

garret, that principle will warm you."

"But suppose I let them set a precedent this time, how much authority can I expect in the future?"

"Does it matter?"

"Does it matter!" I cried.

She blew her nose daintily on a soiled handkerchief. "What makes you so different, Don Quixote, from your fellow prisoners in this steam-heated dungeon? Why should you enjoy the luxury of getting your own way when the rest of us make daily obeisance before Munn and Barclay?"

"I've never noticed you doing it, Lola."

"I don't have to. They can't fire me. I happen to know where the body's buried."

"Perhaps I'd better find myself a body."

"It oughtn't to be hard. There are probably plenty of 'em rotting in the crypts."

THE door had opened softly. Someone was standing behind my chair. I turned hopefully, but it was not Eleanor. Munn's secretary had come in. She smiled contemptuously and said, "He'll see you now, Mr. Ansell."

I started out. As I held the door for Munn's secretary, Lola blew me a kiss. "Come back when it's over and I'll provide consolation." She jerked her thumb toward the lower drawer and winked.

"Come in, come in," Munn called jovially. "Sit down, won't you? Are you comfortable there?"

That was Munn, glib and unctuous. The smile was too quick, the voice too smooth. He loved himself, he was a success, a male secretary who had become a big executive. He had a clown's mouth, red as paint and curving like the crescent moon. When he laughed the muscles of his cheeks never moved. It was as if his mouth had its own life, independent of his face. His hair had grown thin. A peak descended to his forehead but on the sides it scalloped off. He had angular eyebrows and narrow, restless eyes. His desk was immaculate. On the wall hung numerous photographs lovingly autographed by Noble Barclay.

He offered me a cigarette.

"I don't smoke Turkish," I told him and took out my own. He leaned over to light one for me. I waited for him to open the conversation.

After a while he said, "You wanted to see me about something, Ansell?"

"You know damn' well what I've come to talk to you about." I waved the crumpled memo. "We're supposed to be going to press today."

He nodded. "I've noticed before, Ansell, that you always wait till the last possible moment before putting through an important story."

"*I* wait? Look, Munn, that story was held in your office for almost three weeks. Look at the date on the manuscript. You're on top here, you're the supervising editor and general manager. Why did you hold the story until the day we go to press and then reject it with a sappy memo? For once in your life, Munn, someone's asking you for a reason."

Munn watched his smoke rings drift toward the ceiling. "I don't quite understand your complaints, Ansell. Most of our editors find that the organization functions efficiently."

"Damn it!" I shouted. "You can't do that to me. You know I can't put the magazine to bed without an Unsolved Mystery."

"Have you no other copy to substitute?"

"The illustrations have been made. The plates are all ready."

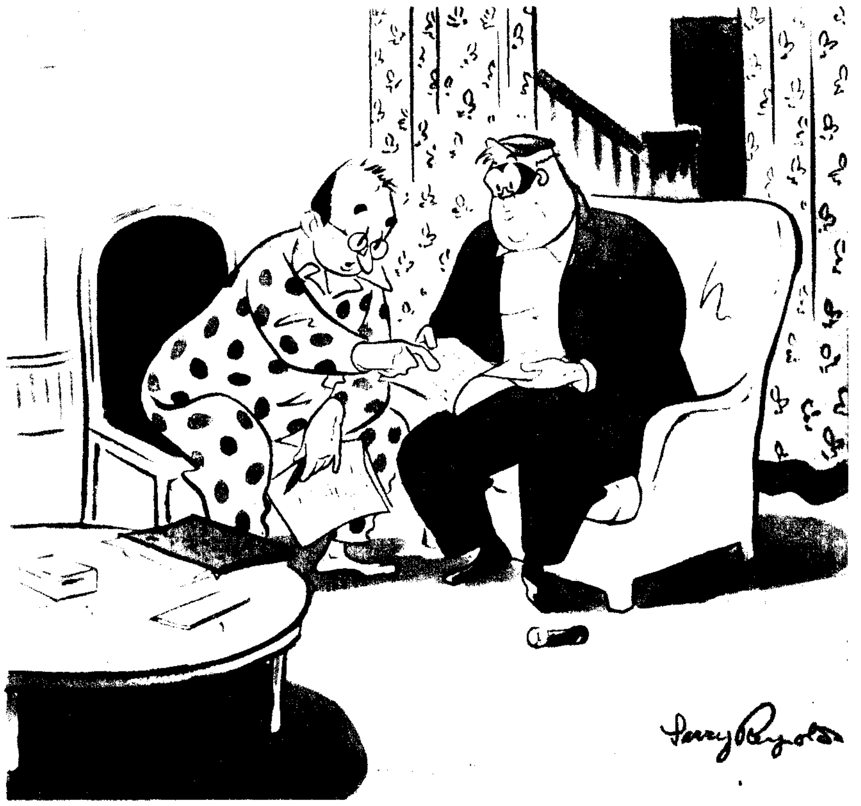
"We can get cuts made overnight. Have you no other Unsolved Mystery, Ansell?"

I jumped up and pounded on his desk with both fists. "There's nothing wrong with that story. Why are you sabotaging it?"

He nodded toward the crumpled memo. "You're aware of my objections."

"I don't entirely agree with you, Mr. Munn."

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Now with this policy you receive $25 per month at age 65"

COLLIER'S

"I'm sorry, Ansell," he said.

Out in the general office, the typewriters were clicking again. I heard laughter to my left, which was the direction of the Truth and Love office, and I wondered whether Eleanor had returned from the studio, and what Lola had told her. Would Eleanor also think me a solemn young fool, or would she admire a man who fought for his rights?

"Look," I said to Munn, in a moderate conversational tone, "I don't want to be stubborn about this. You're right about those cracks at correspondence schools. I'll simply state that this particular course was a phony. But where the liquor is concerned, you haven't a leg to stand on. How can we, in our editorial columns, pretend that liquor doesn't exist, when three of our magazines are running wine ads?"

"I believe that you were absent from the conference at which we discussed the matter."

"I didn't miss the piece in Truth and Health that said that wine, taken at meals in moderate quantities, is a vitamin-packed food and provides antidote against the craving for stronger liquor. And in the next issue of Truth, I understand—"

"I didn't know that you were so well acquainted with the contents of our other publications."

"Such a drastic change in policy can't go unnoticed. Look, Mr. Munn—"

"*Look,* Ansell. I'm astonished at you, a professional writer, abusing the English language in that manner. You ask me to look. What am I to look at? Don't you mean to employ the verb, to listen?"

I was going crazy. You could never argue with Munn. He was always like that, going off the main path, scooting down some dark alley.

"Listen, if that's what you prefer. I'll merely mention that there was liquor in the murder victim's glass. I won't say what kind of liquor."

"Do you consider that consistent with our policy of strictest truth in every detail?"

"I'll cut all mention of liquor out of the story. It has nothing to do with the murder anyway. Will that suit you?"

HE CRUSHED out the cigarette, rolled the stub against the bowl of the ash tray until the paper was empty. He rolled the paper into a tiny ball, threw it into the wastebasket and emptied the ashes into a covered tin receptacle. "I dislike the odor of stale tobacco," he said and wiped his hands on a paper handkerchief which he had taken out of his desk drawer. Then he threw the handkerchief into the wastebasket.

"We were talking about a manuscript," I reminded him. "The Unsolved Mystery, the murder of Warren G. Wilson. Remember?"

"I've finished talking about it."

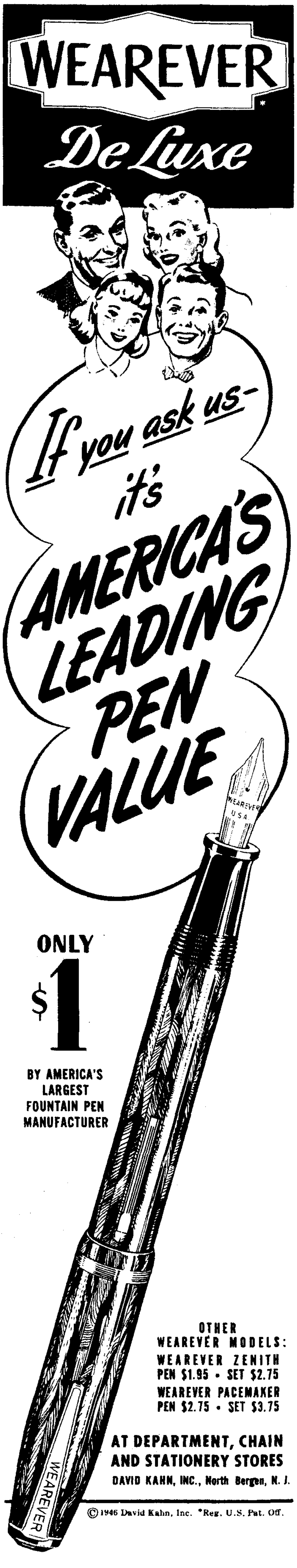
"I haven't."

At this point I should have given up. I knew that Lola had been right. It was not principle I was fighting for, but authority. Just the same, I went on fighting.

"Compromises are useless, Ansell. Need I remind you that you're wasting time? The story has been rejected. Definitely."

There was a long silence. He had dismissed me and he waited to enjoy the spectacle of my retreat. I sat tight. Who was he, Edward Everett Munn, to turn me out? For a moment there, I had wavered and been willing to call quits.

"Look, Munn," I said and when he frowned, I didn't bother to change the verb. "I've offered to take out everything you object to in the story. Even without the comment, which I think gives it quality, we'll be offering our readers



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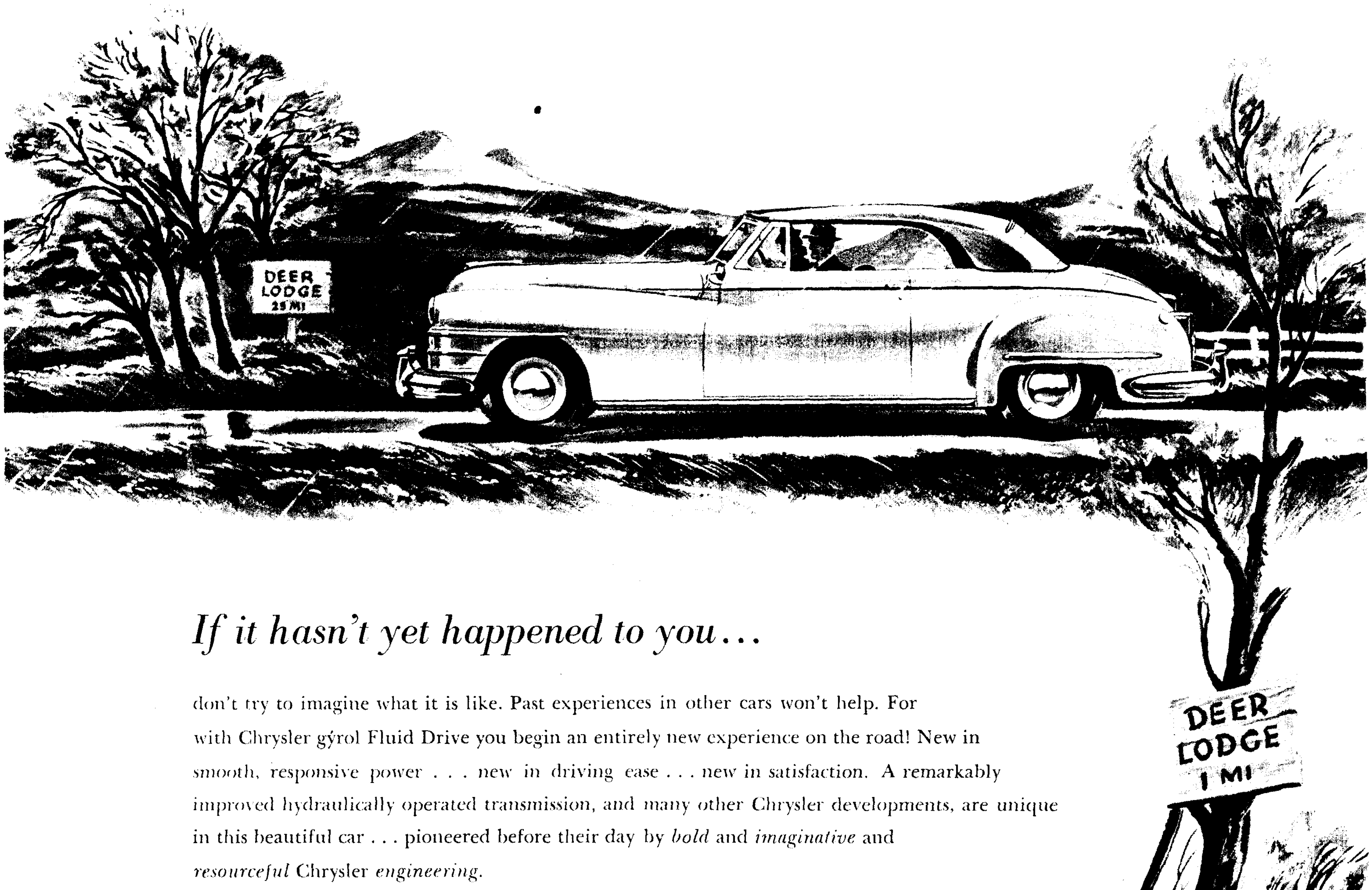

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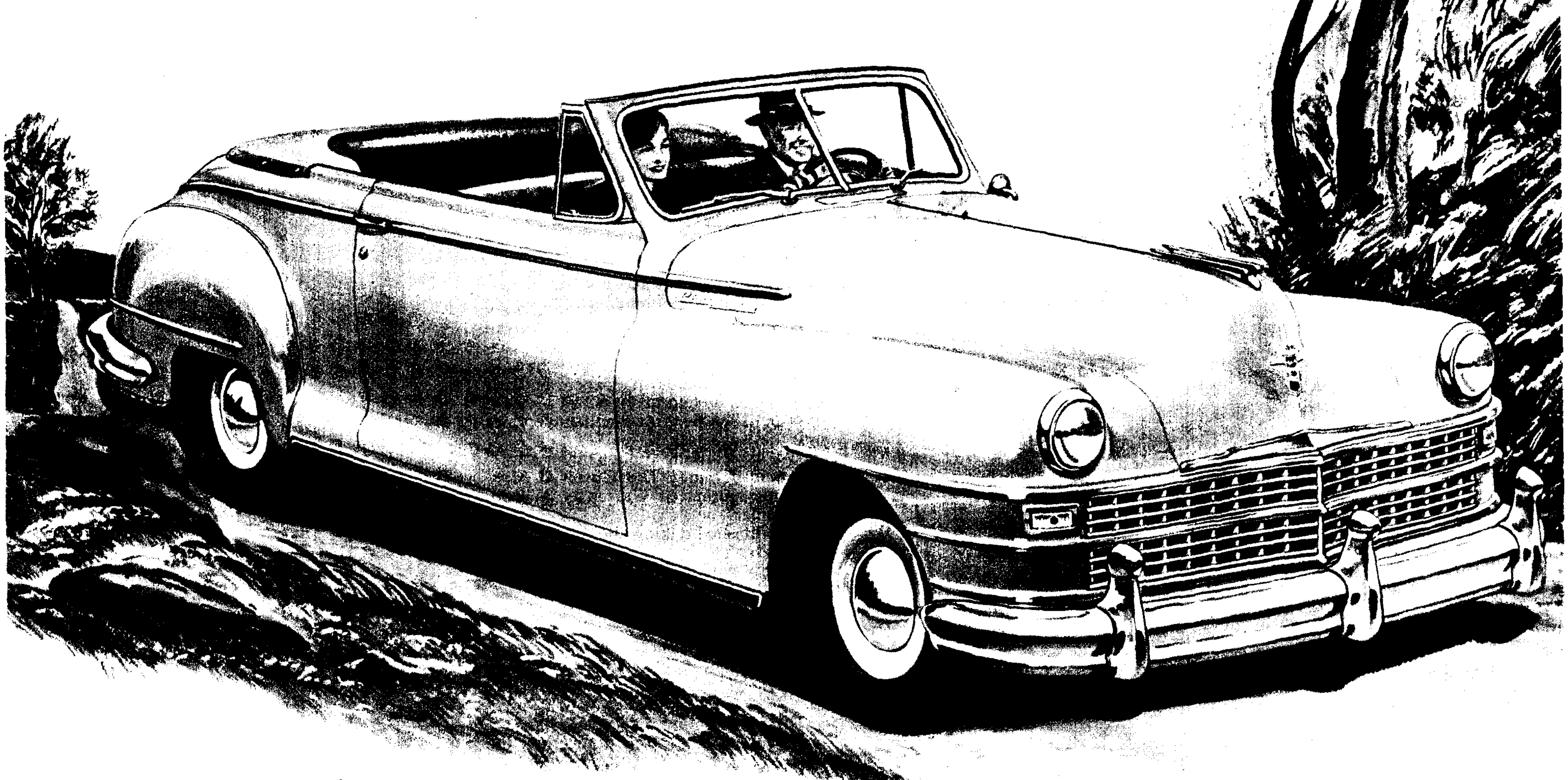
don't try to imagine what it is like. Past experiences in other cars won't help. For with Chrysler gýrol Fluid Drive you begin an entirely new experience on the road! New in smooth, responsive power . . . new in driving ease . . . new in satisfaction. A remarkably improved hydraulically operated transmission, and many other Chrysler developments, are unique in this beautiful car . . . pioneered before their day by *bold* and *imaginative* and *resourceful* Chrysler *engineering*.



The beautiful Chrysler

WITH HYDRAULICALLY
OPERATED TRANSMISSION
AND gýrol FLUID DRIVE

something fresh. I'll make the cuts now and send you the manuscript by lunch time. If you'll okay it immediately, I can get it to the printers this afternoon."

"And if I refuse?"

"I'll send it through anyway. As editor, I'll take the responsibility."

He rose. Sitting down he seemed insignificant because his head was small and his shoulders narrow, but when he stood on his incredibly long legs, he looked like a middle-aged boy on stilts. "Very well, there's only one thing for us to do. We'll take it up with Mr. Barclay."

He lifted the mouthpiece of his interoffice phone. "It's Mr. Munn," he announced. "Very important."

A female voice shrilled through the box. We waited a few seconds and the female voice shrilled again. "He'll see us now," Munn said, smiling because the boss had not kept him waiting.

No typewriter ceased its clatter as Munn and I walked through the general office. There was not a split second's lapse in the rhythm of the machines. Discipline never slackened when Munn was in the office.

He walked ahead, the warden taking the condemned man to the death house. Before the door of Barclay's office, he stopped and leaned over to whisper something. His breath smelled of peppermint-flavored mouthwash. "Has it ever occurred to you, Ansell, that your stubbornness might lead to disaster?"

IT CERTAINLY had occurred to me but the disaster I had in mind was the loss of a good job, not the horror and tragedy which came as the result of my determination to get my Unsolved Mystery into the February issue.

At that time I did not consider the Wilson story anything out of the ordinary. The murder was not particularly exciting. It was the background of the victim—as much as was known of it—that interested me. I had no other reason for writing it, scheduling it for the February issue and sending it for approval to Noble Barclay.

I have a copy of the manuscript in my files, and since it is the focus of a much stranger story, I am including it here, just as I wrote it and submitted it on October 29th to the reading department, the supervising editor and Barclay.

Here it is:

10/29/45
Sched: Feb.
Author: John Miles Ansell

The Unsolved Mystery of the Month

DEATH OF THE MAN WHO WAS NEVER BORN

They did not immediately see the body. It lay face downward in the narrow channel between the wall and the bed. The right arm was extended. The man had apparently fallen while reaching for the telephone.

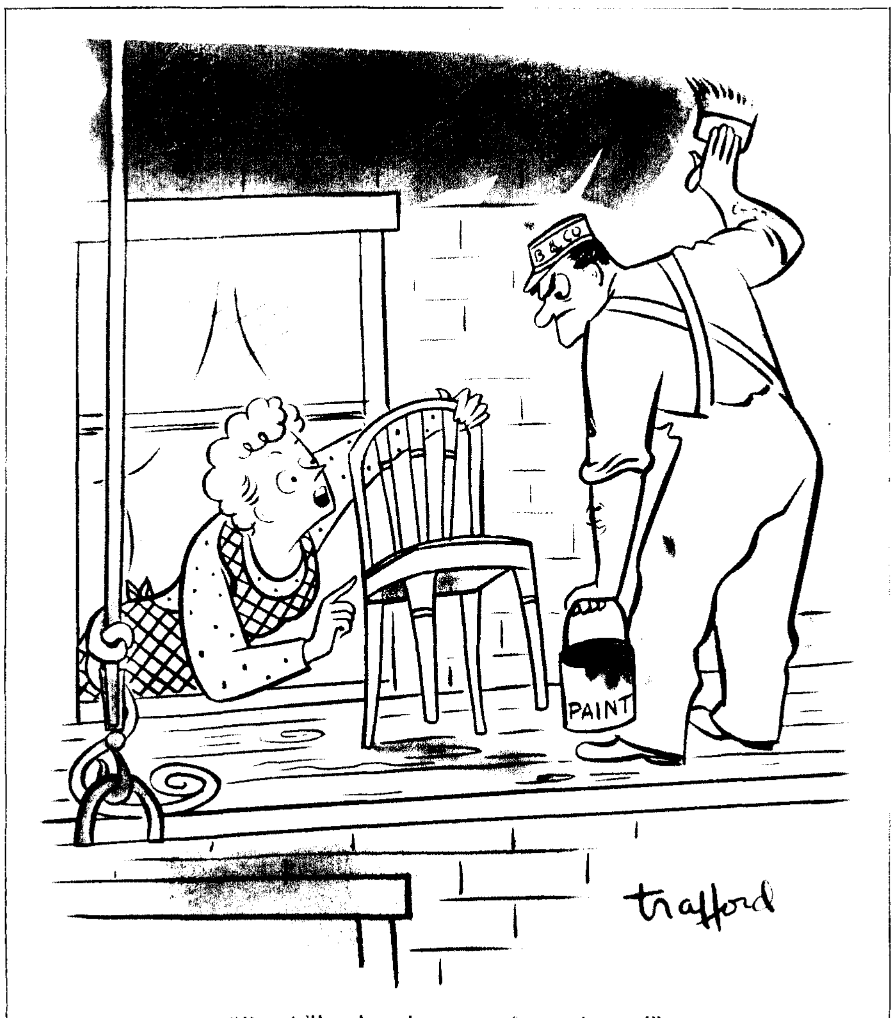
It was nine o'clock on Sunday morning, May 13, 1945. The body had been there since Friday night, for it was on Saturday morning that the chambermaid, the bath maid and a bellboy had noticed the sign on the door: *Please Do Not Disturb.*

On Sunday morning the sign was still there. The chambermaid notified the housekeeper. The housekeeper telephoned the desk clerk. The desk clerk reported it to Mr. Frederick Semple, manager of the hotel. Accompanied by the desk clerk, the housekeeper and the chambermaid, Mr. Semple approached the door of Suite 3002-4. Before using the passkey, Mr. Semple pressed the electric button, knocked at the door and called the tenant's name.

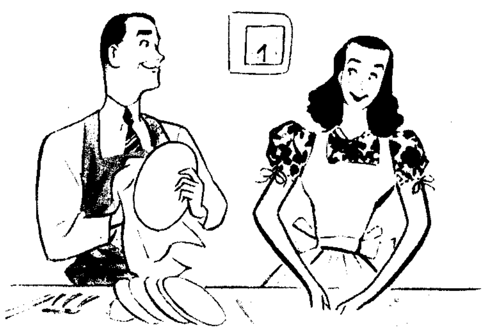
There was no response, and Semple, followed by his retinue, entered the apartment.

Drawn curtains repelled the sunlight. Bulbs burned in three silk-shaded lamps. The electric phonograph's current was still on; the last of the records had dropped into the well. Pillows were heaped at one end of the wide couch and close by stood a coffee table with cigarettes, ash tray, French brandy and a snifter, not quite empty.

Beyond this room a short corridor



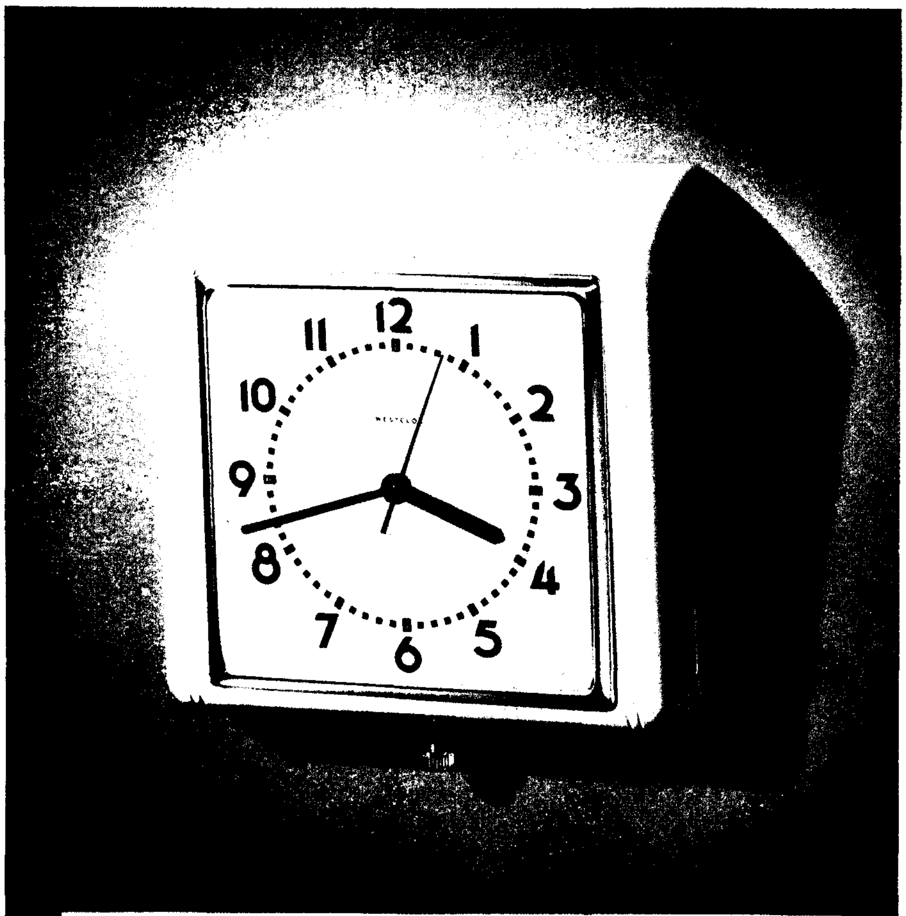
COLLIER'S "But it'll only take you a few minutes!" MARGARET TRAFFORD



Every Kitchen needs one

ELECTRICS BY WESTCLOX

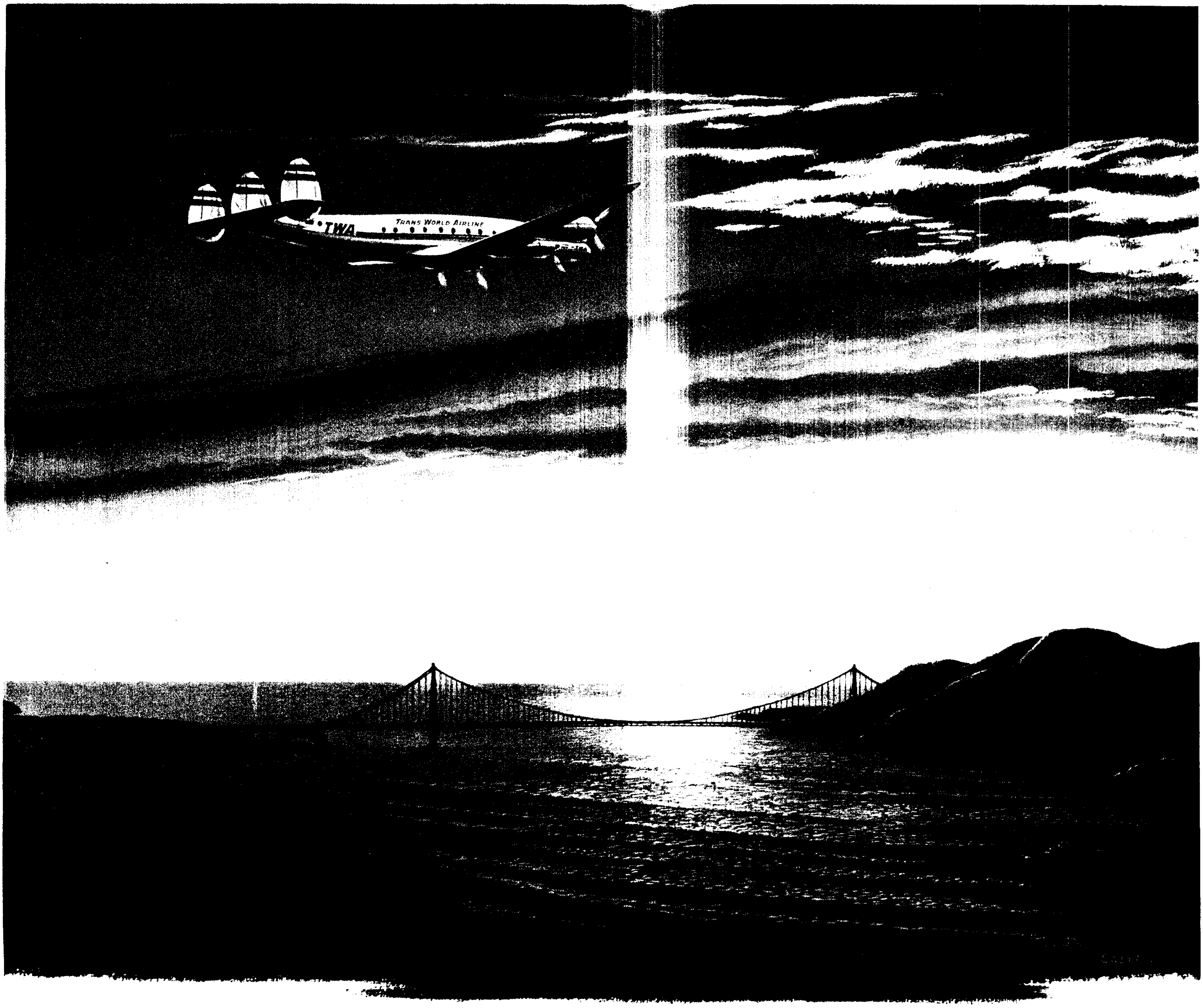
THE BEST KNOWN NAME IN CLOCKS!



The finest clocks we've ever made—the smartest clocks that ever graced your home—that's the exciting news from Westclox! Stunning clocks for every room—electric and springwound alarm models, electric wall clocks for your kitchen, electric time clocks; wrist and pocket watches. The attractive Dunbar electric pictured here is for your kitchen. It's self-starting. Its dial is tilted forward for easier reading. And it comes in a choice of four lovely colors—ivory red, green, and white.

WESTCLOX, LaSalle-Peru, Illinois

WESTCLOX Electrics
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BIG BEN
Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.



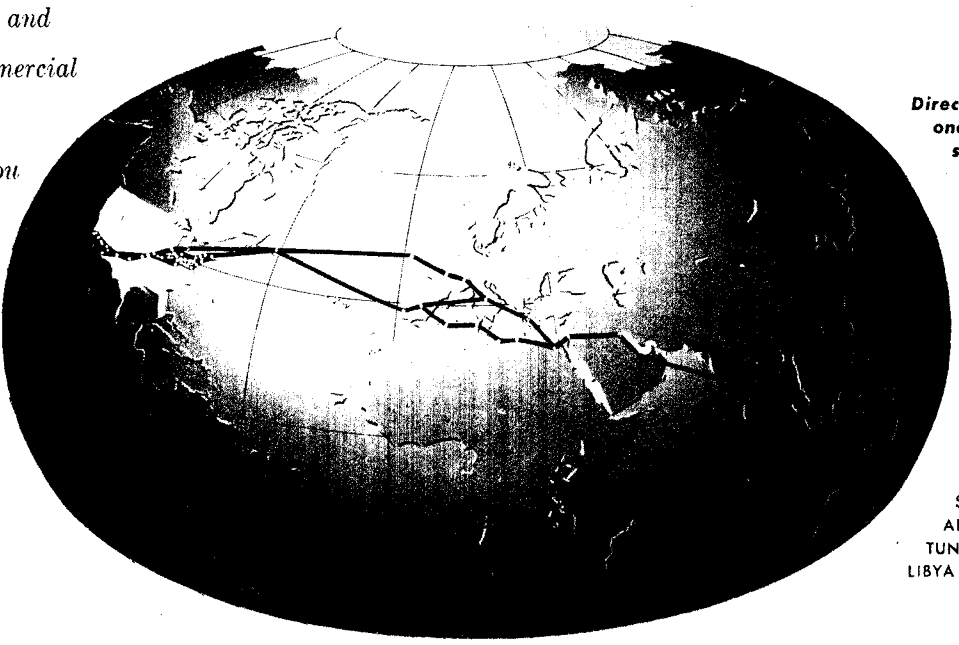
Over the Golden Gate in a Constellation—conceived and flown in America exclusively by TWA

UP WHERE THE SUN SHINES LONGER

Though darkness curtains the earth below, you still behold the brilliance of the setting sun. For your Starliner makes comfortable the high reaches of the upper air, where the eye can range farther and horizons are spread. This is travel in the finest, fastest commercial transport in the world. This is Constellation flying, with which only TWA serves America. This is where you really learn why flying is the way to travel and TWA the way to fly.

TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINE



Direct one-carrier service to

NEWFOUNDLAND
IRELAND
FRANCE
SWITZERLAND
ITALY
GREECE
EGYPT
PALESTINE
TRANS-JORDAN
IRAQ
SAUDI ARABIA
OMAN
INDIA
PORTUGAL
SPAIN
ALGERIA
TUNISIA
LIBYA

led to bedroom and bath. The bed had been turned down and on the night table were shell-rimmed spectacles, a copy of Saki's short stories and a thin gold watch which had stopped at 5:20.

At the far end of the room a desk had been overturned. A portable typewriter lay on the floor upside down. Pens, pencils, paper and carbons were scattered on the desk and spilled on the floor.

And in the narrow channel between the bed and the wall lay the tenant with a bullet in his back.

An hour later Mr. Semple, quivering from shock and thinking of the effect of scandal upon the conservative bankers who operated the hotel, told the police what he knew of the late tenant.

HIS name was Warren G. Wilson and there had been nothing in his way of life to suggest a violent end. He had occupied his suite for five years and three months, and never in that time had his activities created any of the problems which distress the managers of exclusive hotels.

Servants remembered his generosity and regarded his passing as the loss of a friend. He had spent most of the time in his suite, reading in bed or lying on the couch, listening to his records.

According to the coroner's report this inactivity had been due to illness. Pale flesh had been stretched meagerly over Wilson's bones, and his lungs were so embroidered with scars that it was remarkable that he had lived long enough to be killed by a shell fired from a .22 automatic.

He had entertained few visitors. Hotel clerks remembered Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Henning and Mr. Bendas, middle-aged gentlemen who shared Wilson's hobby of collecting first editions. That his bent was literary was proved not only by these friendships and his library, but by the collection of writing materials stored in his cupboards. That Wilson's ambitions were unfulfilled was shown by the lack of manuscript.

There had been a woman. She had come to the hotel infrequently but had never left her name at the desk because she returned with Mr. Wilson after he had dined out. Two elevator boys said she was good-looking but neither could remember whether she had been blonde or brunette.

On the night of his death Wilson had dined out but had returned without a companion. While he sipped French brandy and listened to his favorite phonograph records, a Negro pianist was playing boogie-woogie in the suite across the hall. For on that night, Wilson's neighbors, the only ones who shared the thirtieth floor of the tower with him, were giving a party. More than sixty people rode to the thirtieth floor that night. Strangers were not asked their names, for the hostess in 3006-8 had informed the desk that guests were not to be announced.

No stranger stopped at the desk that night to ask the number of Wilson's apartment. The murderer evidently had known that his victim occupied Suite 3002-4. To the busy elevator boys all passengers bound for the thirtieth floor were party guests. One boy, a new employee, hired only the week before and unfamiliar with the hotel guests and their regular visitors, told the police he remembered a nervous lady who dropped her pocketbook as she got off at the thirtieth floor He had bent over to pick it up but the lady had swooped down, grabbed the bag and tucked it under her arm in a most belligerent manner. All the boy could remember about this lady was her plaid coat.

The hostess in Suite 3006-8 could not recall a guest in plaid. Her party had been formal. A plaid coat would have been as inappropriate as a top hat at a baseball game. The police decided, therefore, that the plaid coat might help identify Wilson's visitor. It was not much of a clue. Plaid coats were the style.

To make the search more baffling there was the report of Jean Pierre Hyman and the conflicting opinion of his headwaiter, Gustav. Mr. Hyman is the owner of the French restaurant that brings so many gourmets to his modest but expensive quarters on East Twelfth Street. Jean Pierre remembered the lady who had sometimes dined in his restaurant with Wilson. She had been young and fair, and on her last visit, ten days before Wilson's death, she had worn a new spring coat of red, blue and green plaid. She had been, according to Jean Pierre, a dainty blonde.

Although he did not like to disagree with the boss, Gustav, the headwaiter, insisted that Wilson's girl friend had been a willowy, radiant brunette with soulful dark eyes. Yet Gustav and Jean Pierre were agreed on one point. There had not been more than one young lady.

The police found themselves seeking a girl who was either blonde or brunette and who wore one of the thousands of plaid coats circulating in New York. It was a tough assignment, but Captain C. Allan Riordan of the Detective Bureau vowed that he would not rest until he had discovered the lady in plaid who, on the night of May 11th, might or might not have been carrying a .22 automatic in her pocketbook.

Meanwhile, Captain Riordan and his staff sought other information. Somewhere in the fertile ground of Warren G. Wilson's past lay the clue to his strange death. Why was he, a man of gentle disposition and quiet habits, the victim of premeditated murder? What rage or grievance could inspire the death of a man known to have been a connoisseur of wines and salads, an admirer of Debussy, Mahler, Saki and William Blake?

One fact about Wilson baffled Riordan as much as the identity of the lady in plaid. No one knew the source of Wilson's income. On the second day of every month he had deposited in his checking account two thousand dollars in cash. It was highly irregular but his bankers had asked no questions. Since the '29 depression there had been a number of eccentric depositors who, fearing revolution, had converted their assets to cash which they kept in safe-deposit boxes.

None of the vaults in New York had a box registered in the name of Warren G. Wilson. And in those sacred cells where gold and bonds and cash are locked away, no record, no clerk, no guard recalled a customer of Wilson's description who unlocked his box on the second day of each month. The Department of Internal Revenue had no files on Warren G. Wilson.

In their search for a death clue Riordan's men investigated every known facet of Wilson's life. His barber, his tailor, his friends among the collectors of first editions were questioned. No one had known him very long and none was aware of his origin.

Some remembered his allusions to Arizona, New Mexico, the desert; and the police discovered, too, that he had once worked in Chicago.

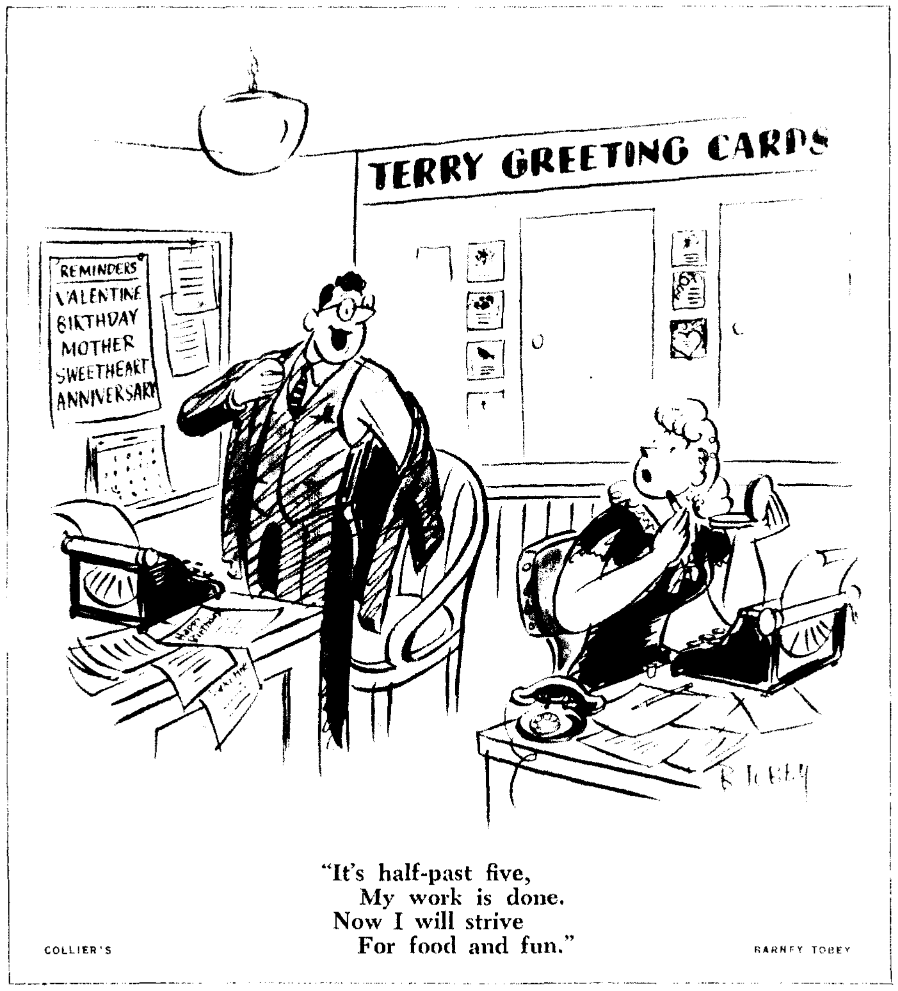
IN a corner at the bottom of the bookshelves Riordan found the strange clue. Not a death clue so much as evidence of the strange birth of Warren G. Wilson. For he had not been born at all; he had been conceived twenty years earlier over a bootleg Martini in a Chicago speakeasy.

The birth clue that Riordan found on the bottom bookshelf was a series of loose-leaf pamphlets in an imitation leather binder that bore the title

BUSINESS DYNAMICS
A Success Course in Salesmanship Merchandising and Finance
by
WARREN G. WILSON

This was the pretentious title of a correspondence course of thirty lessons sent out in envelopes labeled, *From the Private Office of Warren G. Wilson.* Wilson was president of the Warren G. Wilson Foundation, Chicago, Ill. The course cost $75, and students paid at the rate of five dollars for two lessons a month.

The thirty lessons covered a wide range of subjects, varying from such abstruse material as Dynamics of Business to such practical advice as Personal Appearance, A Business Asset. In the writ-



"It's half-past five,
My work is done.
Now I will strive
For food and fun."

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

If Excess Acidity Causes You Grief
Take Alka-Seltzer For Speedy Relief
Get an EXTRA package too, That's the wisest thing to do
Alka-Seltzer
—Why Not Buy an EXTRA Package?

Yes, it *is* a wise thing to "Buy TWO packages of Alka-Seltzer instead of one!" Keep one package at home and take that EXTRA package with you wherever you go. Then you'll be *doubly* prepared for fast relief when you need it—relief from gastric hyperacidity or muscular aches and pains, from occasional headaches or discomforts of a cold.

Alka-Seltzer

At All Drug Stores

ever watch a lawyer "try" a suit?

TIMELY CLOTHES

longer

A suit takes just as much punishment in a courtroom—or in an office—as it does anywhere! Which is why professional men find Timely Clothes exceptionally good investments!

For only Timely Clothes have Balanced Tailoring*—a scientific combination of hand tailoring (for luxuriousness) and machine sewing (for extra strength) . . . all at very moderate prices! $45 to $75

For the name of your nearest dealer, write: ***TIMELY CLOTHES**, Inc., Rochester 2, N. Y.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ing of these lessons Mr. Wilson had shown himself a man whose knowledge of human nature was derived not from experience alone, but from the works of many learned men.

Most interesting to the police were those pages of reminiscence wherein Warren G. Wilson's advice to students was rich with nuggets of wisdom culled from conversations with the great tycoons. Surely among the bankers and financiers of whom he had written with such intimacy there would be one who could recall Warren G. Wilson and furnish a clue to his early life. But all of Wilson's magnates were dead long before the year of his copyright.

Who was Wilson? The name had an irritatingly familiar sound. Even Captain Riordan, when he first took over the case, remarked that he seemed to know it. In his effort to discover what had happened to Wilson in the years between the copyright and the murder, Riordan sent men to the Public Library. There, in many magazines published in 1920 and 1921, were advertisements of the Success Course. In all of the ads the fame of Warren G. Wilson, businessman and financier, was so taken for granted that anyone unfamiliar with the name would have been ashamed of his ignorance.

From these advertisements the trail led back to Chicago.

IN THE '20s, Chicago was not only the world's capital of bootlegging and gangsterism, it was the hub of the mail-order business, the Athens of the correspondence course. Instruction was offered in everything from ballet dancing to psychic healing for five dollars down and five a month.

Every advertisement carried a guarantee. You learned what the master taught or your money was refunded. Warren G. Wilson did not guarantee success; he promised that if you had not "increased your earnings nor advanced your position within six months after *completion* of the course," every cent would be paid back to you. This was a common practice among the correspondence schools. Few asked for refunds, fewer completed their courses. In addition to instruction on the quick, easy way to success, Wilson's course included penmanship, double-entry bookkeeping, typing, elementary shorthand, insurance tables, tariff regulations, compound interest and stock-exchange rates.

Research into its history proved that the Warren G. Wilson Foundation, which had guaranteed success to its students, was itself a financial failure. The first advertisements had appeared in 1920, and in 1922 its offices were closed.

Through records in the files of the magazines in which Wilson's course had been advertised, Captain Riordan discovered the name of the agency which had placed these ads. It had been a one-man company, and its owner, now vice-president of a big New York agency, told Riordan all he knew about the Wilson business but asked, for the sake of his reputation, that his name be kept out of the story.

This man, the reputable but nameless advertising agent, remembered the conception and assisted at the birth of Warren G. Wilson. The name was chosen deliberately. In 1920, many Americans believed that Woodrow Wilson was one of the great martyred Presidents, while others thought he had run the country onto the rocks and that it would be saved by Warren G. Harding. The author of the lessons, owner of the business, so-called president of the Foundation, was a youth named Homer Peck.

Peck had been an advertising copywriter. He had been brilliant at it, made a great success, and older advertising men had prophesied a wealthy future for him. But Peck had demanded more than prophecies and promises. When his employers refused to raise his salary, he quit his job and went into business for himself. Over cocktails served in teacups, Peck had outlined the idea for his correspondence course to his friend, the advertising man.

Of Peck's personal life the advertising man knew little. Peck had lived in a cheap apartment in the Bohemian neighborhood bordering Chicago's so-called Gold Coast. He had written short stories which no one would publish, and had an affair with his stenographer, a slim, radiant young girl who wrote poetry. The advertising man had admired Peck's ingenuity, considered him a cockeyed genius and expected him to make a fortune. He was surprised, he said, when Peck decided suddenly to give up the one-room office pretentiously called the Warren G. Wilson Foundation of Business Dynamics. With a little effort and a few thousand additional dollars, the advertising man believed, the Warren G. Wilson Foundation might have flourished.

But Peck, as the advertising man remarked, was too much of a genius to care about making money. He enjoyed his ideas too much ever to achieve solid business success. On the day he closed his office he had lunched with the advertising man. Failure had not depressed Peck. His mood had been optimistic. Raising the teacup that held his Martini, Peck had proposed a toast to his next venture, which, he promised, would make that ex-giant of finance, Warren G. Wilson, look like a worm.

The promise was never fulfilled. The advertising man never drank another cocktail with Homer Peck and, but for the settling of accounts, heard nothing of Warren G. Wilson until he read of the murder.

This is all the New York police have learned about Homer Peck: A Chicago bank account closed in November, 1922; advertisements in old magazines; an advertising agent's recollections of a client's failure—these and nothing more.

The loft building in which Peck had his office has been torn down and a skyscraper erected in its place. The speakeasies where Peck and his friend held their conferences are gone, too. And the blatantly wicked Chicago of their day, the taxi wars, bootlegger battles, "get-rich-quick" schemes, and the blue-sky mail-order courses are memories of an era that goes down in history as preface to the Great Depression. Only a corpse with a bullet wound in his back brings back memories of the great jazz era.

Whose was the body? What strange and secret events led to the death of the man who was never born? What became of Homer Peck, whose agile but none too scrupulous mind created the fabulous Warren G. Wilson? And where into this pattern of mystery does the girl fit, the girl who is neither blonde nor brunette and who rode to the thirtieth floor on the night Wilson died? These are the questions to which the police seek answers. These are the only known facts about a murder committed last May and still unsolved.

The case is not closed. Captain Riordan is determined to solve the mystery. Somewhere out of the dark shadows of the past, there will emerge one bright truth to shed its light upon the mystery of Wilson's death and to reveal the identity of the man who concealed his failure behind the name of a correspondence-school professor who never existed.

THAT was the Wilson story, just one in a long series of Unsolved Mysteries. Perhaps, in fighting to get it into the February issue, I was stupid. Perhaps subtleties escaped me. I had no idea then that I was suspected of knowing more than I had written into the manuscript. As E. E. Munn and I paused outside the door to Noble Barclay's office, I honestly thought I was defending my rights as an editor.

We had to wait a while in the recep-

On Their Wedding Day!...

—He played for high stakes—and almost lost his honeymoon in Las Vegas, where the sky's the limit! But ***you win*** all the fun in this gloriously reckless romance of a girl who never gambled and a man who always took a chance!

RKO
PRESENTS

ROBERT YOUNG
BARBARA HALE
FRANK MORGAN

in

Lady Luck

with

JAMES GLEASON • DON RICE
HARRY DAVENPORT

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS
Produced by WARREN DUFF
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen play by LYNN ROOT and FRANK FENTON

RKO RADIO PICTURES

KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING

"End of a Hard Chukker", painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Gustav Rehberger

BROWN-FORMAN'S KING OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*

BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY

KING
BLENDED WHISKY

Enjoy King Whisky—from KENTUCKY! Discover why its deLIGHTful smoothness, its mellow, satisfying flavor are applauded by the most discriminating. Treat your friends to Brown-Forman's King of pre-war whisky today. Order at your favorite club, bar or package store.

BROWN-FORMAN
DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

*The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.

tion room before Mr. Barclay would see us. His secretary, Grace Eccles, bestowed upon us the smile reserved for those privileged to enter the private office.

"He'll be just a minute," she said. "The senator's on the wire."

She popped back into the glass-enclosed den that guarded Barclay's privacy. We were left with the strangers in the reception room. There was an air about the place, the sense of feudal grandeur. On the oak-paneled walls hung pictures of Noble Barclay and his family. Laid out on the big oak refectory table were current issues of the five magazines, Truth, Truth and Health, Truth and Love, Truth and Crime, and Truth and Beauty. On a velvet-covered table lay a single copy of My Life Is Truth. Beside the handsome portrait on the dust jacket was the information that this was Copy No. 6,000,000 of Noble Barclay's immortal work. Bookshelves contained each of the seventy-six editions in sixteen languages including Japanese.

Oblivious to the strangers' uneasy stares, Munn stood before the great window, his head thrown back as though he were praying secretly or exulting. I wondered whether he rejoiced because he had me in a spot, or whether he was merely rehearsing for our scene with the boss.

The strangers crouched humbly on the carved Italian bench at the dark end of the room. There were five of them, shabby and self-conscious: a middle-aged woman with a sniveling boy of ten or twelve; an elderly couple who sat as if they were paying for space on the uncomfortable bench; and a hunchback. These were true believers who would sit all day on the hard benches to catch a glimpse of Noble Barclay.

"Ready now," cooed Miss Eccles.

She pressed a button, the latch of Barclay's door was released, and the strangers stared enviously as we were admitted to the holy place.

BARCLAY stood at the window looking down on the rainy street. His back was toward the door. We walked to the center of the long office, but a thick carpet muffled our footsteps. I cleared my throat. Munn frowned and shook his head, but it was too late. Barclay's meditations had been interrupted. He turned.

"How are you, Ed?" he said to Munn. And to me, extending his hand, "Glad to see you, boy. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

He was big and affable. Under a mane of sleek white hair his features were tanned and strong. His tweeds were bulky but he was built for sturdy fabrics. The heavy wool did not hide the strength of his shoulders.

"It's about the Wilson story, isn't it?" he asked, looking straight into my face.

Munn had pretended not to know why I burst into his office. Barclay used the frank approach. "I thought this stormy petrel would beat his wings against my window."

"You know about it, Mr. Barclay?"

"I've read the story. A great yarn, boy. Ask Ed what I said about you last night." His glance demanded response and Munn bared his teeth in a phony smile. "I wanted to talk to you myself but I came into the office late this morning. Mrs. Barclay and the twins just got back from the Coast and I had to meet the train."

"But if you liked the story—"

"Liked it? That story was great. Great writing. Guts and punch. And I liked the way you went after the stuff yourself. You weren't content just to rewrite the printed stuff, you had to find out how the wheels turned. That's the spirit we appreciate, lad."

"Let's get down to facts," I said. "You think it's a good story but Mr. Munn says we can't run it. He sent you a memo. Have you read it? Do you agree?"

"Hold on," laughed Barclay. "Munn and I talked this over last night before he dictated that memo. I'd have used simpler language myself, but Ed can't get over that course he took in Business English."

This was a sly dig. Barclay winked at me. Munn laughed mechanically.

"I just don't understand, Mr. Barclay."

"Policy," put in Munn.

"Hadn't we agreed on one of the better-known murders? Dot King, the Elwell case, practically historic, you know," Barclay said.

"Our readers know the stories."

"You made that observation at the last conference but it was ruled out, if you remember."

"It was my opinion that we decided to use old stories when we had nothing better. I got hold of a new story for you."

"I admire your initiative," Barclay said.

THE noon bell rang. I wondered if Eleanor was going out or whether the rain would keep her in the building.

"All I want, Mr. Barclay, is a good reason why you object to the Wilson story," I said earnestly.

Munn played with his cigarette. He did not smoke in Barclay's presence.

Barclay cleared his throat. "I like the way you handle a story, John, but I don't like certain angles of this one. It's the character, the man who was murdered. Not interesting. People are only interested in a story when the characters are exciting."

"Don't you think there's something exciting about a man who got two thousand dollars a month without doing a lick of work for it?"

"If we knew the source, we might be interested," Barclay answered. "Background and color, the underworld, for instance. Something colorful."

"An expensive bachelor apartment at the edge of Greenwich Village," I said. "Mysterious woman dines with the man in expensive French restaurant. What's dull about that?"

"The man himself. Character. Character's the basis of interest in any story. This character—what's his name?—Thompson? Thompson was dull. He did nothing with his life. No one cared whether Thompson lived or died."

"Wilson," Munn said.

"Look, Mr. Barclay," I pleaded, "we've carried five different versions of the Rothstein case. Rothstein was a gambler, he cared for nothing but money. He was cruel, coarse, greedy and we knew nothing about his character. Elwell was also a gambler, he—"

"They did something with their lives, something active, even though they were dissolute. Thompson was an idler. He spent his money on a lot of dusty old books. He had no friends, no woman loved him."

"There was the lady in plaid."

Munn coughed.

"It's funny," I said, "you tell me Wilson's an uninteresting character and yet when you talk about him, even though you seem to forget his name, you get as angry as if he were real and you had something against him."

Barclay laughed. "What do you think of this lad, Ed? Obstinate as Granddaddy's mule. It's a spirit I admire. Tenacity. I knew from the minute I met you that you were the sort of fellow we wanted for Truth Publications."

"Then you'll run the story?"

"No."

"That's that," Munn said. The clown's mouth curved in triumph.

I was angry. Barclay had been flattering me, telling me I was a genius, a man of iron. For that he expected me to fawn and wag my tail and accept defeat gracefully. I wasn't built that way. Job or no job, I had to know the reason for my defeat.

"It seems to me, Mr. Barclay, that you and Mr. Munn have some other reason for rejecting this story, something you don't want me to know."

Munn dropped his cigarette case. Barclay spoke into the telephone box on his desk: "Tell the senator I'll be a few minutes late." He hung up and turned toward me. Our eyes met. I waited. He said, "How long have you been working for us, Ansell?"

"Four and a half months."

"Four months? And I've been running these magazines almost twenty years. Munn has been with me for much of that time. Do you, after four months, presume to tell me that you know more about the business than I do?"

"Remember the war?" I said. "The people who got their countries into it always answered criticism by saying they'd been governing a long time and knew more about it than those who warned them that they were heading for disaster."

Munn slid forward in his chair. He was prepared to speak, but Barclay waved him to silence. Rising, the boss came over to my chair and looked down into my face with a candid unwavering glance. "You've been pretty frank, young man, in asking my reasons for rejecting your story. But let me ask you. Why are you so determined to run it?"

I was surprised. The question was too simple for that dramatic build-up. "It's a good story, it's one of the best unsolved mysteries we've ever had. You said so yourself, Mr. Barclay."

"I said it was good. I didn't say it was the best. When a man wants something very much, his desire is likely to exaggerate, even to twist and pervert, the truth."

"But you said you liked it."

"When you're in a tough spot and feel the world's against you, John, do you ever stop to examine the causes of your grievance? I don't mean the surface causes or what you believe is the other fellow's reason for thwarting you, what I'm asking is that you search yourself and dig deep for the elements of your discontent."

"I've read My Life Is Truth, Mr. Barclay."

Barclay nodded. He began to speak again glibly as if he were repeating phrases he had learned by heart. "It's not always a simple matter to discover the truth. We've got to dig deep to find the heart of weakness. What's the core of that obstinacy, young man?" He paused and looked down at me. Since I did not answer he went right on. "Don't be afraid of your weaknesses. All men are weak, none of us is perfect. Your pride won't let you accept another man's decision. Why not? isn't stubborn pride a blanket covering hidden shame? What weakness have you buried, so that you've got to be too proud and obstinate to obey orders?"

His eyes were fixed upon my face. His smile was gentle, his manner compelling. I felt myself blush. This made me angry. I clenched my teeth and doubled my fists.

Barclay turned away as if he wished to save me embarrassment. Munn and I watched him cross the office to the door of his private lavatory.

"Stand up, John. Come here." Barclay had opened the lavatory door.

I KNEW what was coming. So did Munn. He grinned as he rose and stretched himself with an attempt at nonchalance. The inside of the lavatory door was a mirror. Barclay held the door open at an angle which reflected the three of us. It was cheap, a side-show effect but successful. The stilts which Munn used for legs gave him a full six feet and Barclay was two or three inches taller. I stand five foot five in my shoes.

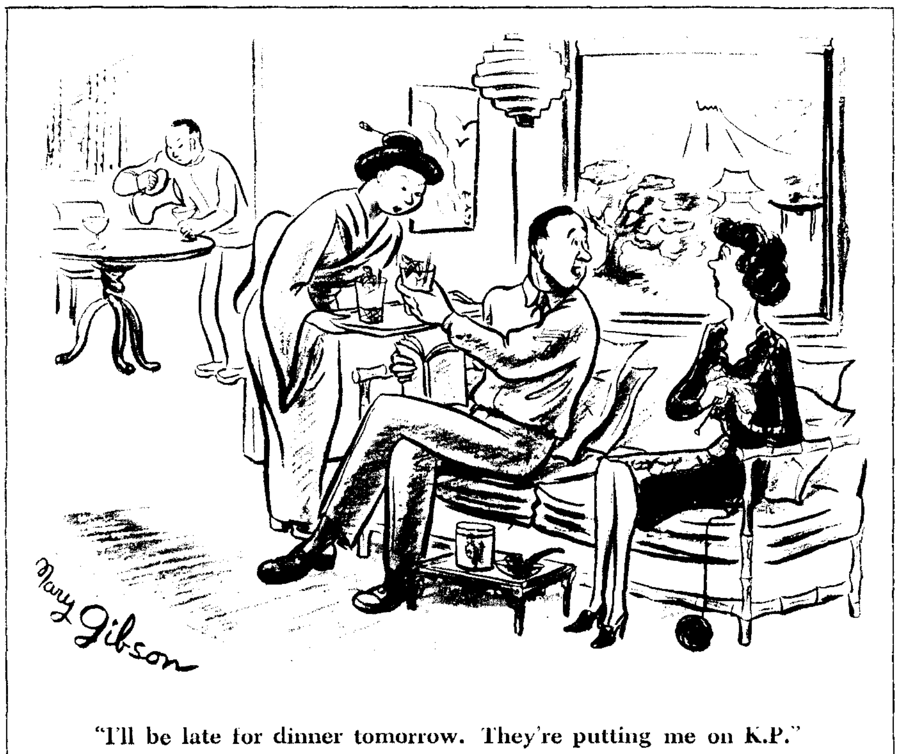
Barclay spoke softly. "You've got to face it, lad. It's resenting the big fellow and wanting to show you're stronger that's made you into a little fighting cock who thinks he can whip the giant roosters."

Munn smiled and hummed softly.

Barclay's hand found my shoulder. "Sore, aren't you? Not that I blame you. Pretty fresh of Old Man Barclay to bring this up." He caught my eye, smiled ruefully. "You see, I can tell what you're thinking. And I'm right about you. All the trouble you've ever had with other people is because you've made up your mind you won't be dominated. You're going to show them. Right now, John, you feel like telling me to go to hell, don't you?"

It was true and I shook my head.

"Say it aloud. Say, 'Go to hell, Barclay; it's not your business that I'm a pint-sized runt.' You don't know, fellow, how it's going to help you to tell me right out loud what you feel." He spoke gently. His eyes had grown moist with earnestness. "Don't be ashamed because you're not satisfied with yourself. All humans aspire to perfection. We all loathe our imperfections, we hide them as if they were sins. No man can escape the essential truth about himself, no man is ever free of shame and resentment until he sees the truth fully and shares the truth." He raised his head and



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looked about, blinking as if he had come out of darkness into sunlight.

Munn watched, titillated by my embarrassment. The lavatory mirror reflected his smirk. Barclay noticed and closed the door.

"You've read my book, John. Then you know me for what I am. No man since Cain has ever loathed himself so violently as Noble Barclay. And look at me today." He smiled as if he and I alone knew the story which had been printed in sixteen languages. Then, because I had not offered the expected response, he asked in a subdued voice, "You've read the introduction, haven't you?"

"The introduction," Munn said pontifically, "is the greatest document on human despair ever written."

"We're keeping you from lunch, aren't we, Ed?" Barclay wet his lips.

Munn's grin faded. In some subtle way which he could not understand, the dog had displeased the master. He shook his head, mumbled something about liking to have his meals on time, and left, tail dragging.

I wondered whether I ought to leave, too, but Barclay was not through with me. He seated himself on the big red leather couch, and indicated that he wanted me to sit beside him.

"Angry?"

"No," I said.

"Why do you lie about it?" He threw back his head and laughed. "If you weren't sore, you wouldn't be human." Leaning forward, his big, square-fingered hand on my knee, he whispered, "I was right, though. Confess it. You hate being a runt, don't you?"

RAIN beat against the windows. The room had grown dark. Barclay switched on a lamp. His movements were powerful and precise. He let his hand fall to my knee again and his dark, restless eyes searched my face. The lamplight made me feel naked.

"Go on, say it. Tell me I was right. You've always wanted to beat the big guys, haven't you?"

"I guess so."

"You'll feel a heck of a lot better when you've said it aloud. You won't be sore at me any more. You'll know that I know what's at the bottom of John Ansell, just the way I know Ansell knows what's at the bottom of Noble Barclay." Although I had read that ultimate essay on human despair and knew the brighter facts about his regeneration, I was not so sure I knew what was at the bottom of Noble Barclay. Sincere prophet or clever charlatan? Twenty weeks after I had come to work for him I was no more certain than at my first interview.

To keep him from eavesdropping on any more of my inhibitions I said quickly, "Okay, you're right."

"Good for you, John!" He extended his hand. His face was ingenuous. He clasped my hand with a powerful fist. He had won the round but his pleasure in triumph was so naïve that I was not only free of resentment but glad I had acknowledged my shame.

He had too much sense to rub it in. Our interview was over. "Sorry we can't lunch together but the senator is waiting. Some other time, I hope." He put on his camel's-hair coat, fished a pair of pigskin gloves out of the pocket, smoothed his white hair. As we went out he graciously held the door for me.

We parted in the reception room. At the door of his private elevator, Barclay gave me a mock salute and a friendly grin. I felt fine. As I walked through the deserted general office, a lonely stenographer eating lunch out of a paper bag looked at me and smiled. My self-esteem grew. I was a pint-sized runt and I wasn't afraid to say it aloud. I was a good guy; people liked me. Noble Barclay was sorry he couldn't have lunch with me. My hand was sore from the clasp of that big fist.

On my way to lunch I hurried, whistling, through the tunnel that led from the foyer of the Barclay Building to the English Grill. The tunnel was damp and cold as if the wind and rain had penetrated its stone walls. I heard women's voices, became aware of dark silhouettes.

A bulky shape blocked my path. Until she spoke I did not recognize my good friend, Miss Kaufman. She told her cronies to go on while she stopped to ask about the Wilson story.

"It's out," I told her.

"Why?"

"Mr. Barclay doesn't want to run it."

"Doesn't he like it?"

"He thinks it's great, one of the greatest stories ever written for Truth and Crime."

"Then why won't he let you run it?" she demanded.

I couldn't answer. After all that had happened it was still an unsolved mystery.

Miss Kaufman's questions had shattered me. I felt inadequate and no longer the sort of man whose smile brings sunshine into the lives of lonely stenographers. The glow had faded and Barclay's approval was no more than an ironic symbol of my defeat.

AS I entered the grill, Barclay employees stopped eating to stare at the man who had defied the boss. From the round table at which the editors ate, Lola Manfred beckoned. I did not hurry to the seat she had saved for me. Through the smoke and steam of the restaurant I saw that Eleanor was not in her accustomed place.

A waitress noticed and guided my glance toward a small table at the rear. Although the grill was situated in a structural steel building, it had been decorated to look like a seventeenth-century English inn. Heavy beams and plaster columns divided the room into a series of dim caves. Lights were hidden in lanternlike fixtures shaded in cloudy amber.

Eleanor waved. She sat alone at the small table. She had on a black suit. It was tailored and severe but there was nothing severe about Eleanor. She wore a white blouse with a lace collar and a bib or frill of lace cascading down the front. As I came close I decided that today I would tell her I thought her the most beautiful woman on earth.

"Hello," I muttered as I stood beside the table. Opposite her a tilted chair showed that a seat had been reserved.

"Would you like to sit here?" Eleanor said.

"Thanks." I tried to be nonchalant, as though I ate lunch with her every day.

"Were you fired?"

"Oh! That's it. I'm the man of the hour. Everyone in the place is talking about me."

She smiled. "You hardly made a secret of your feelings about the Munn memo. What happened?"

"I wrote a story and thought it was good. Your father doesn't want to run it."

"Why not?"

The waitress handed me a bill of fare. I pretended not to know what I wanted. Eleanor's question embarrassed me. I had been crazy about her since that August noon when she had first smiled at me across the table where editors and privileged editorial assistants lunched. Evidently Eleanor had liked me, too, for she had gone to lunch with me the next week. I had taken her to a quiet, expensive restaurant and everything had been wonderful until I asked her about her father, her life with the Truth-Sharer and how it felt to be the Truth Girl. That had been a terrible mistake. She was sensitive on the subject. Since then I had been obliged to find excuses to visit Lola Manfred in the Truth and Love office, hoping Lola's assistant would be there. Sometimes at night I waited in the cor-

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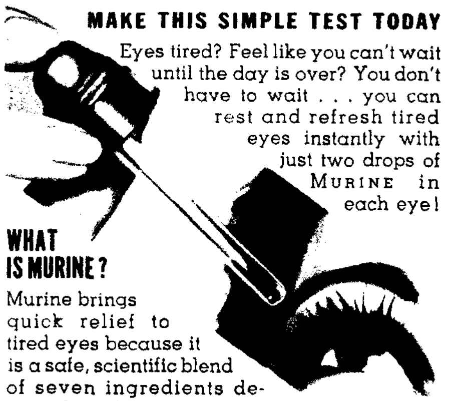

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ridor until Eleanor came along and rode downstairs with her in the elevator and made excuses about dining in Greenwich Village so I could sit beside her on the bus.

"Why wouldn't Father let you run it?" Eleanor persisted. "What kind of story was it?"

They had piped-in music at the grill. A brass band played the Fledermaus Waltz. Dishes clattered on tin trays and all around us people were watching. We were the most interesting couple in the place, Barclay's daughter and the guy who had defied her father and her father's Number One stooge. I did not mention the Warren G. Wilson story to Eleanor that day because I wanted to talk of something pleasanter than my quarrel with her old man.

I said, "It must be Thursday. What's there about Thursday that always makes them play Viennese waltzes?"

"All right, skip it. But you weren't fired?"

"Would you care if I had been?"

Eleanor looked over my shoulder at Lola Manfred. They exchanged some sort of signal.

"What's that about?" I asked.

"I won a dollar on you. I bet you wouldn't be fired. Lola was sure that Ed Munn would stick his knife into your back."

"I'm glad I didn't take any bets on myself. I'd have been on Lola's side."

"Were you frightened?"

"Frightened isn't the word. Realistic."

"I'm glad you weren't fired but I'm gladder that you risked it. Most of the others around here"—her scornful glance included them all, Henry Roe of Truth Magazine, Tony Shaw of Truth and Beauty, Lola Manfred, the associate editors, subeditors, readers, and Edward Everett Munn, who was eating health salad at a side table—"most of them think only of their jobs. They show off a lot and sometimes they laugh at Father. But when they get upstairs they're afraid to express their opinions. They're yes men. You'll never be a yes man if you live to be a hundred."

I was glad I had defied Munn and stood up to Barclay. Eleanor admired me. I wallowed in her praise. "Yes men don't die in gutters. I'm looking for a nice sunny gutter with running water."

"I'd rather have you die in the gutter than be like those others."

She said it defiantly as if she were telling her father and all the yes men how she felt about gutters. I thought of her standing up to Munn and the office stooges, defending and praising the lone rebel, John Miles Ansell. I wanted to thank her by saying something gallant and wonderful. I ached to take her in my arms and kiss her in the Barclay Building English Grill.

"You're looking extra beautiful today. More beautiful than yesterday or last week or the first time I saw you."

"Don't kid me. I'm not even pretty."

ELEANOR'S face was a contradiction, delicately modeled with a fine, faintly aquiline nose, almost hollow cheeks and a broad firm jaw. The jaw saved her from fragility. I liked the contrast between the delicate nose and the definite chin. Her eyes were set deep and heavily shadowed. At the first glance they seemed dark but it was always pleasant to rediscover their gray transparency. The shadowed eyes gave her a dark look so that she seemed brunette, but her skin was pale ivory, and all the small curls around her forehead were fair enough to show she had been born blond.

"You're dazzling."

"Because I bet on you?"

"Eleanor—" I began.

"Yes?"

"Eleanor, we ought to celebrate tonight, you and I!"

"Celebrate what?"

"Gutters. Or not getting fired. Anything you like, just so we celebrate."

She laughed again. Eleanor was glad I had asked her out to dinner. All the time I'd been seeking excuses to visit the Truth and Love office and waiting in corridors, Eleanor had expected me to ask her for a date.

"Tonight then, Eleanor?"

"Tonight."

We ordered ice cream and drank two cups of coffee so that we'd have an excuse to linger at the table. When we left, the restaurant was almost empty. The strains of Vienna Blood followed us through the tunnel.

"May I have the waltz, Mademoiselle?" I asked.

"You're crazy."

I held out my arms and we waltzed down the tunnel. She had always seemed tall to me but when we danced together I noticed that the shoulder of her plaid coat was lower than my shoulder. This fact delighted me. Tall girls make me sensitive about my size.

Eleanor gave me her address and told me to call for her at seven. I went back to the office and telephoned Jean Pierre's. I told Gustav to save the best table and select the choicest duck. I told him we'd start with champagne cocktails. I owned the world.

THE telephone rang. It was the production department. "They want to know when the new Unsolved Mystery's coming through," Miss Kaufman said.

"So they've discovered my defeat?"

"Everyone in the office always finds out your business before you do. Once when I was working on Truth in Pictures, Mr. Barclay decided to kill the magazine. Mr. Munn was supposed to tell the editor but he forgot and a whole issue was printed before anyone let us know we didn't exist."

"Wasn't he fired?"

"Mr. Munn is never fired. Production's still on the wire, Mr. Ansell. What shall I tell them?"

I promised Production the new copy that night. I should have started working at once but I felt good and stood idle, my hands in my pockets while I whistled Vienna Blood.

"Something's happened to you, Mr. Ansell."

"What makes you think so, Miss Kaufman?"

"You ought to be furious. Working like you did on that Wilson story, checking all the details yourself and writing it so well, and then they want you to substitute some old piece of junk that you throw together in a couple of hours."

"That's life. Get me the file on Dot King, please."

The Unsolved Mystery was an advertised feature of Truth and Crime and had to be included in every issue. There was no time now to get a staff writer on the story. I decided to write it myself. Fortunately we had used other versions of the case and had the facts on hand. And there were pictures left over from a story in Truth and Love, June, 1937. We used a stock layout and sent the photos to the production department with *Rush* stickers on them. We had to get a *Rush* release on the story, too. Since he had got his way about the Wilson piece, Munn graciously allowed the new manuscript to go through his office, sight unseen. We needed a "sight unseen" release from Mr. Barclay so that we could send copy to the printer as fast as it came out of the typewriter.

"You'd better get Mr. Barclay's release yourself," Miss Kaufman said. "You know Grace Eccles. If I ask a favor she'll probably stall until Mr. Barclay's gone for the day and she can get me blamed for inefficiency. But if you ask her, we'll have it in five minutes."

"What makes you think so?"

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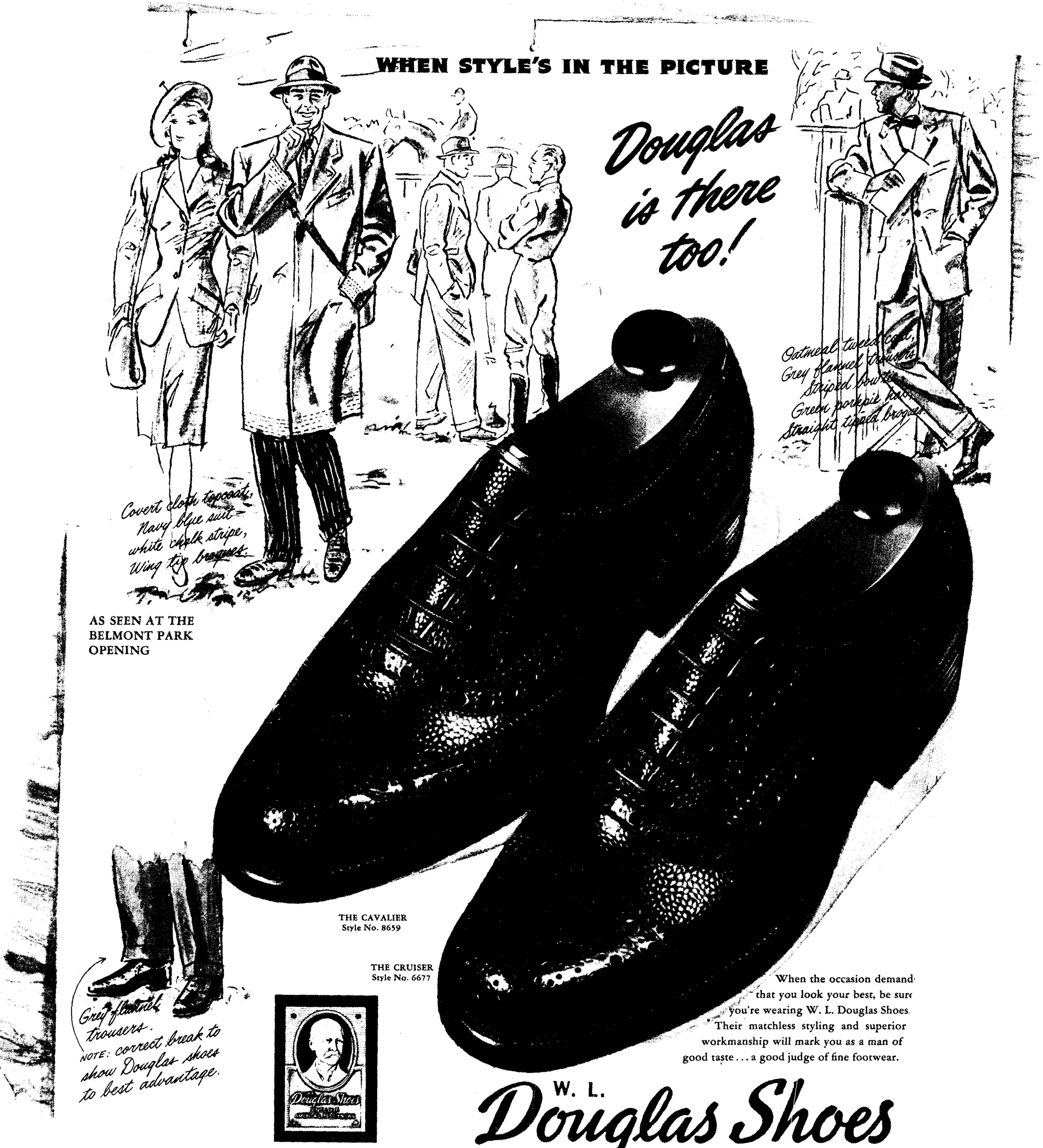
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Miss Kaufman raised a shaggy eyebrow. "You're an attractive young man," she explained.

"Okay," I said, "I'll exercise my charm."

Mr. Barclay's secretary smiled at me over her typewriter. She was a scrawny female with a rough skin that she tried to conceal with layers of cosmetics. The structure of curls on her head looked like carved mahogany. She swung around in her swivel chair, clasped her long white hands and looked expectant. I leaned over the desk as I told her that I needed help in overcoming an insurmountable obstacle, and added plaintively that this was an appeal to her well-known generosity.

White hands fluttered. "Anything I can do for you, Mr. Ansell," Miss Eccles said, "will give me the most profound pleasure."

"Would you have the courage to approach Mr. Barclay and ask him a favor for me?" I gave her my most soulful glance. "I need a 'sight unseen' release on the Unsolved Mystery. We're using the Dot King story."

"I know all about it, Mr. Ansell," she put in quickly so I should know that no detail of office business escaped her.

I handed her the release form. "Tell Mr. Barclay I promise to make the story exactly like all the other stories we've ever run. And I positively guarantee, Miss Eccles, that I won't use any dirty words."

"Oh, Mr. Ansell, what a sense of humor." Miss Eccles trilled her pleasure like an intoxicated canary. Sighing, she settled down to business again. "I'll bring this in to him myself, just as soon as he's off the wire. He's on the phone now. Washington, you know."

WHILE I waited I wandered around the reception room, looking at pictures of Barclay and his family. One of the old photographs showed him, magnificent in bathing trunks, displaying his muscles to an adoring little girl. She was skinny, with the long legs and puny arms of early adolescence.

"Someone certainly enjoyed his luncheon," cooed Miss Eccles.

I kept my face toward the wall.

"I congratulate you on your taste, Mr. Ansell. What a lovely human being. So sane, so healthy, so democratic. And not afraid of Life, is she? *His* influence, don't you think?"

"Look, Miss Eccles," I said, turning from the picture and hurrying toward her desk, "you can help me a lot if you will."

"Anything for you, Mr. Ansell. There may be obstacles and handicaps in the way of our desires, but what is achievement without struggle? Won't you let me offer you my hand over the rough places?"

She held out her hand, letting it droop gracefully at the wrist. I needed a few seconds to recover.

"Miss Eccles," I began slowly, "can you tell me why Mr. Barclay rejected the Warren G. Wilson story?"

Miss Eccles' hands fell like rocks. "I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Ansell," she said.

"Come, come. Nothing in this office escapes your vigilant notice, Miss Eccles. The Wilson story, the Unsolved Mystery of the Month, the story the boss rejected."

A buzzer sounded. Miss Eccles picked up the release form and started toward Mr. Barclay's office. "He's off the wire. I'll see about your release. You needn't wait, Mr. Ansell. I'll send it over by boy."

I went back to my office. The Dot King files were waiting on my desk. I had a lot of work to finish that day. Four thousand words before I had dinner with Eleanor. I decided to leave at six so that I could change and shave before I called for her. If the story were not ready, I'd return late that night after I had taken Eleanor home.

The redheaded office boy brought me the release form signed by Noble Barclay. I tried to concentrate on Dot King, but it was a tired story, unsolved since 1924, and who cared?

"Miss Kaufman, what do think of the murder of Warren G. Wilson?"

"It's an unsolved mystery. Unsolved mysteries stay unsolved. The murderers are never discovered."

"Am I crazy or could there be some personal reason for Mr. Barclay's not wanting the story printed?"

Miss Kaufman's eyebrows went up. "I've seen five editors leave with nervous breakdowns. They're always the nice ones." She marched out of the office carrying a towel and her soapbox.

In two minutes she was back. "Something's going on around here. The ladies' room has been locked for twenty minutes."

"Must be hard on the ladies," I remarked, and started typing. I wrote two sentences. Rain beat against the windows. It had been pouring for two days and everything felt soggy. Wind shrieked through the air shaft. I jerked the paper out of my typewriter, crushed it and threw it in the wastebasket. It was then twenty past four and more than two hours since I had seen Eleanor.

"I think I'll have a cup of tea," I said.

As I crossed the general office I noticed the silence. No typewriters clicked. The stenographers had left their desks to crowd in the narrow corridor that led to the ladies' room. I crossed to the Truth and Love office. The door was open. Lola Manfred was there, reading a manuscript, her feet on the desk. She looked at me through a haze of smoke and asked, "Would you want your wife to confess her premarital experiences?"

"I have no wife and she's had no premarital experiences," I told her. "Where's Eleanor?"

"I don't know," Lola said. "She's been gone for a long time. Are you in love with her?"

I escaped. The crowd around the ladies' room had increased. The superintendent of the building pushed through the crowd and thrust his key into the lock of the ladies' room door. Somebody cried, "Oh!" as Grace Eccles came out. She stood in the door, startled by the glances and exclamations of curiosity. Then she raised her head and swept through the cluster of people.

A FEW seconds later Eleanor appeared in the door. Her face was like marble and her painted mouth looked black. I spoke to her but she passed without a sign of recognition. She had grown taller and more brunette. I tried to catch hold of her arm, but she curved through the crowd and disappeared.

The girls whispered and chattered. Some went into the ladies' room. Others returned to their desks. Typewriters began their clatter. The door of Truth and Love was closed tight.

I went back to my desk. The storm had lightened but raindrops still trickled down the window. I put a fresh page in my typewriter but I could not work. I was thinking about murder. Before I went into the Army, I had earned my living by writing crime stories, but murder has always been a remote horror, no more terrifying than ghost stories told in a lighted room. Warren G. Wilson's story had moved closer. He had been no criminal whose way of life called for violence, but a man of my own sort, bookish, fond of music and good food. I could no more imagine an enemy of Warren G. Wilson's plotting his death than I could believe that someone would want to murder me.

At last I started to work. At 5:45 when other Barclay employees were washing their hands and covering their typewriters, I had written exactly one

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page. Miss Kaufman offered to stay and work with me.

"Never mind," I said. "I'm not staying. I have a dinner date and I'll come back later. Leave word for the night man that I'll want to get in."

An office boy dropped an envelope in my basket. It was a Manila office envelope with a blue memo form inside. This is what it said:

Memorandum
From the office of:
To:
Date:

Dearest J. A.

Please forgive me but I can't possibly make it tonight. Give me a rain check, please, and don't be angry. I know you'll understand.

P.S. Don't ask why. Don't ever.

I was stunned. Why should I understand? It was our first date and I had been stood up? Why? She had seemed enthusiastic, as if our first date were important to her, too. Now I was to understand a crazy, incoherent note.

I STORMED into the Truth and Love office. It was empty. Neither Eleanor's plaid coat nor Lola Manfred's frowsy fur cape hung on the costumer. Both desks were neat, both typewriters were covered.

Miss Eccles was at the telephone when I burst into her office. She held one hand over the mouthpiece while she said, "This is an important call. Long distance. Could you wait outside, Mr. Ansell?"

I waited, pacing the corridor. People were leaving the office.

After a couple of minutes the light in Miss Eccles' office was switched off. I ran in, turned on the light and caught Miss Eccles with her coat and hat in her hands.

"Trying to sneak out on me, Miss Eccles?"

"No, indeed. I completely forgot about your wanting to see me. I usually take this at night," she nodded toward the door of the private elevator. "The other's so crowded, you know."

"What did you tell Eleanor in the ladies' room?"

Her pale eyes blinked.

"What did you tell Eleanor, Miss Eccles?"

Barclay's door opened. "I'm leaving now, Miss Eccles," he said. "How's it coming, Ansell? You got my release, didn't you?"

Miss Eccles' eyes followed hopefully as he crossed the office. But he had no more duties for her that day, and did not think of asking if she wanted to ride with him in the private elevator. As the automatic doors slid open he called, "Good night," and the doors closed.

Miss Eccles chattered, struggling for breath. "A great man, a wonderful human being, absolutely devoted to his work. It's a privilege to work with him, to be so intimate with one of the great figures—"

"Look, Miss Eccles, I don't care about his greatness. I want to know what you told Eleanor in the ladies' room and why it happened just after I'd asked you about the Wilson story."

She gave me the look of a stricken doe. Grabbing her shoulders, I shook her.

"Tell me."

"The secret is not my own."

Her body remained rigid but her head turned on the thin stalk of her neck. She looked at the wall that was broken by the copper and chromium door of Noble Barclay's private elevator. This door opened.

"I think I'll leave this," Barclay said, gesturing with the hand that held the brief case. "Can't work tonight. Wife's just home from California, you know." For emphasis he set the brief case upon his secretary's desk. "Going home, Grace? I'm driving uptown. Can I give you a lift?"

He waited at the elevator door. She glanced at me over her shoulder and it was as if the angels had swooped down and rescued her at the very portals of hell. This time the elevator door closed with a bang.

I worked until seven o'clock, went downstairs and had two Martinis and two lamb chops at the grill. When I returned to the office there was no sign of life in the place. All the lights had been turned out and the darkness was like something solid. I switched on a small light and hurried to the Truth and Crime office.

Noble Barclay did not ask his editors to work in sordid surroundings. My office represented the decorator's blue period. The walls were gray but the chairs had been upholstered in some shaggy blue material, the picture frames and lamp shades matched, and even the vacuum jug and drinking glass were of a harmonizing blue plastic.

On my blue desk blotter lay the first page of the new Unsolved Mystery. For a practiced hack like me it should not have been hard to finish the Dot King story. I had only to paraphrase one of the old versions.

I was bored but conscientious and managed twelve pages of the drivel. As I paused to rest and smoke a cigarette, I found myself thinking of Miss Eccles and how her pale lips had worked and her stricken eyes had narrowed as she told me that she was guarding a secret. It was Barclay's secret, I was sure, and I was positive, too, that he had not returned to leave his brief case but had been listening behind the elevator door while I questioned his secretary. For a man like Noble Barclay, the millionaire, the famous author and publisher, the messiah in the camel's-hair overcoat, the whole thing seemed absurd.

I had tried to understand Barclay, I had read his book and considered his philosophy. But to me he was a caricature philosopher, selling a spurious blend of others' ideas sprinkled with his own corn and self-hypnotism.

I finished my cigarette. The storm was over, the night air clear. A high, angry wind whined through the air shaft. My tongue was heavy, my throat dry and I felt as if I had just awakened with a bad hang-over.

The water in the blue vacuum jug was cool—a metallic kind of coolness, I thought. I lighted a fresh cigarette and read the page in my typewriter. It seemed remarkably good. Suddenly my typewriter began to move away. My throat felt tight and hot. My desk had begun to rock, the floor to tip, the whole building to pitch like a small ship on a furious sea. Waves of nausea swept over me. Clinging to the arms of my chair, I lifted myself like a cripple. At the first step my legs unhinged and I slid along a glazed surface.

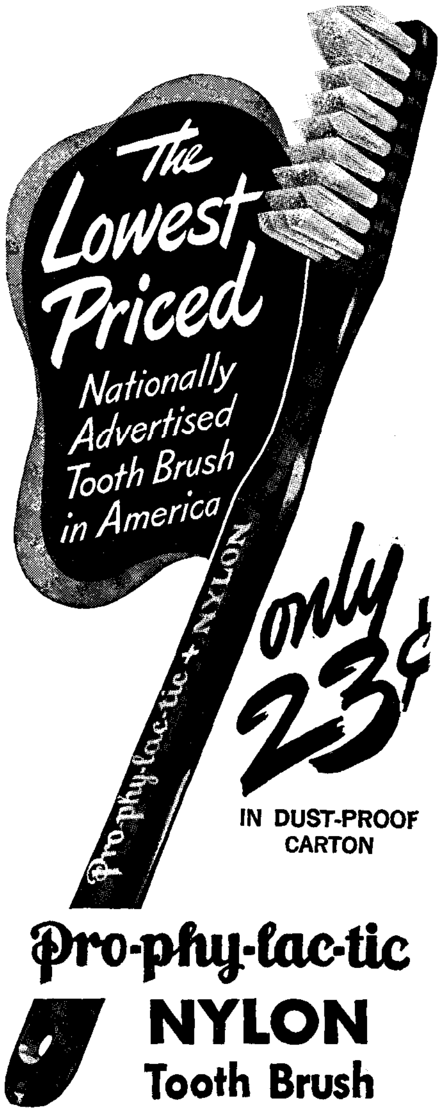
AFTER centuries of darkness I lay in a berth on an express train headed for a rock cliff at the rate of ninety thousand miles a second. We hit the cliff, I was not crushed to death but lifted, gently, out of the berth and carried on clouds through unending space. A siren clanged. Fire engines, I thought, and then I was the siren, the fire engine, the rubber-tired hack. My body was moldy from years in the grave but I was not dead because my eyes discovered streaks of moving light.

My siren clanged again, the blue streak changed to a white radiance and the radiance was shattered into slivers.

A weight lay upon my chest and the thing that clasped my wrist was a human hand. Remote and pontifical a voice sounded.

"We can't be sure until we've got the analysis but I saw one just like this when I was interning. Bichloride of mercury. The patient died."

(To be continued next week)



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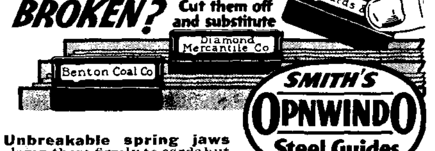

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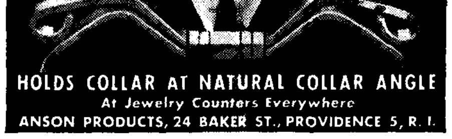

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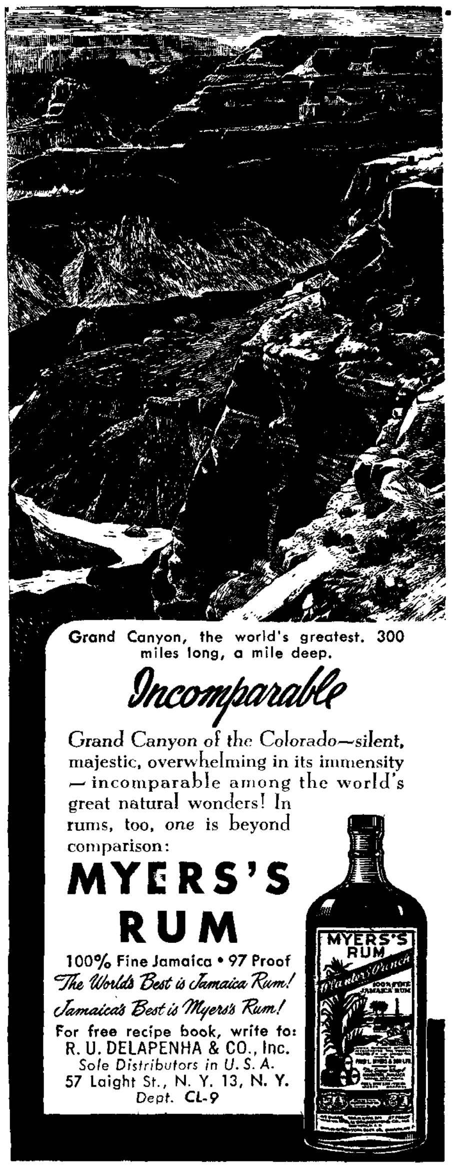

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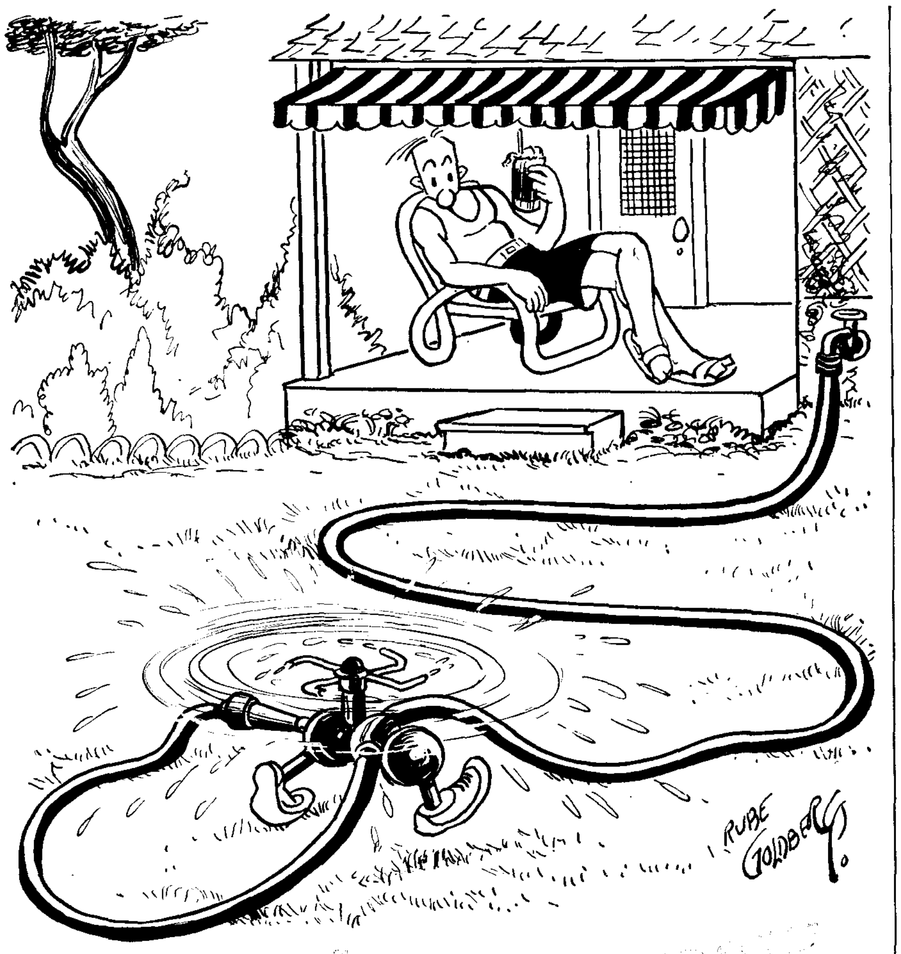

[illegible] TOMO[illegible]

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

The Lawn Will Sprinkle Itself

Next summer you can sit on your porch, a tall, cool glass in hand, and watch a dwarf-sized mechanical gardener sprinkle your lawn, catching every corner and turn of it—navigating around shrubs and trees, seeing that the whole works get plenty of water but not too much. And when it has done the job thoroughly it will shut itself off.

This postwar sprinkler, that doesn't create lakes in the low spots or skimp the difficult places, or have to be moved again and again, is a small gadget about the size of a child's wheelbarrow. It works with a water motor carried inside, connected to a ratchet wheel that hitches the outfit along 20 or 30 feet an hour. It uses the hose itself for a track. Thus you can lay out the route you want the sprinkler to follow, figuring it so as to reach all the grass. When the device reaches the end of the hose it quits automatically. Or you can have it stop short of that by placing a tripping device anywhere along the hose. This super-sprinkler is one of the first true postwar inventions. It is going on sale now.

Record It on Paper

Magnetic wire recorders made their debut at the New York World's Fair. Now an ingenious improvement does away with the wire altogether and uses paper tape instead. The paper is coated with a very thin film of iron ink, which can be magnetized, corresponding to sounds, as the tape passes through an electronic recording machine. The tape, exactly like 8-mm. home-movie film, comes on reels which will hold a half hour of voice or music. Rereeling for playback can be done in a minute or less.

Recording on the new paper tape will be much cheaper than on steel wire and can be used for "canning" radio programs or home talent, and for office dictation. Sound tracks can be "rubbed out" at will with a small demagnetizing device and the tape used over and over. Unlike wire, the tape can be cut at any point with the scissors, then edited and pasted together again, eliminating unwanted parts of program or speech. The combination recorder and playback is about the size of a large suitcase.

They Won't Shine Any More

Optical experts developed a method of "sputtering" very thin metallic films onto wartime glass lenses and prisms, thus cutting down the light lost by reflection and greatly increasing the efficiency of periscopes, telescopes and cameras. But in its old form the film was too expensive and delicate for peacetime uses. It could only be coated on objects small enough to be treated in vacuum jars. Now, however, a new type of film has been found that will take the shine off any surface, regardless of shape or size. No vacuum is needed. The material, something like varnish, can be sprayed, dipped or painted onto the surface.

Besides its use on glass lenses, the film will work just as well on plastics and paper. It will kill the glare of too-shiny photographic prints and destroy the annoying reflections from the glasses on pictures. It can even be applied directly on oil paintings without damage. Or it will stop unwanted reflections on show windows.

The same thin films can be used to *increase* reflection from already smooth surfaces such as glass. Mirrors can be made without silver; doors for refrigerators and ovens may be made opaque until a light is turned on inside them. Simple "beam-splitters" can be devised for peacetime radars. By coating windows with several thicknesses of film, a selective action can be obtained that will let in sunlight, as in busses or homes, without admitting the heat, too. ★★★

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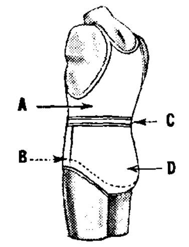

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Get a House, Get a Gal

Continued from page 16

glad to show you the properties we have. There isn't very much available."

"I know," Milo said, "but let's make the effort. I could be happy with you in a pup tent, but you deserve better."

She dried her eyes and favored him with a tolerant you-veterans-are-such-kidders smile.

"I have never been more serious in my life," Milo said.

"I can show you one or two things," Miss Weston said briskly. "I realize that veterans are finding it difficult to locate homes."

"A roof over my head," Milo said simply. "It is little enough to ask after three and a half years of battling through channels."

"I'll do the best I can," she said and gave him a smile of encouragement. It was a tactical error.

Much encouraged, Milo rose and leaned over the desk. "Miss Weston, I could kiss you for saying that," he said. He looked down into the bright blue eyes. "On second thought, perhaps you don't know me well enough to take my word for it."

He bent over the colonial desk and kissed the modern red lips. She whipped out a damp lacy handkerchief and burst into tears.

Milo patted her hand and said, "Please don't cry or you will give me a Georgie-Porgie complex. It is unfair of civilians to give veterans any complexes."

She said, "I'm sorry. But you shouldn't have done that."

"It's a usual preliminary to marriage," Milo said, "but all this will have to wait until we find a home."

He shepherded her into the jeep and took his place behind the wheel. After a first startled look she kept her eyes purposefully averted from the hoyden on the hood. Milo wished he had been more generous with the black paint.

"This is the jeep I drove in the Great Conflict," he said. "It has not been entirely reconverted."

"I will show you the old Bagley place," she said. "It needs some repair but should make a charming home, Mr. Murdoch."

"You'd better call me Milo," he said. "If you continue to call me Mr. Murdoch our children will think that you don't like me and will grow up to be delinquents."

Milo's spirits rose as the jeep gained altitude along the rutted roads. He drove with a happy abandon, disregarding rise and hollow alike so that the jeep vibrated like a stiff mixture of gelatin. Judith clung grimly to the sides of the car. Milo looked at her fondly and felt his shattered confidence return and grow whole.

The old Bagley place was a stern challenge to his new confidence. It had a battered roof, a few hand-hewn beams, and little else by way of protection from the elements. It reminded Milo strongly of the old Van Dyke place, the old Cabot place and all the other old places he had seen in his travels.

"This house is over a hundred years old," Judith said.

"Judith," he said sadly, "we would be known as the old Murdochs by the time we could get this place in shape. We want a home for inhabiting, not haunting."

"It has hand-hewn timbers," she said without conviction.

"Let's try one maybe seventy-five years old," Milo said.

THEY drove on and Milo marveled at the way the sun struck golden sparks from Judith's hair. The old Groggins place, next on the list, was seventy-five years old but the Grogginses had not built well. The timbers were hand-hewn but the inside of the place looked as if it had been struck by lightning.

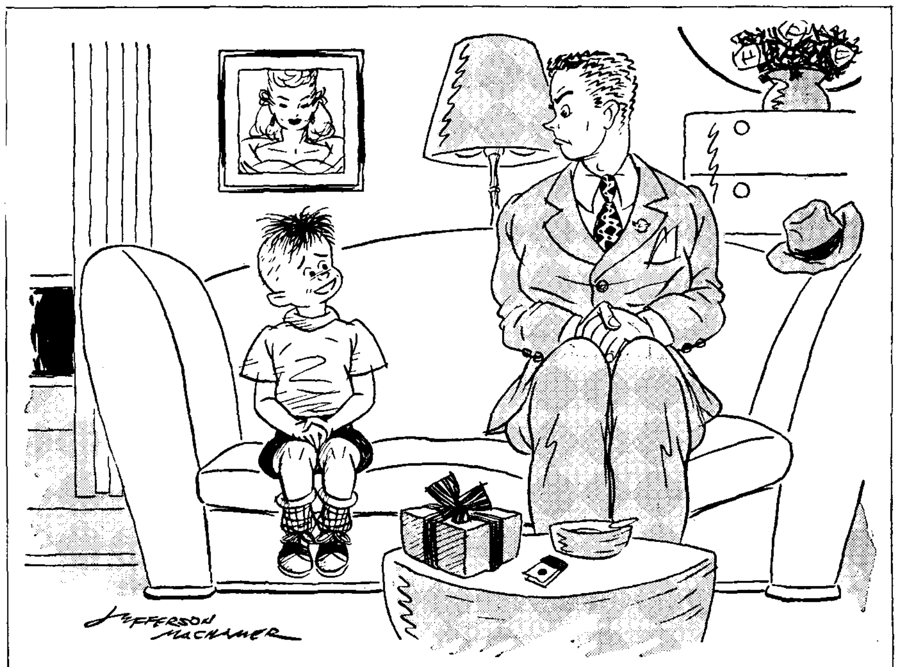
"Bear in mind," Milo pleaded, "that the house I buy must have a serviceable threshold over which I can carry you. And don't give me that G.I.s-are-such-wolves look, either. You are toying with destiny."

The old Tancready place and the old Dickens place went rapidly by the board. Milo rattled up one road and down another, dancing the jeep precariously along the fine edge of one magnificent view after another, but the properties did not improve. After three hours Judith moved vibrating lips to say, "I'm afraid that's about all I can show you, Mr. Murdoch."

"Don't say that," Milo said, "because you are putting me out into the rain and cold. Mrs. Timmins-Takes-Tourists, my current landlady, has rented my room to some summer people as of tomorrow and I am homeless."

She said, "I'm terribly sorry."

He pulled up at a fork in the road,



"The last guy that was here opened the candy while Sis was gettin' ready an' I got sick on it an' hadda go t'bed right away!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

and Judith said, "The left one leads back to town."

"We'll try the right one," Milo said.

"They haven't worked on that road yet," she said nervously.

"You underestimate your conveyance," he said.

Judith shuddered and they took off. The road led practically straight up and at its best was just two parallel lines of mud. The jeep slithered and slipped but continued eagerly upward. Toward the crest of the hill Milo took his eyes off Judith long enough to see a little red brick Cape Cod house bounce by. He slammed on the brakes, the jeep banged over three successive rocks, and the house slipped to a stop.

"This one?" he said hopefully.

She looked distressed and said, "I don't think you'd be interested in this one." The house was a snug little affair and it sat on the side of the hill. The brick was weathered but firm. A sign in the front yard said FOR SALE. J. Weston, Real Estate.

"I like it," he said. "Let's look around."

"I don't recommend the house."

"We can look," he said.

"The floor boards are weak."

"Are there floor boards?" he said. "Splendid."

"It has no view whatever," she said. "The outhouse was built directly in front of that cut in the hills, and blocks the view completely."

"Remediable," Milo said. "Come."

JUDITH hadn't brought the key, so Milo made a tour of the grounds alone. The more he looked, the more he felt his heart go out to the place. He clambered up the side walls and peered in the windows. Here and there the house sagged a bit, but there was nothing that couldn't be fixed. He could almost see himself before the big old fireplace working on his important novel as Judith spun thread at a colonial spinning wheel.

He returned to Judith, who had stayed firmly in the jeep.

"I'll take it," he said.

"It's very inaccessible," she said stiffly.

"You've talked me into it," he said. "I will give you a deposit."

"The owner doesn't feel that he should sell to a single man," she said.

"That was the next subject on the agenda in any case," Milo said. "Judith, do you think you could be happy here with me in the old . . . what do you call this place?"

"It's the old Brewster place," she said, "and I would have been very happy in it indeed." The last phrase ended on an ascending note. Her lovely face tightened and then put forth a fine flood of tears.

Milo leaped into the jeep and pulled her head on to his shoulder.

"There, there," he said. "This is nothing more than a proposal of marriage. There is no need for all this emotion." He put his hand under her chin and lifted her dewy face to his. He kissed her soundly and felt for a delirious moment that she returned his kiss.

She was not crying when they drew apart. Milo said nothing but sat and basked in fulfillment and disbelief. The girl alone would have been worth a trip to the moon. The house, by itself, was about perfect. Together they exceeded his fondest hopes.

"Judith . . ." he said. She looked at him, and then at the house.

"Milo . . ." she said. Then she was off again. She cried quietly, with an occasional little bleat that struck softly at Milo's heart.

"Darling," said Milo gently, "if this is your pastime, we will do it up right. I will build you a wailing wall just back of the house. But if these are tears of sorrow I wish you would tell me about it. I have dedicated my life to making you happy and would like to get into gear."

"You don't understand," she said softly through her tears. "This is my house—or at least it would have been."

"Your house?"

"George's and mine."

"George?" Milo felt his head swimming. "Who is George?"

"We were supposed to be married and live in this house," she wailed. "And then the war came along, and George—" The ascending note went beyond the range of the human ear, but Milo had heard enough. He sat thunderstruck as his dreams crashed about his ears.

"George was in the Army?" he said softly.

"The Navy," she said.

"You poor kid," he said. "You poor kid."

She sobbed softly. Milo looked at the girl, and the house, and quietly died.

"I've given you a bad time, haven't I?" he said.

"That's all right."

Milo slipped the jeep into gear and they bounced slowly and lugubriously down the hill. He felt a numbness in his head that excluded all thought and nullified all joy. He drove Judith to her home and saw her to the door.

"I'm sorry to have barged in at a time like this," he said. "I'm terribly sorry about George. I'm awfully sorry I distressed you. I'm sorry."

She was smiling bravely in the doorway as he drove off. Milo wondered about the entrance requirements at a monastery. He wondered, too, where he had put his old pup tent. . . .

At Mrs. Timmins' house, he sat down to a solemn dinner. At the soup course he said, "You can have your room back tonight, Mrs. Timmins. I'll be leaving."

Mrs. Timmins' long, weathered face seemed the granite survival of many a cold winter. It was a full ten seconds before her tight-clamped lips opened in reply, but Milo had come to recognize this as the proper conversational interval in Vermont.

"Couldn't find a place, I suppose," she said. "I don't wonder, what with conditions like they are."

"I found a place and lost it," Milo said. "The same may be said for the girl of my dreams."

He counted a slow ten. "Talk plainer," Mrs. Timmins said. "Don't be muddle-mouthed."

Milo said, "I must talk to someone. Mrs. Timmins, I had the misfortune to fall in love with Judith Weston and the old Brewster place."

She pondered this for the required count and said, "Judith's a nice girl, according to the standards nowadays."

"Ravishing," Milo said. "But you know about poor George."

She paused ten seconds and said, "Yes."

"Tragic," Milo said. "I couldn't ask Judith to marry me and live in their home. Not with conditions as they are today, and his memory still fresh."

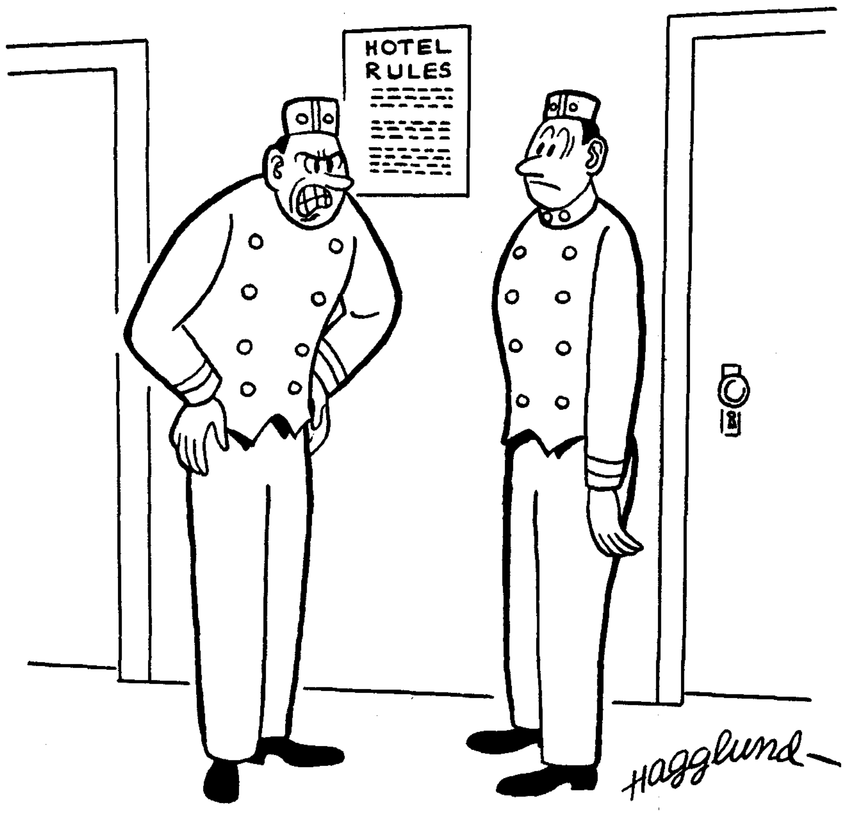
He counted ten seconds but she didn't answer. He waited another ten then said, "Mrs. Timmins?"

"Yes?"

"I thought you'd dropped the conversation."

"I was thinking about George," she said, and shook her head. "There's no accounting for what this generation of young people will do."

Milo stared at her in disbelief. "Mrs. Timmins," he said coldly, "our fallen heroes deserve better of us than that."



COLLIER'S "An' if they don't tip me, I give 'em a sort of hurt, reproachful look. Like this—" IRV HAGGLUND

He had counted thirty when she sighed and said, "I reckon it's none of my affair. Not the way people figure these days, anyway."

The telephone rang three times, and she went into the kitchen. He could hear her shouting into the telephone. She came out and said, "It's for you, Mr. Murdoch."

"For me?"

The gaunt features broke into a shy grin. "The girl of your dreams," she said.

Milo raised a hand in silent benediction over her and ran to the kitchen. His hand trembled as he picked up the receiver.

"Judith?"

"Mr. Murdoch—Milo—I wonder if you could help me."

"Help you? Help you?" Milo screamed. "Anything, Judith."

"It's about the house," she said. "The old Brewster place."

"I couldn't ask you to sell it to me," Milo said. "Not now."

"That's not the point," she said. "Mr. Miller who lives down the road just called, and he said it looks to him as though the house is on fire."

"Fire?"

"He can't go because his wife is ill, so I was wondering if you'd mind running me out in your jeep. Maybe we can do something."

Milo's heart beat rapidly. "Don't go away," he shouted. "I'll be right over. Don't worry about a thing. I'm on my way. Keep calm."

He slammed the receiver, shouted "Fire!" to Mrs. Timmins, and tore out the door and into the jeep. He roared through the dark, placid streets and pulled up before Judith's house in a cloud of dust. She was waiting at the side of the road.

"It was very kind of you to come," she said. "I have the keys."

Washed in bright moonlight she was so pretty that Milo almost forgot his errand. He shook himself and said, "Jump in. There isn't a minute to lose."

Her face was pale and determined as she took her place beside him and locked a grip of desperation on the seat. "All right," she said.

Her worst fears were immediately realized. The jeep caromed into the road and took the first corner on two delicately balanced wheels. Then four wheels dug frantically into the dirt and the jeep leaped forward like a rocket ship. It hit only the high spots in the road, but there were a great many high spots, and it hit each with jolting enthusiasm.

"Maybe you shouldn't go so fast," Judith shouted through clenched teeth.

"I know what this place means to you," Milo said. "We will save it." He took one hand off the wheel to pat hers and the jeep swerved to skip gingerly along the narrow edge of a ravine. Milo righted things and grinned at Judith. Her returning smile had all the cheer of the death house.

"Modern science!" Milo shouted over the roar of wind and motor. "This buggy can go anywhere."

AT THE fork in the road, Milo slammed on the brakes as Judith reached frantically to embrace the windshield. He stood up and yelled, "I see smoke!"

"It's just a fire," she said weakly. "No need to hurry."

Milo sat down and swerved on to the vertical stretch of mud that was the last mile. For one precarious moment they hung, birdlike, over the broken edge of a steep slope. Milo swung hard on the wheel, and the jeep lurched drunkenly across the road and plowed its way up a small embankment.

"I think we'll do better cross-country," Milo yelled. "The road's not so good."

Judith watched for a bleak minute as the jeep whizzed past a boulder and skirted a massive tree stump. Then she closed her eyes and waited for the end. It was not long in coming. She felt the back end of the jeep swing around sickeningly and heard Milo shout, "Hold on!" The rapid vibration of the seat smoothed out momentarily to be followed by three shocks that seemed to unhinge her body. Wham! Wham! Wham! Then silence.

"Made it," said Milo with deep satisfaction.

She opened her eyes in a mist of smoke. She managed to say, "That is a debatable point."

Milo leaped into action. He seized a fire extinguisher from the back of the jeep and plunged into the smoke that almost obscured the house from sight. He was gone for a moment, then popped out again, coughing.

"It's the privy!" he shouted. "Come on!"

Judith lifted her aching body from the seat and followed him. "We've got to keep it from spreading to the house," she said.

The privy was about gone. Flames roared through the crescent in the door and ran merrily up the old board walls,

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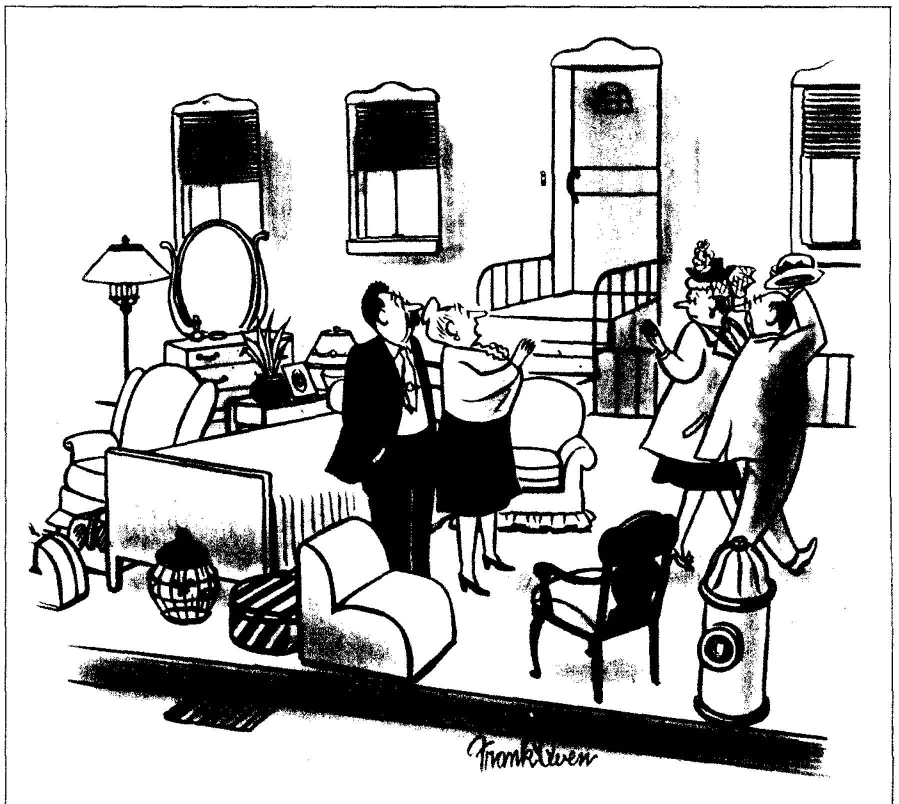


COLLIER'S "Come back and see us again, somewhere!" FRANK OWEN

the slanting roof caved in, throwing up a great column of sparks.

"The house!" Milo said. "Watch the sparks! Get some water!" He squirted the extinguisher on the flames, producing a large cloud of smoke but not visibly slowing the fire. Judith ran to the well, drew a bucket of water and hauled it back to the fire. Milo was kicking at the walls of the privy. His face was smeared and grim.

"Not here!" he said. "Throw it on the house so the sparks won't catch."

He kicked at the wall of the privy again, scorching his shoe in the flame. He felt strangely exalted. For the moment this was his house, and he was the ancient homesteader in the timeless battle against fire.

He heard Judith going back and forth from well to house, splashing buckets of water over the roof and walls. Once her voice came through the smoke. "Be careful, Milo!" He threw her a quick brave smile and choked on the smoke.

He pulled his foot back for another assault on the wall when it suddenly tottered, leaned and fell in on the fire of its own accord.

"Aha!" Milo said in triumph.

He raised the extinguisher and got in a blast at the base of the flames. In a moment the other walls let out a tired sigh and folded quietly in on the flames. Milo leaped in with his extinguisher and administered the *coup de grâce*. It was all over.

Milo felt weak but triumphant. He watched the last of the smoke curl up from the ruins, then called to Judith.

"We'd better open up the house," he said. He was surprised to find that he was puffing. "Want to be sure it's all right."

Judith's blond hair was disheveled, and a long black smear ran from her forehead to the tip of her pert little nose. Milo followed her to the front door and watched her unfasten it. He fought down a strong impulse to lift her over the threshold.

"Careful," she said. "The floor is weak in spots."

They went in and she wrinkled her little nose and sniffed the air.

"It seems all right," she said. Milo looked around him in the gloom. He found that he had taken Judith's hand.

"All right?" he said softly. "It's beautiful."

Hand in hand, they went into the living room. Moonlight poured through the windows. There were colonial throw rugs on the floor and colonial whatnots on the corner shelves. Two easy chairs were pulled up before the fireplace, and a colonial spinning wheel stood beside the hearth.

Milo's heart ached. This was the home he had fought for. He suddenly felt very tired.

"Look," Judith said. She was standing by the side window. Moonlight touched her hair gently. Milo walked over and stood beside her.

A FRESH breeze was lifting the smoke outside. Through the thinning haze they could see beyond the cut in the hills where the privy had stood. The ground dipped sharply behind the smoking ruins and opened into a broad valley. Moonlight played on a little brook and the rolling mountains beyond, giving them a mystic unreal aspect.

"George and I always planned to tear down the outhouse to clear the view," she said softly. "There were so many things we were going to do."

Milo turned to her and took her hands. "Judith," he said, "I want you to know that I feel as you do about this house."

"Please, Milo," she said. "I—"

"I know," he said. "I just want you to know that if you ever get over your loss, I'll be waiting."

She was sobbing quietly and the moonlight caught the tears as they fell and turned them into tiny jewels.

"You shouldn't say that, Milo," she said. "You have no right."

"Just say that you like me a little," he insisted. "Just one kind word to warm me in my pup tent in the grim days ahead."

"I do," she said softly. "I like you a lot. But—" She broke off and looked out the window. "Oh, dear," she said. "Here comes George."

Milo pondered this statement in silence for the long count of ten, after the Vermont fashion. Then he gripped Judith's hands more firmly.

"Steady on," he said. "We're just a little tired. George isn't coming."

"But he is," she said. "He must have heard about the fire. See? Down there."

Milo turned to look out the window. He turned back to Judith, but the reassuring words died on his lips. Cold sweat broke out on his sooty forehead and he turned bulging eyes to the window again.

Marching steadily up the hill, through

the smoke, was the misty figure of a man. He wore a Navy cap perched jauntily on the back of his head, and his lips were pursed in a soundless whistle. Smoke, touched by moonlight to billowing clouds, swirled about his feet as he walked. Thin wisps trailed behind his head.

"George?" Milo whispered.

"Oh, dear," Judith sighed.

"George!" Milo screamed. He whirled about as heavy footsteps sounded on the front steps and the door swung open.

"Hello, George," Judith said softly. "Everything's all right."

The figure stood on the threshold, a rather stout man in a Navy cap and dungarees. He looked about him calmly.

Milo said, "Everything's all right. Everything's fine, George." He tried a smile but it froze. He took an uncertain step backward.

George didn't say anything. He strode purposefully into the room, his eyes on Milo.

Milo swallowed hard. "Everything's all right, George!" he said hoarsely. "So help me, may the floor open up and swallow me if I had any designs on the girl you left behind!"

He took another backward step. The floor creaked, groaned and gave away under him with a loud snapping of beams. As he hurtled through to the cellar, Milo thought: This is only right. I did have designs. Then he hit the cellar floor. A hand-hewn timber, displaced from its ancient resting place, swung slowly down on top of him. Darkness followed quickly.

WHEN he woke up, Milo was in his own room at Mrs. Timmins'. Beside his bed sat Judith, her blue eyes characteristically damp. Behind her was Mrs. Timmins, and behind Mrs. Timmins. . . . He closed his eyes again and listened to little men pounding his head with hammers.

"Judith," he said, "what happened?"

He heard her dainty sniff and her voice saying, "You fell through a weak spot in the floor. It was the first place George was going to fix."

Milo took a firm grip on the edges of the bed and opened his eyes again. George still stood behind Mrs. Timmins, his Navy cap in hand.

"May I safely assume," Milo said, "that George is not dead?"

There was a ten-second pause before Mrs. Timmins said, "Of course he ain't dead. My lands!"

"Then why didn't you tell me?" Milo demanded.

"Wasn't any of my affair," Mrs. Timmins said crisply. Then she grinned. "But I figured it wouldn't hurt if you two was to meet, so I sent George along to the fire."

"I never said George was dead, for goodness sake," Judith said. "George came back from overseas with a lovely French bride, but I didn't seem to mind it a bit. Then I realized that it was the old Brewster place I was in love with and not George at all. And then I was heartbroken!"

George said, "It was love at first sight with Josette and me, Mr. Murdoch. I guess you wouldn't understand that."

Milo closed his eyes again. He let the little men pound on his head, and tried to think.

Judith said, "I've thought it over, Mr. Murdoch, and I've decided that it was just selfish of me to try to hold the house until I was married. I'm going to let you and Louise have it." She sighed. "I hope you'll be very happy."

Milo felt a small pressure on his chest as she dropped the keys on the cover.

"Louise?" he said, opening his eyes.

She was looking at him coldly. "The girl who has undoubtedly waited for you all through the war and deserves more consideration than you seem to be giving her."

"You mean Louise on the jeep?" Milo sat up and the pounding on his head was as musical as chimes. He took Judith's hand. "Darling, Louise is certainly a lovely girl, as one and all can plainly see. But it would not be proper of me to ask her to leave her husband and child, in view of the fact that I have never met her."

Mrs. Timmins took George by the arm and led him quietly from the room. Milo stood and took Judith in his arms. She looked up at him and tears welled in her eyes.

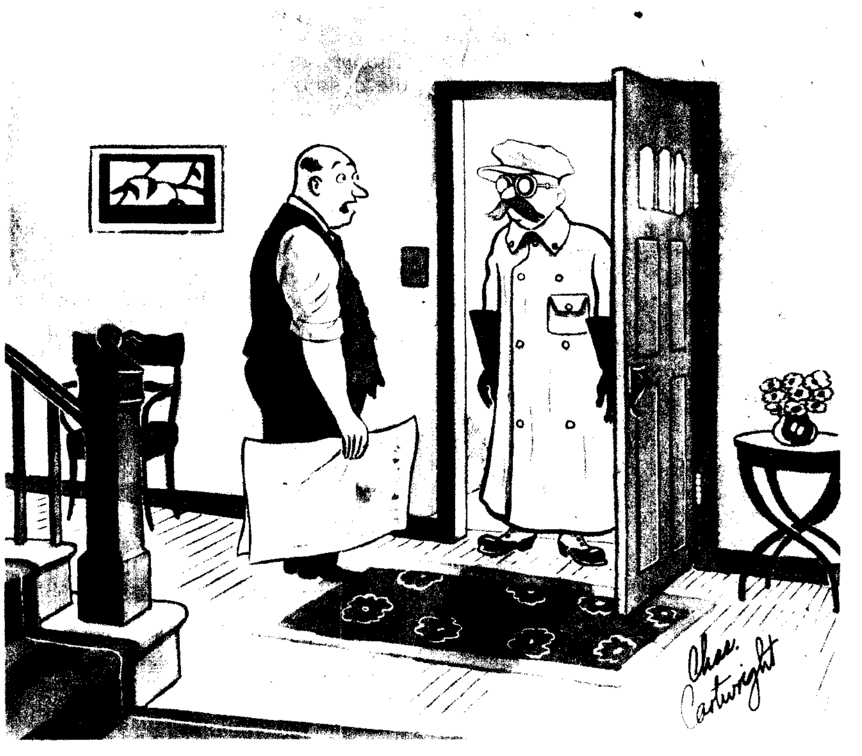
Milo rose to his full height and said, "No, darling. The time for crying is over."

She sighed happily and said, "I'm sorry, darling. It's just beginning."

She reached up and kissed him, her eyes misty.

"It's the start of the hay-fever season," she said.

THE END



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Now begins a gouging battle for professional football survival. With the owners carrying the ball, the players are cheering like mad

The Rams, then of Cleveland, now of Los Angeles, took their first championship in 1945, defeating the Washington Redskins 15 to 14. Here Fred Gehrki of the Rams is about to be knocked out of bounds by the Redskins' Todd (41)

THE GRID IS HOT

BY STANLEY FRANK

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Top men of the rivals: Left, Jim Crowley, commissioner of the new All-America Conference. Right, Bert Bell, president of the National League

FOR the first time in twenty years a serious pass is being made at the National League's lush monopoly of professional football, and the resultant trade brawl can be described as the happiest state of warfare since the SS and Gestapo bully boys commenced reciprocal liquidations. It is a situation which redounds to the advantage of innocent bystanders. On one side is the new, intruding All-America Conference, enlisting gents with folding money. On the other is the National League, entrenched for a quarter century.

They are having at each other with harsh words and blunt instruments, while fans and players, the pawns of the rumpus, cheer wildly from the side lines.

There will be blood on the ball before the civil war forces a surrender, but it is refreshing to note that it will be the owners' blood, for a change. Behind-the-scenes, throat-cutting competition for players has raised salaries to the point where the gladiators can almost make a living knocking holes in their heads for the greater glory of the box office. And high time, too.

It was inevitable that a second league would make a play for the swollen profits in pro football, given greater allure by the current sports boom. It further was a predictable cinch that the National League would resist strenuously any effort to muscle into its cozy domain. At least three other organizations went through the motions of challenging the National League, but were cooled off before they progressed beyond the conversational stage.

The All-America Conference is different. It has the money and says it is prepared to lose up to $300,000 the first three years. The chances are splendid that that will come to pass. In 1926, Cash-and-Carry Pyle tried to build an American League around Red Grange and folded after one season, costing the sponsors a quarter of a million dollars. That was the last time anybody was seized with delusions concerning the National League's firm hold on the business until the Conference came up with a bright idea. And the dough.

National Leaguers scream that the crazy opposition will ruin the pro game it nurtured through two touch-and-go decades. They also make indignant noises to the effect that the Conference teaches artless college boys contempt for the sanctity of the written contract by encouraging them to renege on their agreements to play in the N.L.

Quick as a flash, the Conference bounces back with the accusation that the N.L. has been playing the fans of six of its ten teams for suckers. It charges that four clubs—the New York Giants, Washington Redskins, Chicago Bears and Green Bay Packers—dominate the league and rig unbalanced schedules at the expense of the other brothers in the lodge. Since 1933, when the championship play-off was inaugurated, the Big Four's full nelson on the prize has been broken only twice—by Detroit in 1935 and Cleveland last year.

"The National League is no league at all. It's a racket," Dan Topping says. Topping, a former colleague, inflicted grave wounds on the N.L. in December when he bolted to the Conference with his entire Brooklyn team. "I ought to know. I was one of the six stooges for the Big Four until I got some brains and pulled out."

Financing the Football War

Topping jumped to the Conference as its New York entry when Tim Mara, owner of the Giants, refused to let him transfer his Brooklyn franchise to the Yankee Stadium, only a half mile distant from the Polo Grounds. Topping's desertion really put the Conference in business, for New York is the key city for both circuits. A fund of $100,000, which isn't tin even to Topping, the tin-plate heir, has been placed at his disposal by his new associates to help him buck the Giants.

Other owners in the old group, notably Boston's Collins and Philadelphia's Thompson, are also getting fed up with the dictatorial attitude of the Big Four and the cockeyed schedule which keeps them behind the eight-ball.

The league is divided into Eastern and Western divisions of five clubs each; the members in each division play a home-and-home series, or eight games, and fill out the 10-game slate with two other contests, selected to draw the most money, against teams in the other half.

The weaknesses of the arrangement are obvious. Since all teams do not play one another every season, the schedule can determine the division champions and a cushy shot at the postseason play-off. More than once the Eastern title has been won by the Giants or 'Skins—*always* the finalists—largely because one or the other did not meet the Bears and/or Packers, the big noises in the West. And since the league office, which collects two per cent of the gate from every game, goes where it can get the most money, the Big Four get none the worst of it in the allocation of dates.

This is the seventh successive season the Giants are not playing in the West. The romance of distant places holds no enchantment for Mr. Mara. His club averaged 47,000 clients for each home game last season.

The All-America people are starting out with noble intentions of eliminating such inequalities, and it will be a good trick if they can make it stick. They have drawn up a round-robin, home-and-home schedule of 14 games, giving all eight clubs an equal crack at one another. They further propose to give a $15,000 guarantee to the visitors or the privilege of 40 per cent of the gate receipts, after rent and taxes. The N.L. has a similar percentage arrangement but provides a guarantee of only $10,000, which is not enticing to a hot-shot team.

All is not sweetness and light in the Conference, either. That $15,000 nut to the visiting team may be a tough one to crack for potential weak links in Buffalo, Brooklyn, Miami and Chicago. Los Angeles and San Francisco, conversely, are yelping that the guarantee is not sufficient to cover their heavy traveling expenses across the continent for six games.

There have been several extraordinary shifts in party lines. The Cleveland Rams, National League champions last year, have quit the town where a small fortune was spent to build up a following and are operating in Los Angeles. Such quixotic behavior, giving the Pacific Coast major-league representation for the first time, was inspired by the Conference's claims staked out in the new territory of Los Angeles and San Francisco. The search for fresh money also has taken the Conference to Miami and Buffalo, although it is doubtful that either town has the population or tradition to support a big-time enterprise.

Frank Sinkwich, Parker Hall and Ace Parker, once voted the most valuable players in the National League, have jumped to the new outfit, along with more than 100 colleagues. Ray Flaherty and Dud De Groot, who won championships for Washington, are Conference coaches in New York and Los Angeles, the strategic battlefields in this civil war. Owners' heads will roll in the vast confusion, but the players are benefiting handsomely.

Fat Receipts; Slim Pay Checks

The pay scale of pro players always constituted a small outrage. Business boomed before the war, yet there were regular linemen in the National League getting $160 a game, for a 10-game season that tied them up from August through December. Sure, Red Grange picked up $105,000 in the first 14 days after he left the University of Illinois and Baugh, Hutson and Luckman were making a nice dollar. But did you know that some teams were paying substitutes as little as $110 a game?

The heroes could like it or lump it. There was no place but the National League to peddle their talents and with only 330 jobs a year open, and the colleges graduating 5,000 football-playing seniors each June, the moguls could afford to be pretty arbitrary on wages. Now, with the Conference in there bidding for players, the last five months of the trade war have done more to better conditions than was accomplished in all pro football history.

Mr. Robert Waterfield is a running, passing, kicking example of the giddy inflation that has hit the business. In his first pro season Waterfield led the Rams to the championship and was voted the most valuable chattel in the league. He was great, and he got $830 a game for services rendered. His contract this year calls for $20,000, the all-time high on a straight salary basis. In 1939, Parker Hall, also of the Rams, was voted the league's most valuable player. Two years later he was paid off at $400 a game.

Then there is the fantastic case of DeWitt Coulter, the Army tackle. After busting out of the Military Academy in June, Coulter decided to pursue his studies at a Southern institution, then suddenly announced he had signed with the Giants. As one wag has remarked, competition is so keen that the pros are outbidding the colleges. Coulter shyly intimated his zeal for higher education had been tempered by the Giants' offer of $19,000 a season, plus a $2,000 bonus for signing. Make due allowances for amiable exaggeration and cut the figure in half. It still adds up to five times the amount a rookie lineman, endowed with the skill and strength of ten, could have commanded when only one pro league was in existence. The box-office appeal of a tackle is negligible.

National League owners last year clutched fevered brows when Mr. Daniel Reeves revealed that his pay roll for the Rams was $128,000 for the season, at least 25 per cent higher than any previous sum paid the sweaty slaves. At that, it cost Mr. Reeves $45,000 to indulge his whim for the championship. His pay roll for the Rams in Los Angeles is $170,000 this year. Mr. Arthur B. McBride, who has the Cleveland franchise for the Conference, reckons his tab for talent will hit the same fancy figure. Mr. McBride has all kinds of money, mostly in bills of large, coarse denominations. He'll need them before his club gets on a paying basis.

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"You mean it was you who dropped that suggestion in the box last May 15, Mrs. Gilhooley?"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

A sizable pay roll was carried for three years before the team played its first game. Paul Brown, the former wonder worker at Ohio State, received $1,000 a month while he was in the Navy to coach McBride's pros at some date in the misty future. Brown's working contract is for five years, at $25,000 a year. McBride also spread around $150 monthly checks to players in the service to help them resist the blandishments of the National League.

Although it is a severe strain on the citizens' credulity, Alexis Thompson has stated that his Eagles will draw $190,000 in salaries this season, and Mara of the Giants has made sounds to the same effect. Once upon a time, and not so long ago, $75,000 could buy the best football team ever assembled in one cage. Five years ago the Cardinals, who never have made a dime while setting up light housekeeping in the basement of the National League, were paying the help $4,500 a game. This season it will cost Mr. Charlie Bidwell $12,000 a week to lose games as consistently and convincingly.

There may be a dozen obscure linemen in both leagues getting $250 a game today, but the customary rock-bottom price is nearer $300. The name player with a few years of professional experience who could have been bought for $5,000 as late as 1942 is a tongue-tied oaf if he is not getting paid off in five figures this year.

"The player shortage because of Selective Service and the rising cost of living normally would've raised salaries about thirty per cent," Bert Bell, commissioner of the National League, says morosely. "This new crowd has hiked up prices three times above the old scale. The whole thing is crazy. I don't see how a single club will break even until salaries get down to a reasonable level."

"Players today have the bargaining power that puts them in a better position than they ever were," Jim Crowley, Bell's opposite number in the Conference, says blandly. "I don't know how the situation will end, but right now you can call this the golden age of pro football—for the players, anyway."

Shed not a tear for the poor moguls—National League owners, that is. Casual comparison of attendance statistics reveals that they were slow to give a share of their increasing receipts to the men who really were responsible for bringing in the money.

In 1922, when the National League was an amorphous affair, the 18 member teams played to 400,000 spectators in 75 games, an average of 5,300 a game. Last year the ten teams drew, at about $2 a head, 1,442,737 customers in 50 regularly scheduled games and, counting playoffs, All-Star and exhibition contests, attracted 1,918,631 paid admissions, an average of 28,636 fans every time the pros rolled a ball on the field. In other words, attendance during the 1922-45 period increased more than 400 per cent, but salaries went up barely 50 per cent.

It made little difference to the players whether they worked for teams operating in the red or black. Owners exerted such a rigid monopoly that they kept the wage scale practically uniform. In 1941 Commissioner Elmer Layden conducted a survey and found a spread of only $19,000 for the season between the pay rolls of the high and low teams. This is particularly revealing in the light of known evidence that the low-place Cardinals hired 33 men for $45,000 that same year.

Fans always had rather whimsical ideas about salaries. Such exalted notions were inspired by the fabulous Red Grange, the only man in the annals of professional football who got everything coming to him, with a little something extra for luck. Five weeks and 18 games after he left college in 1925, Grange split $250,000, net, down the middle with Pyle, his manager.

No player since Grange has had to worry about surtaxes and the tribulations of the filthy rich. There have been vague rumors circulated to the effect that Sammy Baugh and Sid Luckman earn $25,000 a year, but such talk is nonsense. Before Waterfield's $20,000, Baugh was the top man at about $17,000. His contract is a dollar-a-year document just for the sake of the record. He has a personal-service contract with George Marshall, his owner, guaranteeing him $15,000 a year; all other income accruing from football—endorsements, broadcasts, personal appearances—is divided with Marshall. Don Hutson, Green Bay's pass-catching wizard, reputedly gets $15,000 a year, and Sid Luckman draws down something like $12,500 from the Chicago Bears.

Court Battle Over Bertelli

The disputant leagues are barring no names or holds in the struggle for players who bring in the money. The Boston Yanks (N.L.) and Los Angeles Dons (A-A) have resorted to the extreme measure of going into court in their fight for the services of Angelo Bertelli, the former Notre Dame star who got his signals and signatures mixed before he went overseas with the Marines in 1944. This is a step professional football and baseball owners are reluctant to take, the dubious legality of the contract being what it is.

Old chums and colleagues now are on opposite sides of the fence. Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager and a sports nut from way back, once admired Jim Crowley, then Fordham coach, extensively. He put the fellow on his radio show as a football authority, much to the bafflement of kindly old ladies who tuned in to hear Miss Smith shuck the corn off sentimental songs.

When Collins purchased the Yanks in 1944 he announced that Lieutenant Commander Crowley, somewhere in the Pacific, would be his coach. Imagine his chagrin, therefore, when Crowley turned up as commissioner of the rascals trying to steal Bertelli, his drawing card.

Appeasing gestures were made by the Conference in April, 1945, when it sought to go into a huddle with the National League and discuss a ceiling on salaries and a common draft list, a device that automatically would end murderous bidding for talent. The N.L. gave the back of its neck to the offer, showing an understandable reluctance to relieve the labor pains of its rivals.

The real dogfight will be pitched in New York. Topping recently attempted to make a deal with Mara to circumvent overlapping Giant and Yankee schedules, but Mara wanted no part of it, preferring to take his chances on killing off the opposition. Each team is playing seven home games, with three dates in direct conflict.

Injuries are inevitable in football as the pros play it, but the most frightful casualties will be suffered off the field this season. In the meantime, the players still are on the side lines spurring the belligerents to greater zeal and more cutthroat competition. For once, the owners are thankful for the short football season. It's the only thing that will curb the carnage.

THE END

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SCHENLEY
RESERVE

PRE-WAR QUALITY

Afraid of Love

Continued from page 17

contraceptive supplies and information. In spite of the 568 planned parenthood centers now operating throughout the country, and the sale of over $18,000,000 worth of contraceptive items every month, there are still enough women not practicing birth control, doctors say, to make this fear a frequent cause of frigidity.

Not all the problems brought to these meetings are physical. One girl blamed her husband for her lack of response. Questioning indicated that she had married him on the rebound. "What do you expect?" demanded the jury of her peers. "How could you respond to a man you married that way?"

The man who marries a woman because she is like his mother, the girl who marries a man because he is like a favorite brother, are generally due for trouble. Such comparisons are emotionally inhibiting.

Novels that describe the hero and heroine floating away on clouds of joy, in transports of ecstasy, are sometimes the source of much trouble, too. They lead some women to expect too much.

"Some people," Dr. Levine explains, "are more emotional than others. One girl buys a new dress, and raves about how divine, how beautiful it is, the most wonderful dress. Another girl, getting the same dress, simply says, 'Yes, it's a nice dress.' Yet both are pleased."

Reassurance is one of the great things gained in these sessions. Men and women are told that there need be few inhibitions between husband and wife. Women who worry that something is lacking in them are reassured by the recital of common experiences.

"A greater freedom of approach is gained," says Dr. Stone. The discussion in the group leads to freer talk at home, and a better rapport between husband and wife. They gain not only information, but new attitudes.

"Marriage counseling consists of two things: of information and reformation. It is essential to provide factual knowledge, for there is so much ignorance about the elementary facts of the marital relationship. But information alone is not enough. People come to marriage with repressions and inhibitions, with wrong ideas and false concepts. To reform their attitudes is a major part of marriage education."

A Popular Consultation Service

Dr. Stone comes to these meetings with a wealth of marriage counseling experience behind him. He is coauthor with his wife, the late Dr. Hannah Stone, of the highly successful Marriage Manual. Since 1929, they had both been furthering marriage counseling services: first in lectures at the School of Adult Education in the Labor Temple in New York. "There were so many individual questions," he says, "that we decided to open a special consultation service a few evenings a week, to meet with individuals." In 1932 Dr. John Haynes Holmes invited him to open a similar service at the Community Church in New York, which he has continued ever since, talking with four to five hundred men and women a year.

"Recently," he says with gratification, "an increasing number are coming for premarital advice. I would rather have an hour's discussion with a couple before they get married than a month after their troubles begin."

In his observation of marital troubles, Dr. Stone has witnessed hasty war marriages dissolving in incompatibility. Years of separation change people. Infidelities bring their wake of trouble. The housing shortage, forcing young people to live with in-laws, deprives plenty of them of the chance to establish a life of their own. Such complex problems require individual help.

"Above all," advises Dr. Stone, "do not act in haste. Take time to readjust yourselves. Try to appreciate and understand the difficulties under which your wife or husband has lived during these war years.

"But sexual maladjustment still causes sixty to seventy per cent of marital difficulties and this can be dealt with by education. It is so often caused by lack of information, misinformation and repressions. Attitudes of the parents are of first importance. You've heard about the mother who thought that telling children about the bees and the flowers was too advanced; so she began by instructing her children with artificial flowers."

Most examples are not so amusing. "What," cried an ample Italian mother of ten, when a social worker suggested that one of her sons could do with a little sex education, "tell my children all that filth? Certainly not. Let them pick it up in the streets if they must."

"It's somebody to buy that house we're thinking of building, dear!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

Children do pick it up, such as it is, in the streets. At home, some mothers tell their daughters about the birds and the bees, but neglect to tell them about humans. Or unhappy mothers tell their daughters sex is simply something to be endured. The whole subject of sex is treated as something shameful.

Young people themselves, however, are beginning to demand a better deal. The re-education Dr. Stone talks about is taking place now in about twenty marriage counseling services over the country. In colleges, courses like Dr. Noel Keys' Youth and Marriage Today, given at the University of California, are being conducted because of student demand. In Brooklyn, when the high-school kids took over the city government for a day, they promptly introduced a bill for sex education in the schools.

In Lansing, Michigan, such a course has been given successfully for sixteen years. Straightforward information is given on subjects that include male and female anatomy, the physiology of adolescence, sexual intercourse, pregnancy, venereal infections. Individual questions are solicited and answered.

Pittsburgh, alarmed over a severe wave of juvenile delinquency, involving pregnancies among high-school girls, six years ago instituted a similar course with the advance approval of civic groups, P.T.A.s, educators, physicians and representatives of religious organizations. More than 7,000 junior-high-school students, with the approval of their parents, are instructed each year. At first only girls were instructed. At the suggestion of the girls, a similar course was inaugurated for boys. As one immediate result, educators found that in three years the number of pregnancies had declined more than half.

One hitch in the spreading of such education is finding instructors with not only the necessary training, but the confidence-inspiring personality to put self-conscious youngsters at ease.

Better Training for Counselors

Recognizing the need, two years ago the American Association of Marriage Counselors was formed under the presidency of Professor Ernest R. Groves of the University of North Carolina, to set standards and further the training of marriage counselors.

"Even specialists will avoid the subject of sex relations because of embarrassment, unless patients ask direct questions," says Dr. Harrison S. Collisi, recently connected with the Planned Parenthood Federation, with which the Margaret Sanger Bureau is affiliated, and now returned to private practice. In the course of thirty years' practice in obstetrics and gynecology, Dr. Collisi found himself developing naturally into a marriage counselor on the side, out of force of circumstances.

"What I learned about the whole field of marriage relations I learned gradually, through my patients' problems. Even so, patients don't generally tell you the real cause of their troubles: that they are unhappy in marriage. They may complain instead of palpitations, of choking, of nervousness. I am sure there would be fewer nervous women if there were less sexual maladjustment."

Granted more considered medical attention, and a freer public approach, maybe we'll stop another complaint heard in Dr. Levine's group meetings. "My husband says the girls in Europe aren't like us. They're more human and understanding," said the troubled wife of an ex-G.I.

A European girl was listening in with us that night. We asked her: How about it? She had herself been very happily married for ten years, until her husband died suddenly in Russia. She may not be typical, but here is what she said:

"I am surprised in this country, where you put so much emphasis on all the surface aspects of sex, that you shy away from the real meaning behind them. Your movies, your ads, your magazine illustrations, are full of allure and romance. Yet you shy away from the real relationship between men and women, which can be the richest, finest experience of your life. You make jokes about it instead.

"Like the European girls, all your young girls want to get married. But when they do, so many of them act as though they'd achieved their goal and finished a job. They seem to think everything should now come their way. I'd say European women don't feel this way about marriage. They feel it's the beginning of a big job, at which they must keep working. They're happy to work at it, because they know it can be the most rewarding job in the world."

Maybe, with our growing knowledge and changing attitudes, we're coming to that, too. Then maybe the old story will come true more often than it does today. Then more and more young people will marry, and live happily ever after.

THE END

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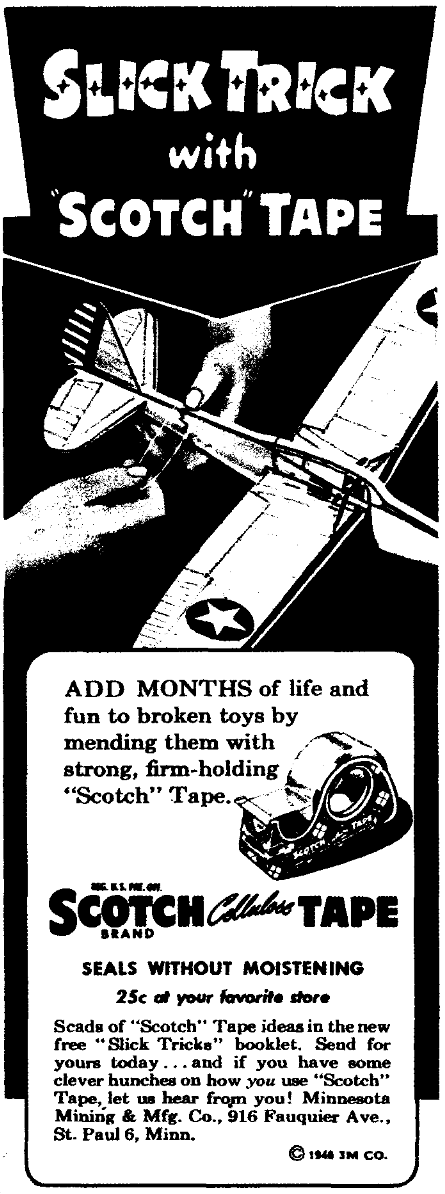
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The history of a famous Trade Mark

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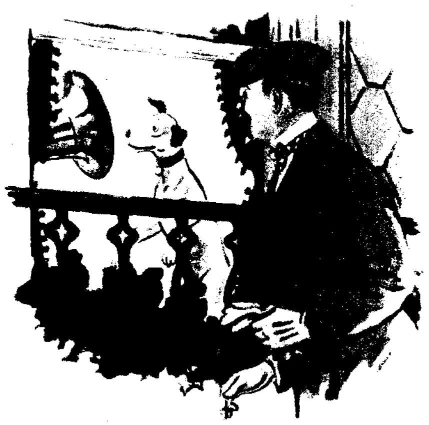
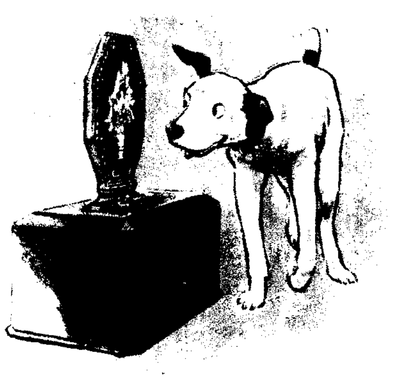


"But what made me immortal was that my master (a painter fellow named Francis Barraud) caught me listening one day . . ."

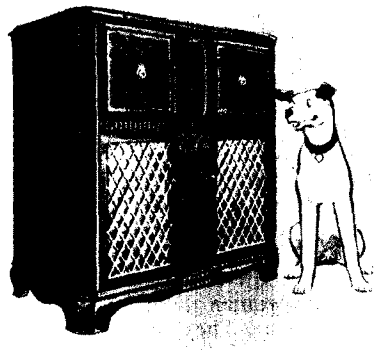
"He made a painting of me. They ran it as an advertisement . . . I was started on my career to world fame!"



"Next, another kind of 'music box' came along—a radio made by RCA. Then when RCA merged with my old company—Victor—in 1929, I became *even more famous!*"

"So today, folks, you have something they never dreamed of in the old days! You have the real-life TONE of the new RCA Victor 'Golden Throat.'"

"Please, *I beg you*, listen to the thrilling new 'Golden Throat' today . . . It's in all instruments made by RCA Victor."



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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The Roosevelt I Knew

Continued from page 22

Some of the important visitors responded to this treatment in kind. For instance, when Queen Elizabeth of England was at the White House, she gave Roosevelt pleasure when she sent for Harry Hopkins' little daughter, Diana, who was staying in the executive mansion at the time, because her mother had just died. The child, of course, wanted to see the Queen—and Her Majesty, learning of this, arranged to receive Diana in the upper hall when she was dressed for the state dinner in rose tulle with spangles, diamond tiara and jewels of state.

"It will mean more to the little girl," she said, "to see me dressed like this than in my traveling frock." It did, and the President told me the story later, adding: "She's a very nice woman—considerate and human."

Not all important visitors were so agreeable. Some were demanding and placed a burden on the staff of the White House and on their host and hostess. But Roosevelt never lost his poise or affability. His zest for people would have kept him from becoming a stuffed shirt, if there ever were such a danger. I remember, after a dinner for the Cabinet, he sat down in the Red Room with the wives, remarking, "I want to see all the girls. I haven't seen you in months and I see your husbands too much."

His manner of greeting people as they came down the receiving line was remarkably warm and it gave each person the feeling that the President had been waiting just for him to come along. Those of us who stood in the next room used to notice that people came through the narrow doorway, after shaking the President's hand, smiling and happy. Roosevelt made them feel that way—from dyspeptic ambassadors and overbraided admirals to timid old-maid government librarians.

The only person I remember coming out of F.D.R.'s warming presence with an austere, indifferent, even sneering look on his face was Mr. Justice McReynolds.

A Small Room with a Big Desk

The house at Hyde Park is a lovely, homelike place. The old-fashioned music room with its Victorian furniture, its hangings, and its crystal lights makes a nice contrast to the large modern room which was built on and used as a library and living room. Roosevelt's own study at Hyde Park was a room off the back hall. It had been his study as a boy and he liked it just the way it was. The room was small, the desk big. He had a comfortable, old chair, a few knickknacks and the books he wanted near by. "Everything right within reach," he would say cheerfully.

His mother used to tell me regretfully, "I do wish he'd let me fix him up a nice study, now that he has grown up and is the governor." But he remained in it.

He particularly admired the beautiful view, as did everyone, from the terrace at the southern end of the house. I recall many times in summer when I would be told that the family was on the lawn and I would approach the long French windows and see a scene like a Currier & Ives print of life along the Hudson: Mrs. Sara Roosevelt, in a light summery dress with ruffles, sitting in an old wicker chair and reading; Mrs. Roosevelt, in a white dress and white tennis shoes with a velvet band around her hair, sitting with her long-legged, graceful posture in a low chair and knitting, always knitting; Roosevelt looking off down the river at the view he admired, with a book, often unopened, in one hand and a walking stick in the other; dogs playing near by, and children romping a little farther down the lawn.

Because he stemmed from this type of wealthy, estate-owning background, Roosevelt was later to be castigated as a "traitor to his class." The greatest furor of this sort arose in 1936 when in his speech accepting the Democratic Presidential nomination, Roosevelt used the phrase "economic royalist."

As I read the speech now, I find myself bewildered that it should have caused such resentment. I heard the speech and understood the argument perfectly. He pointed out that we in America had shaken off the power of royalists in the political field. He was thinking of sovereignty as deriving from the people through the democratic processes we had developed in a free representative republic. Then he went on to point out that there still existed controls: the power to give or not to give jobs, the power to charge high or low prices, the power to permit or not to permit new, competing firms. These controls, he tried to indicate, were economic, not political. In a burst of literary creativeness he said that "this control was the control of economic royalists."

Words That Were Misinterpreted

The phrase was used against him almost immediately. Every rich person, even widows who derived their income from trust funds over which they had no control, began to say, "Why, Roosevelt calls me bad names. He calls me an economic royalist."

I remember explaining to two rich women, personal friends of mine, that they were not economic royalists, that they had no control over anything, that they merely lived off the profits which farsighted fathers and husbands had secured for them.

Roosevelt was both the gainer and the loser from his use of this challenging phrase, the gainer because people who were not rich reacted like those who were rich but not powerful. I told him these two women, also friends of his, were deeply disturbed because he had called them bad names. He laughed and said, "Of course, they did not know what I had in mind, but perhaps it was a lucky choice of words. Anyhow, I don't think people ought to be *too* rich."

Roosevelt's personal habits and way of life were simple to the point of bareness. He had practically no personal needs or tastes that were luxurious. Books, stamps, boats, ship models—these things he spent money on gladly and without thought, but for his personal use he preferred the old to the new—the old sweater, the old shoes, the old hat.

The simplicity of his taste in food was proverbial in the family. Mrs. Roosevelt has often said that if anyone asked him what he wanted to eat he would think a minute, look up innocently, and say, "Scrambled eggs." It was the only food he could remember. As a matter of fact, he liked all kinds of food, he merely wasn't particular.

In the White House he continued to live with complete personal simplicity.

The President chose the Oval Room on the second floor as a study. Here he could have people come in the evening, Sundays and other unusual times, for conferences. Here he could work at a desk near the door to his bedroom. He often received his secretaries and some close associates in his bedroom in the early morning. Occasionally when he had a cold and I had a matter of important business to transact, I saw him there.

I have a photographic impression of that room. A little too large to be cozy,

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it was not large enough to be impressive. A heavy wardrobe stood against a wall. (There are no closets in the White House and wardrobes are necessary.) A marble mantelpiece of the Victorian type carved with grapes held a collection of carved miniature pigs—Mexican pigs, Irish pigs, pigs of all kinds, sizes and colors. Snapshots of children, friends and expeditions were propped up in back of the pigs.

There was a plain old bureau between the windows, with a plain white towel on top and the things men need for their dressing arrangements. There was an old-fashioned rocking chair, often with a piece of clothing thrown over it. Then there was the bed—not the kind you would expect for a President of the United States.

Roosevelt used a small, narrow, white iron bedstead, the kind one sees in the boy's room of many an American house. It had a thin, hard-looking mattress, a couple of pillows, and an ordinary white seersucker spread.

A folded gray shawl lay at the foot of the bed. "Just the right weight," the President once said; "don't like these great heavy things." An old gray sweater much the worse for wear lay close at hand. He wore it over night clothes to keep his shoulders warm when he had a cold.

All Sorts of Useful Articles

A little white-painted table, the kind one often sees in bathrooms, stood beside the bed, with a towel over it. All cluttered together on it were aspirin, nose drops, a glass of water, stubs of pencils, bits of paper with telephone numbers, addresses and memoranda to himself, a couple of books including a worn-out prayer book, a watch, a package of cigarettes, an ash tray, a couple of telephones.

Hanging on the walls were a few pictures of the children and some favorite familiar scenes. And over the door at the opposite end of the room hung a horse's tail. When one asked what that was, he would say, "Why, that's Gloucester's tail." Gloucester, a horse raised by the President's father, had been regarded by the family as one of the finest examples of horseflesh in the world.

Campaign times were exciting in the Roosevelt family and the household, whether he was campaigning for governor or President.

During his gubernatorial campaigns in 1928 and 1930, the house and grounds at Hyde Park looked almost like a public recreation ground. Mrs. Sara Roosevelt, to whom campaigning was something new, proved herself up to its demands. Her devotion to her son in his—to her—almost incomprehensible taste for politics was sufficient to take her over the hurdles. She was on friendly terms with people the like of whom she had never before met. She remained completely maternal, and once told me, "I have always believed that a mother should be friends with her children's friends."

A few days after one of these campaigns in which her house had been overrun for weeks, I stopped in, on my way from Albany to New York, to pick up a portfolio of papers I had left the week before. I found her alone and went in to pay a brief call. I thanked her for all she had done to make the campaign successful, expressed my admiration for her ability to entertain so many people, and said I feared she must be tired.

"Oh, no," she said, "it was nice. I enjoyed it. I lived here in the country, you know, in the days before automobiles and telephones. We always had to be prepared for visitors, who, driving quite long distances, would come to call without notice. So I learned early to have ample supplies of food on hand because one likes to be able to ask one's friends to stay for lunch or dinner. This was a little more rigorous but I did enjoy seeing Franklin's friends."

Then she looked around the room which had a slightly exhausted air and said, "Of course, I must admit it is hard on the furniture to have a campaign go through one's house. I have just sent for the upholsterer and the repairman and I think everything will have to be done over. The hole in the rug," she pointed to a cigar burn, "can be darned, they say, and I don't think there is much serious damage done."

Roosevelt's wife took a very different interest in politics. She was interested in policies, in the objectives of the government and in political activity. She worked hard in the political campaigns when Al Smith was running for governor and her husband was ill and out of politics. She came to have a shrewd, independent judgment not only about policies but about politicians. She came to know how to spend campaign funds to the best advantage.

After Roosevelt became President she did not take part in election campaigns, but there can be no doubt that her wide travels and acquaintanceship contributed not only to Roosevelt's popularity but to the establishment, by example, of the social objectives which were his basic policy and hers. From the time that he campaigned for governor, he turned instinctively to her to find out what was going on in places where he could not go himself. For the rest of his life he relied on her for this kind of co-operation. It was as though he had another self.

Once when I returned from an official trip I told the President that I had been rebuked for not taking an entourage. He said:

"Well, you and I have the instinct for freedom of association. Unfortunately, I can't practice it any more. What with the Secret Service and the politicians, I never get the opportunity to get close to anybody.

"You know that is one of the great things about Eleanor," he added; "she has already thrown off the Secret Service. They can't keep up with her. The result is that she goes where she wants to—talks to everybody and does she learn something!"

I remember, when Roosevelt was elected President, Mrs. Roosevelt was sad at leaving New York and told her close friends that she "would have nothing to do."

Expecting an Uncongenial Role

Reasoning from what had happened to wives of other Presidents, she felt she was going to be a prisoner in the White House, with nothing to do except stand in line and receive visitors and preside over state dinners.

But they had not been in Washington a month before the President asked her to go down into the southern Appalachian region from which he had had pathetic letters, to see what the problems were and what could be done. He gave her many assignments after that. The hardest perhaps was to go to the Pacific front

The President was enormously proud of her ability, although he rarely talked about it except to someone in whose sympathy he felt complete confidence. He said more than once, "You know, Eleanor really does put it over. She's got great talent with people." In Cabinet meetings he would say, "You know my missus gets around a lot," or "My missus says that they have typhoid fever in that district," or "My missus says the people are leaving the dust bowl in droves because they haven't any chance there," or "My missus says that people are working for wages way below the minimum set by NRA in the town she visited last week."

He had complete reliance in her ob-

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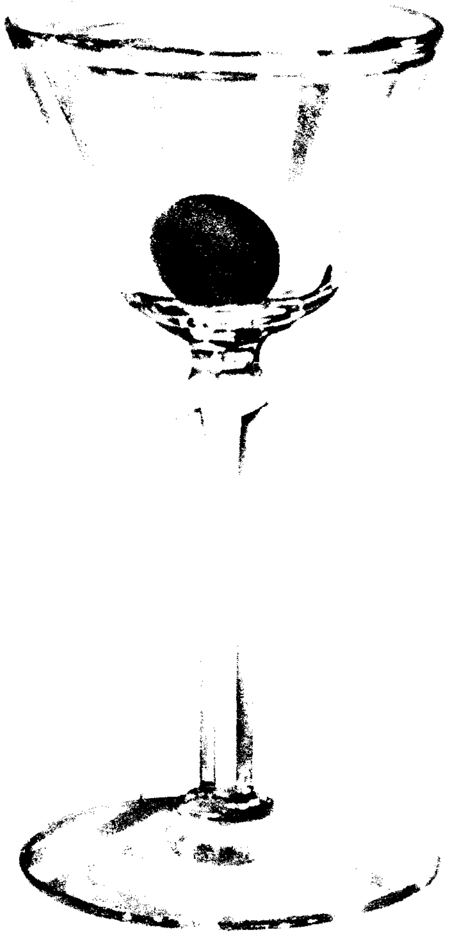

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DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK servations. He often insisted on action that public officials thought unnecessary because Mrs. Roosevelt had seen the necessity for it with her own eyes and had reported so vividly that he felt he too had seen it.

There can be no doubt that this admiration was not the end of Roosevelt's regard for his wife. Once when I was talking to him in the Oval Room of the White House, he looked reflectively at a portrait by Lydia Emmet of Mrs. Roosevelt when very young, which was hanging over the door. He said, "I always liked that portrait of Eleanor."

I replied, "Well, it is very sweet." So it was It showed a young woman with light, shining, wavy hair, blue eyes and a sweet smile; it looked a great deal like many other charming portraits by Lydia Emmet, who specialized in painting children

"Yes," I repeated, "sweet."

The President looked at it and said, "I always liked it. That's just the way Eleanor looks, you know—lovely hair, pretty eyes." He nodded with reminiscent pleasure and I made a mental note: That's hardly art criticism but it is a record of affection any woman would be glad to receive. Any woman should be pleased whose husband still thinks that a flattering portrait made in the freshness of youth is a perfect likeness of her in middle age.

He paused, I remember, to tell me what beautiful hair Eleanor had, and since this was an enthusiasm I shared with him, we discussed it for a moment. I told him I had always admired the way she dressed her hair for the evening when we were in Albany. How magnificent she looked with her light brown hair piled on top of her head! He agreed and added, "And she always looks magnificent in evening clothes, doesn't she?" It was true; she does.

Gracious After-Dinner Chats

In her turn Eleanor Roosevelt had a profound understanding of her husband. I remember an incident that illustrated this one evening when he was governor of New York It was a dinner party at the executive mansion and a lot of people he didn't know had been invited. After dinner he asked Mrs. Roosevelt to bring one or another of the guests to sit down beside him and talk intimately for a few moments. I knew he was tired. I knew these people were not very interesting I sat on the other side of the room and observed him making a real effort to be not only charming but concerned about each one's problems. I realized that he was doing this not because it gave him pleasure or because it was a political technique, but because they needed his support and friendship and understanding. It had a quality that belonged to the spiritual field of a man's life.

I remember saying to Mrs. Roosevelt, "You know Franklin is really a very simple Christian."

She thought a moment and, with a quizzical lift of her eyebrows, said, "Yes, a *very simple* Christian."

I never developed the point further with her but, as I watched him and thought about him from time to time, I realized that his Christian faith was absolutely simple As far as I can make out, he had no doubts. He just believed with a certainty and simplicity that gave him no pangs or struggles. It was more than a code of ethics to him. It was a real relationship of man to God, and he felt as certain of it as of the reality of his life. It affected his opinions of others, too

The idea that religion was important to a man stuck with him always. The conception of freedom of religion in the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter was clearly and simply Roosevelt's own. He thought of freedom of religion in its real sense—freedom of each man or group to worship God.

Thus it was not political or Roman Catholic pressures that caused him, when he was negotiating with Maxim Litvinoff for the recognition of the Russian government by the United States in 1933, to emphasize that if the U.S.A. recognized the Soviets they should permit freedom of worship.

His own story of how he talked with Litvinoff about this matter illustrates the simplicity of his mind on this subject. According to Roosevelt, Litvinoff said that they had all the freedom of religion they needed in Russia; nobody was punished any more for going to church—they just discouraged it.

And according to Roosevelt he said to Litvinoff, "Well, now, Max, you know what I mean by religion. You know what religion gives a man. You know the difference between the religious and the irreligious person. Why, you must know, Max. You were brought up by pious parents. Look here, Max, sometime you are going to die and when you come to die, Max, you are going to remember your old father and mother—good, pious Jewish people who believed in God and taught you to pray to God. You had a religious bringing up, and when you come to die, Max, that's what is going to come before you, that is what you are going to think about, that's what you are going to grasp for. You know it is important."

FLAT STATEMENT

That the world was quite flat
was a view rated sound
Till along came Columbus and
proved it was round.
But it now would appear, from
the antics of men,
That we're trying to flatten it
out once again!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Roosevelt always thought he had made an impression upon Litvinoff. He said, "You know Max got red and fumbled and seemed embarrassed and just didn't know quite what to say."

A more cynical person might feel that Litvinoff was embarrassed because he didn't agree with Roosevelt and was trying to find some way out of the rather intimate personal pressure which Roosevelt had put on him.

Roosevelt loved the system of the church and its order. He always went to church when he was at Hyde Park. He took great interest in the progress of that parish, the maintenance of building, the investment of its endowments and the selection of the objects of charitable activity for the parish.

He was always trying to buy good safe United States government bonds that would pay about four and one-half per cent for a $10,000 legacy which had come to St. James'—Hyde Park. It was one of his perpetual jokes with Henry Morgenthau to "complain" that the New Deal had ruined the interest rate for worthy investors. Whenever Henry would report a new issue of government bonds, Roosevelt would say, "Got anything that carries four and a half per cent?"

It was a source of some criticism in Washington that he was rarely seen in the local churches. During World War I, he had been a junior vestryman at St. Thomas' Church, and it was anticipated that he would go to that church regularly. He did go on a few occasions in his early days as President.

He said to me once, "I can do almost everything in the 'goldfish bowl' of the President's life, but I'll be hanged if I can say my prayers in it. It bothers me to feel like something in the zoo being looked at by all the tourists in Washington when I go to church.

"Do you know," he went on, "what they rigged up in that church? I know it was meant in good part, but they put red plush cushions in a couple of pews way down front in the middle aisle. They also put a red silk cord and tassels around those pews to reserve them for the President of the United States. Can you beat that?

"No privacy in that kind of going to church, and by the time I have gotten into that pew and settled down with everybody looking at me, I don't feel like saying my prayers at all."

An Invitation from the Bishop

His affliction made him doubly conspicuous and doubly a point of curiosity. But he tried to do his duty, and when the Bishop of Washington in the first year of the Roosevelt Administration asked the President and his Cabinet to come to the Cathedral on a Sunday morning for a special service of intercession, the President agreed and sent word to us to attend.

At the end of the service the Bishop, as is customary in Cathedral churches, came to the portal to greet the President and wish him well in his work.

He reminded Roosevelt that President Wilson and Ambassador Kellogg were buried in the crypt of the Cathedral and suggested that Roosevelt at once make out a memorandum that he, too, wished to be buried in the Cathedral. This apparently horrified Roosevelt. On the way home he muttered to his secretary, "The old body snatcher, the old body snatcher."

That evening he dictated a memorandum to his heirs directing them that under no circumstances should his body be buried in the National Cathedral or any other cathedral but should lie peacefully in the ground at Hyde Park. Years later when he was driving me around Hyde Park one day he said, "That's where I am going to be buried, Frances. Right there—when I am dead. Don't you ever let anybody try to bury me in any cathedral."

There was another incident near the end of his life which demonstrated nicely, I think, Roosevelt's broad Christianity. The Reverend Howard Johnson, a young curate at St. John's Church in Washington, which Roosevelt attended fairly regularly in the early days of his administration, had been given the job of arranging a service for March 4, 1944, the anniversary of the President's inauguration. He felt the heavy responsibility of having to arrange this service in the absence of the pastor of the church and took pains with it. He was guided by the 1933 service, but he selected other lessons, psalms and hymns and chose prayers appropriate for the period. To the usual intercessions and blessings he added the Prayer for Our Enemies written by William, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the beginning of the war.

Older clergymen told him that would never do. The White House would never authorize it in wartime; it would be misunderstood throughout the country; the publicity would be terrible, since the Christian injunction to pray for our enemies was scarcely understood, even by Christians, in this country. With stubborn determination, Johnson submitted the service to the White House for approval. The service came back approved, and for this particular prayer the President had written in the margin, "Very good—I like it."

(This is the fourth in a series of articles on Franklin Roosevelt by Miss Perkins. The fifth, dealing with the war years, will appear next week.)

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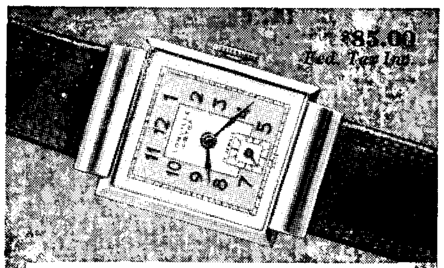

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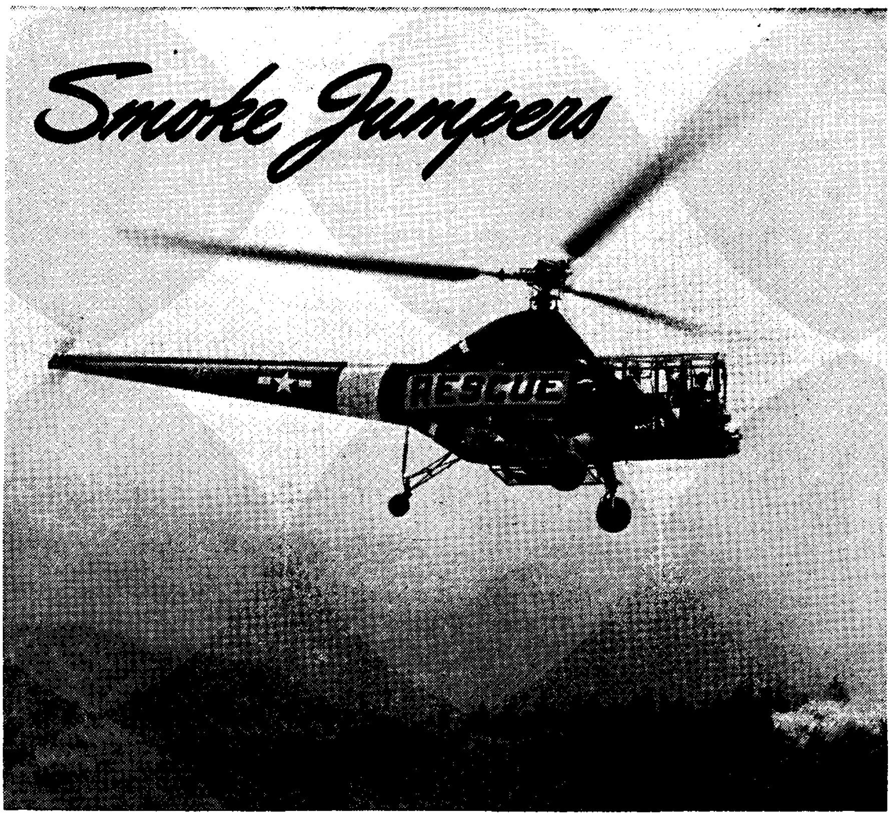
Smoke Jumpers



MANNING—PIX

Landing at the scene of a blaze, the helicopter deposits two fighters who ride outside in wire baskets. A third sits in the nose with pilot

EARL V. COOLEY was a ground-hiking fire fighter and he had never been up in an airplane when the U.S. Forest Service asked him and other smoke chasers to volunteer for parachuting into flaming areas (Collier's, December 16, 1944). After a short course in the theory of jumping out of airplanes, Cooley became the nation's No. 1 smoke jumper by going aloft over his native Montana and bailing out at 2,500 feet, carrying a shovel, a flashlight and rations.

Since that day in June six years ago, 34-year-old Earl Cooley has continued to leap out of airplanes to extinguish forest fires. Now he is headman of the Forest Service's only-one-of-its-kind parachute school at Missoula, Montana, teaching his pioneering experience to newcomers, many of them former Army paratroopers, who pick up a few exciting moments and some government cash during the June-October forest-fire season in the Northwest.

Last year 200 smoke jumpers made 1,700 jumps to "going fires" and put out 300 blazes, some in places so remote that to reach them on foot would have required many hours or even days of hiking.

Cooley's thrilling smoke-jumping profession is being threatened with curtailment by the helicopter. The Forest Service, which does much and talks little, has recognized since 1919, when it inaugurated forest airplane patrolling, that airpower could and would someday be its greatest weapon against its most deadly enemy—forest fires. And as long ago as 1936 it realized the great possibilities of rotary wing aircraft.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Aided by the Army Air Forces, which is supplying the pilots and helicopters—Sikorsky R-5As, 450-horsepower egg beaters with a 350-mile range—the Forest Service since last October has been conducting experiments in the Angeles and San Bernardino national forests in southern California. The two Sikorskys, under Major Fred W. Milam, and piloted by Lieutenants Edward Frost and James E. Chudars, are from the Air Rescue Service of March Field, Riverside, California.

At the halfway point in their studies this summer, the Forest Service people staged a dry run of fire-fighting helicopters in action. One of the Sikorskys was equipped with two litters, mounted externally on each side of the cabin, and carrying fire-fighting equipment for the outbound flight. They could bring back two injured people. The other had two steel trays similarly mounted and onto which two fire fighters were strapped. Seated in the nose of the helicopter cabin was an observer who could act as a third fire fighter.

Smoke pots were ignited in the Angeles Forest and reports of the "brush blaze" were relayed by telephone to a guard post at Gould Mesa, where the two Sikorskys were stationed. Spotting the exact location on the map, the pilots and fire fighters rushed to their helicopters and were off at 100 miles an hour. Descending vertically and close to the smoke source, the three fire fighters were unloaded on the run.

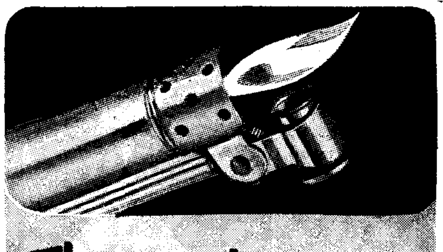
In a few minutes they proved that they could have had a real fire under control. It was both impressive and effective.

The tests now nearing completion have emphasized that a supercharged engine is one immediate requirement for the helicopter as a fire fighter in mountainous country. The R-5As, originally built for submarine patrol, are powered with sea-level engines and at 10,000 feet they do not put out the power and performance required.

Improved blades to enable the ship to carry heavy fire-fighting equipment at high altitudes already are under development, and while these and other specific needs for a fire-fighting helicopter are being worked out, Cooley and his smoke jumpers will carry on.

The biggest boon the fully developed helicopter will bring to them will be the assurance that they won't be faced with 17-day hikes back home after having bailed out of a plane. The Forest Service Air Force helicopters will either land near by or hover a few feet above and haul the smoke jumpers aboard with their hydraulic hoists, a successful development of the Coast Guard Helicopter Air Force for Air-Sea Rescue work.

A. L. SIMON



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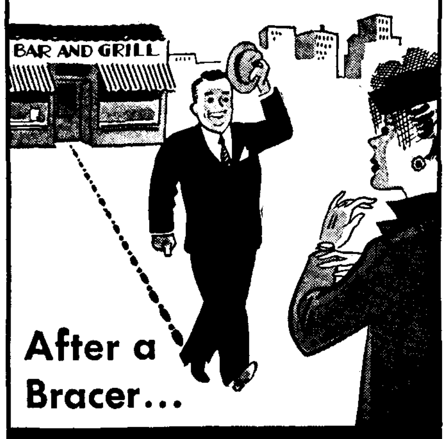

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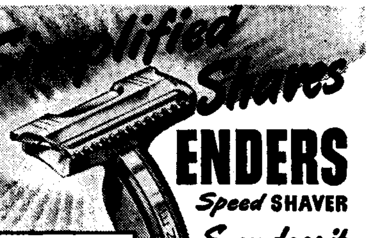

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The Week's Work

Vera Caspary

ALFREDO VALENTE

TO DISTINGUISH big-time authors from medium- or little-time authors, there is a simple test question you can ask. You can say, "How many times did you sell your last story?" If the answer is, "I sold it once, for heaven's sake, isn't that enough?" you smile pityingly, because no, that isn't enough.

Take Author Vera Caspary. She makes it a habit to sell a story at least four times, sometimes five. Remember her first murder story, Laura? She sold it to Collier's in 1942, to Houghton Mifflin who published it as a book in 1943, to Twentieth Century-Fox who made a hit movie of it in 1944. Now, in the summer of 1946, Laura takes yet another form, and tours New England as a play, preparatory to setting up on Broadway in the fall.

The Caspary mystery serial starting in this issue, Stranger Than Truth (p. 11), already is following in the footsteps of Laura. Soon after its Collier's run is completed, it will be published by Random House as a book. The movies, naturally, are interested, and from there on in, the five-way deal looks simple.

Miss Caspary acquired her skill at dramatic storytelling during several years of writing correspondence courses. It was while she was writing lessons telling how to write photoplays that it occurred to her that if it was all as easy as she was telling her customers it was, she ought to write one herself. Which she did, and sold, not to the movies, but to a magazine which paid her somewhere in the neighborhood of $25. It was, in any case, a sum sufficient to cause her to dedicate herself exclusively to fiction writing.

Pat Frank

ALTHOUGH Walter Haydock writes tenderly of summer (The Tribute, p. 26), his heart warms most to January, February weather. "If you ever see two people standing still on one of New York's midtown streets gazing longingly at the sky," he tells us, "that will be my wife and me looking and hoping for snow. If it does snow we will reach down, pick it up and rub it in our hands. Then we will hurry home discussing whether it is good powder snow or just plain sticky snow. But no matter what it is we will get out heavy sweaters, piles of wool socks, boots and long underwear replete with drop seats. We will be on our way to Quebec to ski. . . ."

The Haydocks went on a ski honeymoon in Quebec seven years ago, and each year since have revisited the same place.

Walter Haydock

YOU will read about a remarkable pig on p. 43 of this issue in Francis Gott's short story, Wedding Moon. The exploits of this pig are such, in fact, that Fiction Editor Kenneth Littauer, story in hand, could only exclaim, "I can't believe that."

"Can't you?" said Author Gott. "Try again. Shut your eyes and draw a long breath." Gott further told Littauer that he himself was a pig owner and had spent hours and days observing the species, and that the pig in this story didn't hold a candle to pigs he had actually known.

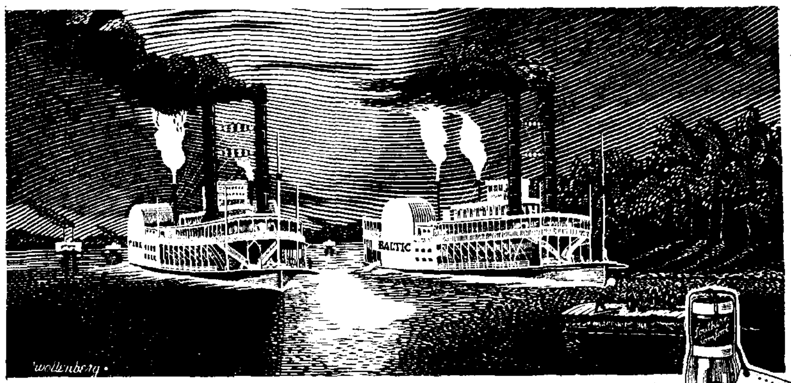
Gott, a resident of Maine, is, besides a pig owner, an expert rigger of ships. During the war, he was one of the government's most treasured Maine assets.

"PAT," said the city editor to Pat Frank, cub reporter, "I want you to write us a daily weather story. . . ."

Well the weather isn't the most exciting assignment in the world, but Pat realized that it was one of the newspaper chores brand-new reporters are apt to get stuck with.

He went about his task with unusual diligence. Instead of calling the weather bureau (in Washington, D. C.) by phone, he went over to its offices. He went over often, until he was well acquainted with the men who chart the course of the sun and wind and rain. His daily weather story grew fascinating. There was a piece about the code words the weathermen use, and one about their sensitive gadgets, and one about the expert on hurricanes. . . .

Now Pat Frank is a fiction writer, and if you'll turn to page 24, where his story Ill Wind begins, you'll see how Pat weaves the tearing winds of a hurricane into the destiny of his hero, the weatherman. . . . A. P.



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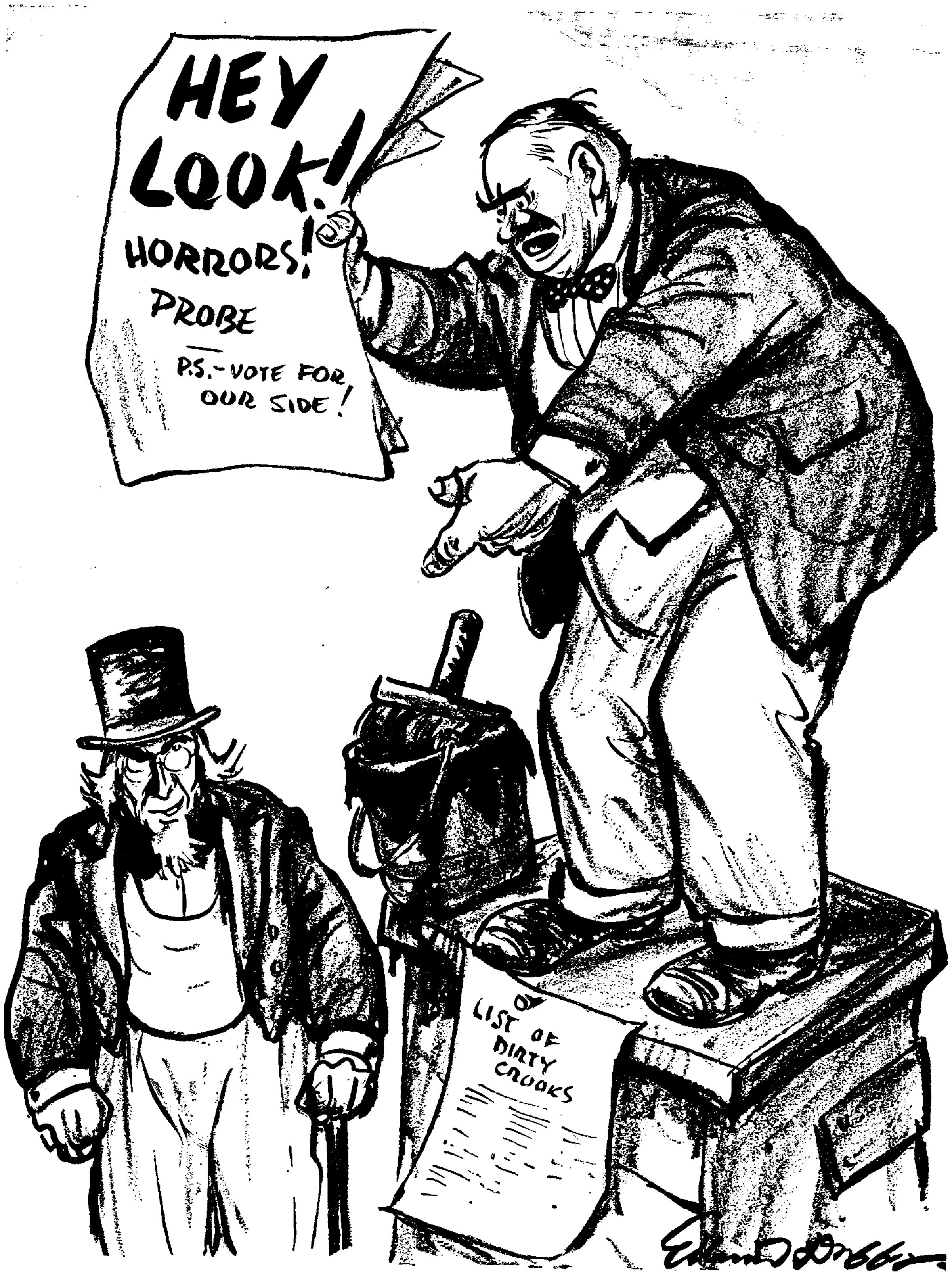

HEY LOOK!
HORRORS!
PROBE
P.S.-VOTE FOR OUR SIDE!
LIST OF DIRTY CROOKS

DON'T GET EXCITED

EVEN years are political years. In all normal times late summer is a dull season. So as late summer turns to autumn in this even year, it is well to consider investigations and accusations in the light of their possible effects on Congressional and gubernatorial elections.

This is not to suggest that no infernal scoundrels are ever apprehended during the dog days of the years divisible by two. That would be as far from the whole truth as Comptroller General Lindsay C. Warren's statement to the Mead Committee would seem to be. Mr. Warren said: "From my seat it has looked as if everybody and his brother were out to get the government during the lush war years."

Lindsay Warren, a former congressman from North Carolina and well considered as a legislator, long has had a feud with the War and Navy Departments. Mr. Warren wanted to audit the war contracts during the war. The generals and the admirals did not want to have to fight governmental red tape in addition to the Germans and the Japanese. So, largely at the request of Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of War, the service departments did their own auditing until the firing ceased.

Of course, Mr. Warren was extreme in his statement. Millions of honorable men and women gave everything they had to the winning of the war. Hundreds of thousands gave their lives. Vast numbers not in uniform were impelled by patriotism and not by avarice. Mr. Warren would gladly grant all that.

The truth is that a small number of individuals in uniform or out were faithless. Some were out for money. Some were careless about accepting small favors. Men in high authority were generally scrupulous. Everything of public importance that we hold dear was in jeopardy. The majority were lifted up by the magnificence of the ideals they fought to defend.

And yet there was a shoddy minority. Some were in Congress. Some were in uniform. Some were in civilian branches and some in business. Anybody who stole or bribed or accepted bribes or in any other important way violated either the law or the moral code ought naturally to be prosecuted and punished.

But wholesale smearing for political purposes or to satisfy old grudges, if such there is, is something else again. The less partisanship and factionalism there are in these wholly necessary Congressional inquiries the better the nation will be served.

HANG ON TO THOSE BONDS

SOMEWHERE near 85 million Americans bought War Savings Bonds. The sale of approximately 59 billions of bonds to individuals was a great national achievement. From the public standpoint it was an all-important contribution to the financing of the war. It was also a vital aid in the control of inflation. From the standpoint of the individual bond buyer it was an act of thrift that helped to safeguard his future.

Keep those bonds during the years of plenty. For millions of us the War Bonds are the price of financial independence. As long as we have what we bought we are to that extent free from financial worry. As St. Paul wrote, some are born free and others buy their freedom. Continued ownership of War Bonds reminds us we are free.

Today, furthermore, jobs are plentiful, wages are high. Almost anybody who wants work can find it. Consumers' goods are still short. Purchasing power still exceeds available supply. So one good way to keep prices from further rises is to keep your bonds.

It is good sense to keep what we have and to buy more as savings can be made. The credit of the United States makes the bonds the safest investment in the world. The act of saving instead of spending at this time contributes toward an orderly recovery. Save what you have. Buy what bonds you can. Thus you will have done much to prolong prosperity and to protect yourself against the vicissitudes of a future always uncertain.

THE PRICE IS HIGH

PARTY nominations in primary elections became popular a generation ago. The object was to wrest power from political bosses and to restore authority to the voters. The primary nomination seemed to be a good idea at the time.

It is still a good idea. Not perfect, of course, but good. No method of choosing candidates can produce better results than the people want. If the voters prefer ignorant, prejudiced and corrupt candidates to able, just and honest men, the primary will give them what they want, good or bad. But with the primary the voters do have the chance to choose. That is all.

In some states, notably in some Southern states in which the issue of Negro voting is active, politicians are talking of repealing the primary laws. By abolishing the primaries they think they can prevent Negro participation in the selection of candidates.

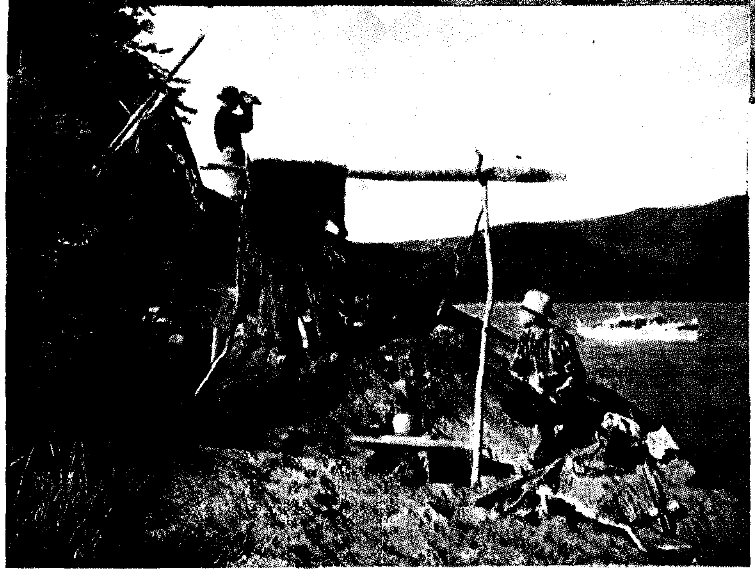
In other words, to keep Negroes out of the primaries these politicians propose to deprive white voters from participating in the nomination of candidates. The whites, who are themselves denied a voice in the selection of their representatives, may well conclude that the price they are asked to pay to keep out the Negroes is too high.

Booker T. Washington remarked long ago that the whites could not keep the Negroes down without staying down themselves. The politicians' intent of repealing the primary is unintentionally proving Dr. Washington's point.

"5 Seconds More and the bear would have had MY PELT"

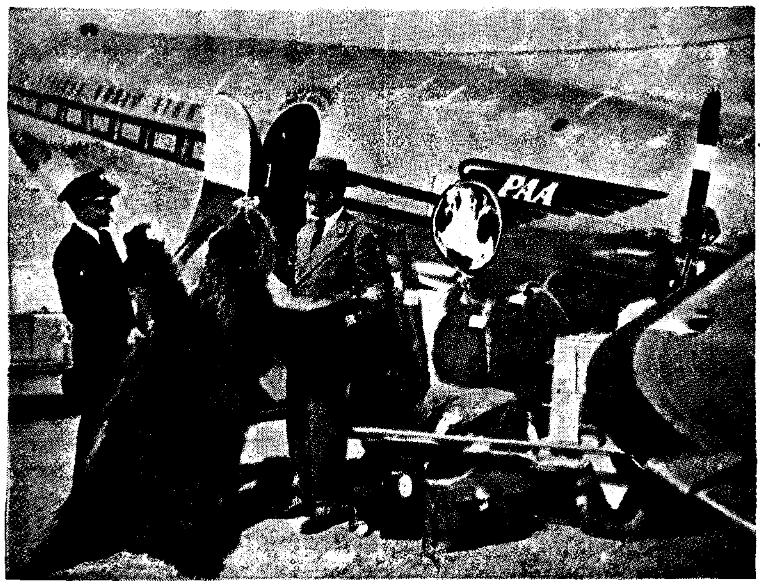
① **"A perfect camera shot,** that's how the bear looked to me across the stream," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky from Juneau, Alaska. "But he must have been camera shy. The second he saw me, he attacked. I didn't get *that* picture. My hand shook and I scrambled for dear life.

② **"Fast as a greyhound** that big, mad bear came charging across the shallow stream. I stumbled. When the bear was just seconds away, my calm friend got him in his rifle sights and stopped him cold with one perfect shot. We wanted the fine, thick pelt. But have you ever wrestled with a quarter-ton of waterlogged bear? We did, lugging him up the bank. It was back-breaking work.



③ **"Was I proud** when we got that pelt back to camp! My friend laughed and insisted I accept the pelt as a gift so the folks at home would *really* believe I wasn't scared by a squirrel.

"Cruising back to Juneau from camp, I kept my prize bearskin right where I could see it. To celebrate, I brought out a cherished bottle of Canadian Club. 'This tops off a perfect trip,' said my friend. 'A perfect shot, a perfect pelt, and now a perfect whisky!'



④ **"That huge skin** flew back to the states with me by Pan American Clipper. My friend's farewell words were 'Let's do it again soon. We might even improve on this trip the next time if you bring an extra bottle of Canadian Club!'"

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished prewar supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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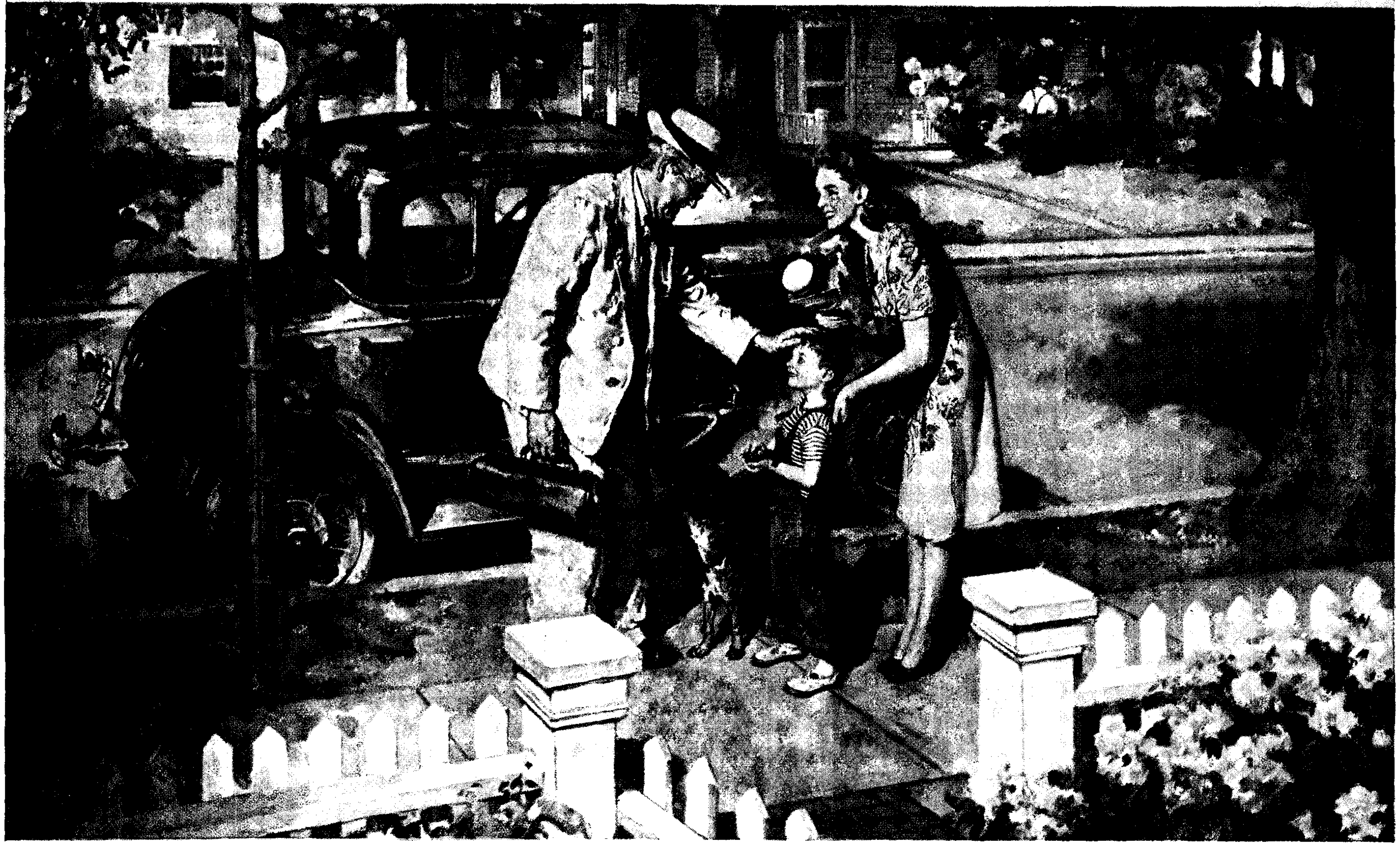
Not all his calls are associated with illness. He is often friend and counselor . . . he is present when life begins, watches it flourish and develop. His satisfactions in life are reflected in the smiling faces of youngsters like this one below, and of countless others whom he has long attended.

Yes, the doctor represents an honored profession . . . his reputation and his record of service are cherished possessions.



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That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three nationally known independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste . . . for your throat. That's the "T-Zone" test (see right).

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You . . .

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat — is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects *your* throat. From the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.